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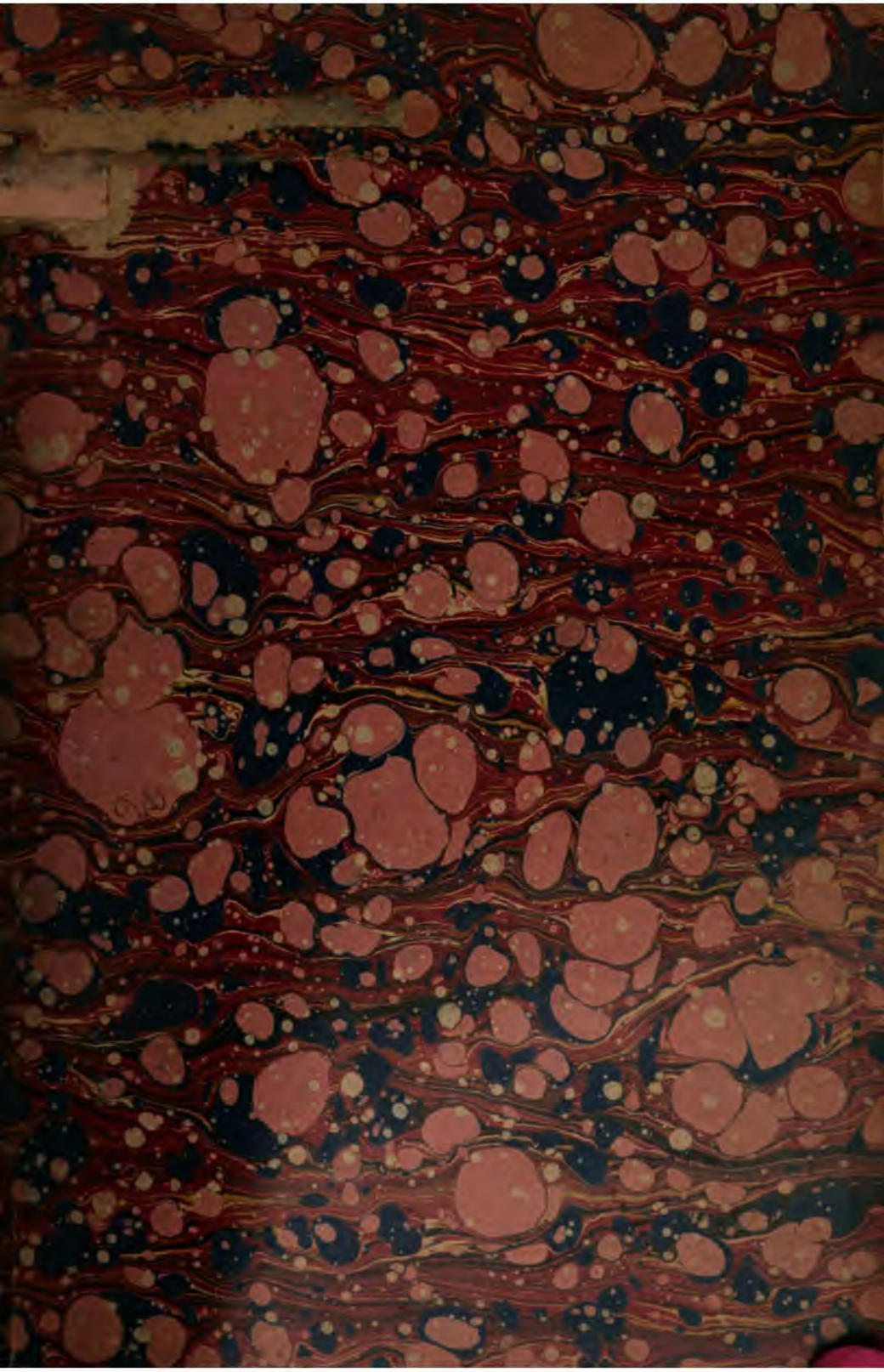

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8. *Geschichte der Philosophie* (*History of Philosophy*). Von Dr. HEINRICH RITTER. Hamburg.

IT is a sad commentary on the boasted reason and wisdom of mankind that they treat none worse than their greatest benefactors. This strange caprice has not been confined to any age or country; memorable examples of it have been furnished by Jews, Greeks, and Scythians alike, and by Christians as well as Pagans. But next to Jesus Christ its most illustrious victim has been Socrates, than whom a better or wiser man has never lived; nor has any man lived to whom true philosophy owes more, or who has contributed more to the development of the human mind.

It is not strange, then, that the greatest thinkers of all ages and countries have mourned his execution as a disgrace to humanity, and that men like Cicero have confessed that

they could never read his story without shedding tears.* Yet few were born with gloomier prospects than Socrates. His father, Sophronicus, was but a poor village statuary, who was not able to support his family without the aid of his wife Phænarete, who had to earn what she could as a midwife. Both parents were, however, honest and industrious; and if they could not give him money or value to pay for his education, they at least gave him good advice and kind treatment; the rest he did himself. From his earliest youth he gave evidence of superior intellect, but he did not devote himself the less assiduously on this account to the humble trade of his father; and we are told, so well did he succeed, that his statues of the Graces were honored with a place in the citadel of Athens.

Another proof of his success is to be found in the fact that his aid enabled his father to accumulate some money, so that at his death he left the future philosopher eighty minæ, a sum equal to about fifteen hundred dollars. This, though small, would have been considerable to one so frugal as Socrates, but through the dishonesty of a relative in whose hands it had been left he lost all. He had now nothing but his daily labor as a statuary; and this was a business which, it seems was badly paid at the time, for it must not be confounded with the more aristocratic and remunerative art of the sculptor, which had just then obtained such lustre under the fostering care of Pericles.

But if Socrates had only been taught to prepare the figures in outline for artists like Phidias, he was not the less careful to spare a portion of his earnings to pay for instructions in science and philosophy. For a time he could only attend the humblest schools; but Crito, a wealthy Athenian, had the perception to see that he was no ordinary youth, and the generosity to give him whatever pecuniary aid was necessary to secure the assistance of a good teacher. Thus encouraged, Socrates did not hesitate to place himself under the tuition of Anaxagoras, one of the greatest philosophers of his time; and soon after his patron enabled him to receive tuition from several other eminent educators. From Theodorus he received lessons in geometry, from Prodicus lessons in eloquence, from Evenus lessons in poetry, and from Damo lessons in music; and at the same time he commenced

* "Quid dicam de Socrate? cujus illachrymare *solco* Platonem legens."—*Cic., De Nat. Deor.*, lib. viii.

to attend the public lectures of the representative philosophers of different schools. In short, wherever knowledge was to be had Socrates sought it with avidity, and from women as well as men. Nor was he ashamed to confess subsequently, when surrounded by such of his pupils as Plato and Xenophon, that scarcely any of his preceptors gave him more important aid in his education than Aspasia, a woman celebrated alike for her intellectual accomplishments and her personal charms, and whom Pericles honored so much that he married her when at the pinnacle of his glory.

By the wonderful progress which he made in all the learning of his time, Socrates showed in a few brief years that no one need be discouraged from the pursuit of knowledge by poverty. He also refuted the allegation that learning has a tendency to destroy physical courage, for none fought more bravely than he when his country needed his services in the field. He distinguished himself particularly at the siege of Potidæa, during the long and painful struggle between Athens and Sparta, both by his bravery and intrepidity, and the patience with which he endured the severest hardships; while none fought better, he walked bare-footed on the ice with only his usual clothing, though even the hardy Spartans found it necessary to clothe themselves with furs. And we have evidence in many forms that it was not for fame he signalized himself in this manner; but suffice it to refer to one or two illustrative facts. We are informed by Thucydides that, seeing his pupil Alcibiades fall wounded in battle, he forced his way to his defence and saved both himself and his arms. This justly entitled him to the prize of valor, and he would have received it accordingly, but he begged of the judges to give it to his young friend. On a subsequent occasion he saved Xenophon in a manner equally chivalrous. After the Athenians had been defeated at the battle of Delium, Socrates was retiring from the field as coolly as if he had been returning from one of the lectures of Anaxagoras, when he happened to observe Xenophon lying wounded on the ground; he returned at once, took him on his shoulders, and brought him beyond the reach of his enemies.

Still more manly and honorable, if possible, was the political conduct of Socrates. A man of his influence need never be without an important office in Athens; but he never consented to accept one until he was sixty years old.

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Socrates and most of his disciples were.* Hence the different points of view in which they are contemplated by both the author of the Novum Organum and his eulogists, in short, by all that numerous class who think that the wisest and most profound of the ancients were but mere smatterers in knowledge compared to the moderns.

We will now remind our readers of the opinions of Xenophon, Plato, and other illustrious thinkers of their time, in regard both to the intellectual and moral qualities of Socrates. If these were not competent judges, there were none in their day; that is, in the golden age of Pericles, Thucydides, Sophocles, Phidias, and Aristotle. But before we take any particular notice of the trial and condemnation of Socrates, let us see what he had been doing before the fatal charge was made against him; and while enlightening ourselves on this point, we shall be able to form a pretty correct opinion as to the peculiar style of reasoning used by Socrates, and determine whether it was the inductive or the syllogistic. It is recorded by Xenophon that one day two citizens of Athens, who were returning from the temple of Minerva, happened to meet Socrates in the public square. One said to the other: "Is not that the rascal who says that one may be virtuous without sacrificing either sheep or geese to the gods?" "Yes," said the other, "that is the atheist who says there is but one God." Socrates approached them with his simple unpretending air. "My friends," said he, "one word, if you please. What would you call a man who prays to God, who adores him, who seeks to resemble him

* Much as Aristotle differed from Plato and his great master, he did not deny how much philosophy owed to the latter.

"There are two things," says the Stagirite, "which may be justly looked upon as steps in philosophy, *due to Socrates:* INDUCTIVE REASONINGS and UNIVERSAL DEFINITIONS: both of them steps which belong to the foundations of science." This will be found in the twelfth book and fourth chapter of Aristotle's Metaphysics; and for the satisfaction of those who think there was no inductive reasoning before Bacon's time we subjoin the original: "*δύο γάρ ἐστιν ἃ τις ἂν ἀποδοίη Σωκράτει δικαίως, τους τ' ἐπακτικοὺς λόγους καὶ τὸ ὁρίζεσθαι καθόλου· ταῦτα γάρ ἐστιν ἀμφω περὶ ἀρχὴν ἐπιστήμης.*"

In discussing the relative merits of the different kinds of reasoning in use in his time, Quintillian says: "Indeed, the mode of argument which Socrates chiefly used was of this nature; for when he had asked a number of questions, to which his adversary was obliged to reply in the affirmative, he at last inferred one point about which the question was raised, and to which his antagonist had already admitted something similar; this method was *induction.*" This was written many centuries before Bacon was born, and be it remembered that induction is the very term used in the original: "Nam illa, qua plurimum est Socrates usus, hanc habuit viam: quum plura interrogasset quæ fateri adversario necesse esset, novissime id, de quo quærebatur inferebat, cui simile concessisset. *Id est* INDUCTIO."—*Inst. Orator.*, lib. v., c. 11.

as much as human weakness can do, and who does all the good in his power?". "A very religious soul," said they. "Very well; we may, therefore, adore the Supreme Being, and have religion?" "Granted," said the two Athenians. "But do you believe," pursued Socrates, "that, when the Divine Architect of the universe arranged all the globes which roll over our heads, when he gave motion and life to so many different beings, he made use of the arm of Hercules, the lyre of Apollo, or the flute of Pan?" "It is not probable," said they. "But if it is not likely that he called in the aid of others to construct that which we see, it is not probable that he preserves it through others rather than through himself. If Neptune was the absolute master of the sea, Juno of the air, Æolus of the wind, Ceres of harvests, and one would have a calm when the other would have rain, you feel clearly that the order of nature could not exist as it is. You will confess that all depends upon Him who has made all. You give four white horses to the sun, and four black ones to the moon; but is it not more likely that day and night are the effect of the motion given to the stars by their Master than that they were produced by eight horses?" The two citizens looked at him, but answered nothing. This was the general result of the reasoning of Socrates. In nine cases out of ten he convinced even those whom his arguments made his enemies, because they could not endure the truth in regard to their follies or their crimes.

But on no subjects does the philosopher reason more persuasively than in proof of the immortality of the soul and against suicide. To these subjects he frequently recurs, and he always treats them much more like a Christian than a Pagan. Indeed, those Christians who have been most successful in treating them owe much more to him for their success than the most candid of them would care to acknowledge, if they were even aware of the fact. And the same observation will apply to his arguments against atheism; those, for example, who first read Paley's Natural Theology, and then turn to the reasoning of Socrates in Plato on the same subject, will be surprised to see how little that is new is in the former after all, excellent as it undoubtedly is. Let the following extract serve as an example:

"But it is evidently apparent that He, who at the beginning made man, endowed him with senses because they were good for him; eyes, wherewith to behold whatever was visible; and ears, to hear whatever

was to be heard. For, say, Aristodemus, to what purpose should odors be prepared if the sense of smelling had been denied? or why the distinctions of bitter and sweet, of savory and unsavory, unless a palate had been likewise given, conveniently placed, to arbitrate between them, and declare the difference? Is not that Providence, in a most eminent manner, conspicuous, which, because the eye of man is so delicate in its contexture, hath, therefore, prepared eyelids like doors, whereby to serve it; which extend of themselves whenever it is needful, and again close when sleep approaches? Are not these eyelids provided, as it were, with a fence on the edge of them, to keep off the wind and guard the eye? Even the eyebrow itself is not without its office, but, as a pent-house, is prepared to turn off the sweat, which, falling from the forehead, might enter and annoy that no less tender than astonishing part of us. Is it not to be admired that the ears should take in sounds of every sort, and yet be not too much filled by them? That the fore-teeth of the animal should be formed in such a manner as is evidently best suited for the cutting of its food, as those on the side for grinding it to pieces? That the mouth, through which this food is conveyed, should be placed so near the nose and eyes as to prevent the passing unnoticed whatever is unfit for nourishment; while nature, on the contrary, hath set at a distance, and concealed from the senses, all that might disgust or any way offend them? And canst thou still doubt, Aristodemus, whether a disposition of parts like this should be the work of chance, or of wisdom and contrivance?" "I have no longer any doubt, replied Aristodemus; "and, indeed, the more I consider it the more evident it appears to me, that man must be the masterpiece of some great Artificer; carrying along with it infinite marks of the love and favor of Him who hath thus formed it."

"And what thinkest thou, Aristodemus, of that desire in the individual which leads to the continuance of the species? Of that tenderness and affection in the female towards her young, so necessary for its preservation? Of that unremitted love of life, and dread of dissolution, which take such strong possession of us from the moment we begin to be?" "I think of them," answered Aristodemus, "as so many regular operations of the same great and wise Artist, deliberately determining to preserve what he hath made."

"But, further (unless thou desirest to ask me questions), seeing, Aristodemus, thou thyself iart conscious of reason and intelligence, supposest thou there is no intelligence elsewhere? Thou knowest thy body to be a small part of that wde extended earth which thou everywhere beholdest: the moisture contained in it thou also knowest to be a small portion of that mighty mass of waters whereof seas themselves are but a part, while the rest of the elements contribute out of their abundance to thy formation. It is the soul, then, alone, that intellectual part of us, which is come to thee by some lucky chance, from I know not where. If so be, there is, indeed, no intelligence elsewhere; and we must be forced to confess that this stupendous universe, with all the various bodies contained therein, equally amazing, whether we consider their magnitude or number, whatever their use, whatever their order; all have been produced, not by intelligence, but by chance?" "It is with difficulty that I can suppose otherwise," returned Aristodemus; "for I behold none of those gods whom you speak of as making and governing all things; whereas I see the artists when at their work here among us." "Neither yet seest thou thy soul, Aristodemus, which, however, most assuredly governs thy body; although it may well seem, by thy manner of talking, that it is chance, and not reason, which governs thee?"—*Memorabilia*, book i., chap. iv.

A small fragment here and there, even of this kind, cannot give any adequate idea of the great whole; yet it contributes much to aid the reader, who has not the time or opportunity to examine the entire work, in forming an intelligent opinion. It is with this view that we give the following extract from Phædo in Plato, merely premising that in this part of the dialogue the interlocutors are Socrates and Cebes:

"But what do we call that which does not admit death?" "Immortal," he replied. "Therefore does not the soul admit death?" "No." "Is the soul, then, immortal?" "Immortal." "Be it so," he said. "Shall we say, then, that this has been now demonstrated? or how think you?" "Most completely, Socrates." "What then," said he, "Cebes, if it were necessary for the uneven to be imperishable, would the number three be otherwise than imperishable?" "How should it not?" "If, therefore, it were also necessary that what is without heat should be imperishable, when any one should introduce heat to snow, would not the snow withdraw itself, safe and unmelted? For it would not perish; nor yet would it stay and admit the heat." "You say truly," he replied." "In like manner, I think, if that which is insusceptible of cold were imperishable, that, when anything cold approached the fire, it would neither be extinguished nor perish, but would depart quite safe." "Of necessity," he said. "Must we not, then, of neces-ity," he continued, "speak thus of that which is immortal? If that which is immortal is imperishable, it is impossible for the soul to perish when death approaches it. For, from what has been said already, it will not admit death, nor will ever be dead, just as we said that three will never be even, nor again will the odd, nor will the fire be cold, nor yet the heat that is in fire. But some one may say, what hinders, though the odd can never become even by the approach of the even, as we have allowed, yet, when the odd is destroyed, that the even should succeed in its place? We could not contend with him who should make this objection, that it is not destroyed; for the uneven is not imperishable; since, if this were granted us, we might easily have contended, that on the approach of the even the odd and the three depart; and we might have contended in the same way with respect to fire, heat, and the rest; might we not?" "Certainly." "Wherefore, with respect to the immortal, if we have allowed that it is imperishable, the soul, in addition to its being immortal, must also be imperishable; if not, there will be need of other arguments." "But there is no need," he said, "as far as that is concerned; for scarcely could anything not admit of corruption, if that which is immortal and eternal is liable to it." "The Deity, indeed, I think," said Socrates, "and the idea itself of life, and if anything else is immortal, must be allowed by all things to be incapable of dissolution." "By Jupiter," he replied, "by all men indeed, and still more, as I think, by the gods." "Since, then, that which is immortal is also incorruptible, can the soul, since it is immortal, be anything else than imperishable?" "It must of necessity be so." "When, therefore, death approaches a man, the mortal part of him, as it appears, dies, but the immortal part departs safe and uncorrupted, having withdrawn itself from death."—*The Works of Plato*, vol. i., pp. 114, 115.

This reasoning seems familiar now because it is substantially that which has been adopted by the most eminent

Christian writers; but it was by no means so in the time of Socrates; and that it had a salutary effect on his countrymen, notwithstanding their cruel injustice to himself, is proved by many circumstances. But it is now time that we proceed to the consideration of the charges upon which Socrates was brought to trial and executed. In view of what has already been observed, it is hardly necessary to say that those who accused him were not actuated by either religion or patriotism, but by private malice: they were, in fact, persons who had felt the weight of the philosopher's withering satire as directed against themselves personally or against their friends. His accusers were Lycon, an obscure tragic poet, whose pernicious system of morality he had censured as it deserved, concluding his strictures by the remark that his tragedies were so stupid that fortunately few would be influenced by them; Melitus, a young rhetorician, whose rhetoric he had ridiculed; and Anytus, a leather dresser, whom he had chastised in a similar manner for his avarice in depriving his sons of the benefit of learning, in order that they might continue to earn money for him by their labor. These were his prominent accusers, but they were sustained by a host of sophists and others whose resentment he had incurred by his criticisms. The form of the indictment is still preserved; it runs thus: "Melitus, son of Melitus, of the tribe of Pythos, accuseth Socrates, son of Sophronicus, of the tribe of Alopece. Socrates violates the laws in not acknowledging the gods which the state acknowledges, and by introducing new divinities. He also violates the laws by corrupting the youth. Be his punishment death." This was the mode of procedure in criminal offences at Athens after the fall of the Thirty Tyrants and the restoration of the democracy. The person making the charge had a right to name the penalty, while the accused, upon the other hand, had a right to name some pecuniary fine as an equivalent to be paid in the event of his being declared guilty by the judges.

The character of the whole proceedings against Socrates is well illustrated by the fact that before the trial came on, and after the accusation had been made on oath before the Senate, Anytus sent him a private message assuring him that if he would desist from censuring him he would withdraw his accusation. The philosopher spurned the proposition with the reply, "Whilst I live I will never dis-

guise the truth, nor speak otherwise than my duty requires." It is not likely that Socrates himself had the least idea that he would be condemned, since not only was he conscious of his own innocence, but his generous disposition led him to expect good rather than evil even from his enemies. Nor does it appear that his friends took any different view of the case; from their discussions on the subject with each other and the facts that have reached us from other sources, the inference is, that although they had not much faith in the restored democracy, they found it difficult to believe that even an Athenian mob would condemn an old man like Socrates. Had it been otherwise, it is more than probable that they could easily have averted his fate; they certainly had influence enough to save him, but they did not exercise it until it was too late; they never believed, even after the sentence was passed, that it would be carried into execution until the fatal day arrived. The only chance, then, was escape from prison; his friends tried to induce him to abscond accordingly, assuring him that they would see that no obstructions would be placed in his way. But he utterly refused to save his life by any means which he thought unworthy of him; still more unhesitatingly did he reject the proposition that he should commit suicide rather than die by the hands of the public executioner. But let us hear those who knew Socrates best. None who have paid any attention to the subject have failed to appreciate the truthfulness of Xenophon's indignant reply to the accusers of his master:

"Now as to the first of these accusations—that he acknowledged not the gods whom the republic held sacred—what proof could they bring of this, since it was manifest that he often sacrificed both at home and on the common altars? Neither was it in secret that he made use of divination; it being a thing well known among the people that Socrates should declare that his *genius* gave him frequent intimations of the future; whence, principally, as it seems to me, his accusers imputed to him the crime of introducing new deities.* But surely, herein, Socrates introduced nothing newer or more strange than any other, who, placing confidence in divinations, make use of auguries, and omens, and symbols, and sacrifices. For these men suppose not that the birds, or persons whom they meet unexpectedly, know what is good for them; but that the gods, by

* As this passage is translated very differently by different authors, we copy the original for the benefit of the classical student: "Πρῶτον μὲν οὖν ὡς οὐκ ἐνόμιζεν οὓς ἡ πόλις νομίζει θεοὺς ποιῳ ποτ' ἐχρήσαντο τεκμηρίῳ; θύων τε γὰρ φανερὸς ἦν πολλάκις μὲν οἴκοι, πολλάκις δὲ ἐπὶ τῶν κοινῶν τῆς πόλεως βωμῶν, καὶ μαντικῇ χρώμενος οὐκ ἀφανὴς ἦν· διετεθρύλητο γὰρ ὡς φαίη Σωκράτης τὸ δαιμόνιον ἑαυτῷ σημαίνειν· ὅθεν δὴ καὶ μάλιστά μοι δοκοῦσιν αὐτὸν αἰτιάσασθαι καινα δαιμόνια εἰςφέρειν."

their means, give certain intimations of the future to those who apply themselves to divination. And the same also was his opinion, only with this difference, that, while the greater part say they are persuaded or dissuaded by the flights of birds, or some accidental occurrence, Socrates, on the contrary, so asserted concerning these matters, as he knew them from an internal consciousness; declaring it was his *genius* from whom he received his information. And, in consequence of these significations (communicated, as he said, by his *genius*), Socrates would frequently forewarn his friends what might be well for them to do, and what to forbear; and such as were guided by his advice found their advantage in so doing, while those who neglected it had no small cause for repentance."—*Memorabilia*, book i., chap. i.

With arguments still more convincing, if possible, Xenophon vindicates his master from the charge of not paying sufficient respect to the oracles, or to the power of divination. He shows that, while he would not go to extremes like the ignorant and superstitious, he had at least a becoming regard for all important rites and practices enjoined by the religion of the state:

"Socrates, therefore, esteemed all those as no other than madmen who, excluding the Deity, referred the success of their designs to nothing higher than human prudence. He likewise thought those not much better who had recourse to divination on every occasion, as if a man was to consult the oracle whether he should give the reins of his chariot into the hands of one ignorant or well versed in the art of driving, or place at the helm of his ship a skilful or unskilful pilot.

"He also thought it a kind of impiety to importune the gods with our enquiries concerning things of which we may gain the knowledge by number, weight, or measure; it being, as it seemed to him, incumbent on man to make himself acquainted with whatever the gods had placed within his power. As for such things as were placed beyond his comprehension, for these he ought always apply to the oracle, the gods being ever ready to communicate knowledge to those whose care had been to render them propitious."—*Memorabilia*, book i., chap. i.

After Xenophon has given a full account of the conduct of his master from his own knowledge, justly maintaining that a man of such a character could not be guilty of any crime, either against religion or morality, he proceeds to quote some of his dialogues in illustration of his own assertions. One of these dialogues he introduces with the following remarkable words: "Yet was not Socrates ever in haste to make orators, artists, or able statesmen. The first business, as he thought, was to *implant in the minds of his followers virtuous principles* (since, these wanting, every other talent only added to *the capacity of doing greater harm*), and more especially to inspire them with piety towards the gods."* This, too, is proved from Socrates' own language. But let us see what follows. The philosopher is engaged in proving

* Memorabilia, book iv., chap. iii.

to one of his pupils that it does not follow that because we cannot see the gods they do not exist, his real object being to prove the unity of the Deity :

"Even among all those deities who so liberally bestow on us good things, not one of them maketh himself an object of our sight. And He who raised this whole universe, and still upholds the mighty frame, who perfected every part of it in beauty and in goodness, suffering none of these parts to decay through age, but renewing them daily with unfading vigor, whereby they are able to execute whatever he ordains with that readiness and precision which surpass man's imagination ; even He, the Supreme God, who performeth all these wonders, still holds Himself invisible, and it is only in his works that we are capable of admiring him. For consider, my Euthydemus, the sun, which seemeth, as it were, set forth to the view of all men, yet suffereth not itself to be too curiously examined, punishing those with blindness who too rashly venture so to do ; and those ministers of the gods, whom they employ to execute their bidding, remain to us invisible ; for though the thunderbolt is shot from on high, and breaketh in pieces whatever it finde h in its way, yet no one seeth it when it falls, when it strikes, or when it retires ; neither are the winds discoverable to our sight, though we plainly behold the ravages they everywhere make, and with ease perceive what time they are rising. And if there be anything in man, my Euthydemus, partaking of the divine nature, it must surely be the soul, which governs and directs him ; yet no one considers this as an object of his sight. Learn, therefore, *not to despise those things which you cannot see ;* judge of the greatness of the power by the effects which are produced, and reverence the Deity."— *Memorabilia*, book iv. chap. iii.

It may well be asked, If he who uttered these sentiments was impious, who was pious ? And be it remembered that they are reported by one perfectly competent to do so. There was not a theory entertained in his time in any enlightened nation in Europe or Asia with which Xenophon was not acquainted, as we have abundant evidence in his works. But we need not g) beyond that now under consideration. In his defence of his great master he shows that there was no one of the systems of philosophy then existing, nay, scarcely one of those which, like the inductive system of Bacon, are claimed to be new, with the nature of which he was not familiar, although by none has he been regarded as one of the most learned or most profound of the pupils of Socrates. In distinguishing his master from the Spinozas, Voltaires, D'Halbecks, Descartes, Malabranches, and Hegels of his time, Xenophon proceeds to say : "So of those who speculate on the nature of the universe : some of them imagine that all that exists is *one*, others that there are worlds infinite in number ; some that all things are in perpetual motion, others that nothing is ever moved ; some that all things are generated and decay, and others that nothing is either generated

or decays."* With these various speculators he contrasts Socrates, showing that the latter was not visionary, but practical; that he devoted himself, not to what was merely curious, but to what was useful to mankind. "His chief object was," he says, "to consider what was pious, what impious; what was becoming, what unbecoming; what was just, what was unjust; what was sanity, what insanity; what was fortitude, what cowardice; what a state was, and what the character of a statesman; what was the nature of government over men, and the qualities of one skilled in governing them; and touching on other subjects with which he thought that those who were acquainted were men of worth and estimation, but that those who were ignorant of them might instantly be deemed as no better than slaves."†

Some have inferred from this as well as from other passages in Xenophon and Plato that Socrates devoted no attention to the physical sciences; but nothing could be more erroneous, since some of his finest illustrations are drawn from geometry, astronomy, and kindred sciences. But Xenophon himself alludes to some of his discussions on physical subjects.‡ So does Diogenes Laertius,§ and Plato reports some of his scientific dialogues.‖ But Socrates always tries to conceal his knowledge rather than display it, an observation which applies particularly to his scientific knowledge. Whatever he knew about the solar system—and it is not to be doubted that he knew as much as his preceptor, Anaxagoras, who had instructed Pericles in the nature of eclipses—he thought it more useful to devote his chief attention to the earth and its inhabitants than to the stars. But we have to extract one passage more from Xenophon, one which would show by itself how worthy master and pupil were of each other; a finer tribute was never paid by man to man, and yet none who intelligently study the subject will deny that every word of it was correctly deserved. We allude to that truly sublime picture of moral beauty with which the Memorabilia so appropriately concludes:

"Of those who knew what sort of man Socrates was, such as were lovers of virtue, continue to regret him above all other men, even to the present day, as having contributed in the highest degree to their advancement in goodness. To me, being such as I have described him, so pious that he wronged no man even in the most trifling affair, but was of serv-

* Mem., b. i, ch. i. † Mem., b. i, ch. 1.
‡ See c. 4, and Symp. vi., 6. § ii., 45.
‖ See Plato's Apology; also his Phædo, ch. 46, and his Theætetus, or Science, *passim*.

ice, in the most important matters, to those who enjoyed his society; so temperate that he never preferred pleasure to virtue; so wise that he never erred in distinguishing better from worse needing no counsel from others, but being sufficient in himself to discriminate between them; so able to explain and settle such questions by argument· and so capable of discerning the character of others, of confuting those who were in error, and of exhorting them to virtue and honor, he seemed to be such as the best and happiest of men would be. But if any one disapproves of my opinion, let him compare the conduct of others with that of Socrates, and determine accordingly."—*Memorabilia of Socrates*, book iv., chap. viii.

What the character and motives of Socrates' accusers were we have already seen. Now, before we show how little do the greatest thinkers of modern times differ with Plato and Xenophon in their estimate of the greatness and goodness of Socrates, we will take a brief glance at the trial and its result. In doing so, we cannot entirely overlook the influence which Aristophanes' comedy of the Clouds is believed by some critics to have exercised on the destiny of the philosopher; although we believe ourselves that, if it had any effect at all, it must have been very slight, and we will briefly give our reasons for that opinion. That Aristophanes sincerely believed that Socrates was a curse instead of a blessing to Athens seems evident from various circumstances. Notwithstanding his inimitable wit, he was a firm believer in the ancient mythology of Greece as illustrated by Homer and Hesiod, and he knew that Socrates despised it as vulgar, and unworthy of an intellectual people. He regarded him, therefore, as a zealous Christian wit would regard Voltaire or Spinoza. But apart from any feeling of this kind, whether real or simulated, there were many features, both in the habits and personal appearance of the sage, which, to those losing sight of his intellectual qualities, seemed to render him a very fit subject for ridicule.

Of all the ancients there is not one whose features have been so faithfully preserved as those of Socrates. There was scarcely a muscle in his face, or a peculiarity in his whole frame, which has not been faithfully delineated by his two illustrious pupils; and the best artists of ancient and modern times, from Phidias to Raphael, have embodied the same unmistakable lineaments. No one familiar with Plato, Xenophon, and Aristophanes needs any explanatory remark on being introduced to the Socrates of Raphael in the palace Pitti at Florence; one would as soon enquire who is represented by a faithful portrait of his father or mother, brother or sister. The classical student is readily reminded on seeing it that, could we transport ourselves back to the Athenian

market-place during the Peloponnesian War, we should at once recognise one familiar figure, standing with uplifted finger and animated gesture, amid the group of handsome youths or aged sophists eager to hear, to learn, and to refute. We should see the Silenus features of that venerable countenance—the flat nose, the thick lips, the prominent eyes, the mark of a thousand jests for friends and foes. We should laugh at the protuberance of the Falstaff stomach, which no necessary hardships, no voluntary exercise, could bring down. We should perceive the strongly built frame, the full development of health and strength which even sickness in the winter campaign of Potidæa, nor yet in the long plague and stifling heat of the blockade of Athens could impair; which could enter alike into the jovial revelry of the religious festivities of Xenophon and Plato, or sustain the austerities, the scanty clothing, the bare feet, and the coarse fare of his ordinary life. The strong common-sense, the humor, the courage of the man were conspicuous on his very first appearance. And every one knows the story of the physiognomist who detected in his features the traces of that fiery temper which for the most part he kept under severe control, but which, when it did break loose, is described by those who witnessed it as absolutely terrible, over-leaping, both in act and language, every barrier of the ordinary decorum of Grecian manners.*

The fits of abstraction to which Socrates was subject, were another great source of ridicule to the thoughtless; and it seems that these adhered to him through life. We are told that he would suddenly fall into a reverie, and then remain motionless and regardless of all attempts to interrupt or call him away. Once when he was in the camp of Potidæa he was observed to stand thus immovable at the dawn of a long summer's day. The soldiers, one after another, gathered around him, but he continued in the same posture, undisturbed either by their astonishment or the burning heat of noon. Evening came, but Socrates was still in the same attitude, and the people were so much amused that many of them took their supper by his side, some of his fellow soldiers placing their tents beside him, so that nothing might happen to him. At last he started, as if from a trance, and retired.†

* See fragments of Aristoxemes, 27, 28, as quoted in Grote's History of Greece, vol. viii., p. 548. See also *Schol.* ad *Nub.*, p. 181, and *Schol.* Plat., Bekker, p. 131.

† Plato, Symp., c. xxxix.

Socrates was quite aware of this ludicrous feature in his character; and he disposed of it in his usual happy manner in one of his dialogues. In the Theætetus, he contrasts the conduct of the true philosopher, "ignorant even of his ignorance," with that of the keen man of the world, and illustrates the subject by a humorous reference to the famous adventure of Thales, who, being star-gazing, as he walked, fell into a well, and was laughed at by a Thracian servant girl for being so intent upon the distant as not to see what was at his feet. He did not, however, allow philosophy to suffer by the comparison, but hinted that the great difficulty with the majority of mankind is, that they are too intent on what is at their feet, and incapable of reflecting on the distant or future.

In justice to the satirist, we should bear in mind that there is no evidence that he had any personal acquaintance with Socrates before he wrote the Clouds. It is much more likely, from all the circumstances, that he knew him only from the reports of the illiterate and superstitious. This will be the more easily understood if it be borne in mind that the habits of the philosopher and the dramatist were entirely different. The former was always in the public place by day, instructing all who would listen to him, and he as generally remained in at night, studying alone, or conversing with his pupils; whereas the latter wrote his comedies by day, and went to the theatre at night to watch their effect. If, on some occasions when the weather was favorable, his pieces were performed in the open air by day, then he attended by day and wrote by night, so that in any case he was as unlikely to meet Socrates as if he had resided at Lacedæmon or Thebes. He may, therefore, be fairly acquitted of the charge of personal malice against the philosopher, although it is one that is most persistently made against him by that class of critics who either cannot or will not take time to examine the facts.

The cause of the mistake is to be found in the Banquet in Plato, in which Socrates, Aristophanes, Agatho, Alcibiades, and Aristodemus are the principal speakers. Here the philosopher and the poet discuss the dramatic art with each other in the most friendly manner; and Socrates compels Aristophanes, by force of argument, to admit that it was the province of the same poet to be skilled in the composition of both comedy and tragedy.* It may seem at first view that the philosopher was wrong in maintaining this; but has not

* See Plato's Works, 12mo. edition, vol. iii., p. 472 *et seq.*

Shakespeare proved himself a master in both? Lope de Vega and Calderon may be cited in illustration of the same fact; so may Voltaire and Racine, for both proved that they could excite laughter as well as draw forth tears. But the question is now whether Socrates and Aristophanes had been acquainted with each other before the composition of the Clouds? We repeat that they had not; it was at least two or three years after the comedy had been put upon the stage when they became acquainted; and many think that this was the reason why Aristophanes did not put the Clouds again on the stage, even after he had gone to the trouble of altering it.

That there is much bitterness in the play cannot be denied; the author exhausted his wonderful inventive powers to heap ridicule on the philosopher. He made the most of his Silenus figure. In one part of the comedy he represents him as a poor, miserable, barefooted creature, lecturing his pupils from a basket suspended in the air, whereas, in another part he represents him as receiving a sum equal to about twelve hundred dollars of our money for the instruction of one pupil, taking care to introduce in almost every act such charges of impiety and infidelity as the following:

STREPSIADES.—"Blasphemers! why did you insult the gods?
Dash, drive, demolish them, their crimes are many;
But their contemptuous treatment of the gods,
Their impious blasphemies exceed them all."
—*Clouds*, act ii., scene viii.

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STREPSIADES.—"Insufferable blockhead that I was,
What ailed me, thus to court this Socrates
Ev'n to the exclusion of the immortal gods?
O Mercury, forgive me; be not angry,
Dear tutelary god, but spare me still."—Ib.

Allusions like these in such a masterpiece of wit and humor as the Clouds may well be supposed to have exercised considerable influence on a people who had now become degenerate; yet the comedy was by no means successful, a fact which shows that they were not yet so demoralized as to encourage any efforts, however brilliant in themselves, to degrade the most exemplary of their fellow-citizens. The author's former comedy had carried off the prize by acclamation; but no prize was awarded for the Clouds; the first andsecond having been given to Amipsias and Cratinus respectively. But this is not the only evidence we have of the utter failure of the piece as a drama. We find, as already intimated, that the author made considerable alteration in it for a second repre-

sentation; but when the time arrived public opinion had so strongly set in against the Clouds that he did not venture to produce it. A still more important fact is that twenty years had intervened between the representation of the Clouds and the trial of Socrates. If in addition to this it be remembered that the school of the philosopher was never in a more flourishing condition than it was during this period, it can hardly be maintained with any degree of reason that the odium of his trial and execution ought to be cast on Aristophanes, however justly he may be censured for having attacked such a man.

Although the Athenian people were grossly superstitious at the time of the trial of Socrates, it is probable after all that the conduct of some of the friends of the philosopher had more to do with his condemnation and death than his alleged impiety. Doubtless it was the superstition of the people that emboldened his enemies to bring him to trial, but the five hundred jurors before whom he was tried—although they were drawn at hazard from all classes of society—had their own views of the case. But whatever were their motives there was only a majority of six in favor of his condemnation. What is most probable is that this majority, among whom there were butchers, shoemakers, tailors, &c., condemned him not for his own conduct, but for that of Critias and Alcibiades. The former, who was a blood-thirsty tyrant and a deadly enemy of the people, had once been the pupil of Socrates; he had also introduced to him his young cousin, Charnides, who did not prove much better than himself. It was in vain that the friends of Socrates urged the fact that, as soon as Critias proved himself a bad man, the philosopher refused to have any intercourse with him and incurred his hatred by doing so. Had it been otherwise; had he continued to advise him to the last, he would have been no more responsible for his bad acts than Seneca was for those of Nero, or Artistotle for those of Alexander. The pains which Xenophon takes to vindicate his master in relation to these men show that he, too, had an idea that it was for their conduct he was condemned. But, whatever was the real cause of the sentence passed on Socrates, it is not likely that it would ever have been carried into execution had the philosopher himself made any earnest effort to set it aside. Instead of attempting to move his judges to clemency as was the Athenian custom in his time, he addressed them with his usual frankness and boldness, telling them the

simple truth, that he deserved to be rewarded rather than punished. This they misunderstood, doubtless regarding it as defiant and haughty. Whether it was natural that they should do so or not may be judged from the language used by Socrates, which is as follows:

"What counter-proposition shall I make to you," he said, "as a substitute for the penalty of Melitus? Shall I name to you the treatment which I think I deserve at your hands? In that case my proposition would be that I should be rewarded with a subsistence at the public expense in the Prytaneum; for that is what I really deserve as a public benefactor—one who has neglected all thought of his own affairs, and embraced voluntary poverty, in order to devote himself to your best interests, and to admonish you individually on the serious necessity of mental and moral improvement. Assuredly I cannot admit that I have deserved from you any evil whatever; nor would it be reasonable in me to propose exile or imprisonment, which I know to be certain and considerable evils, in place of death, which may perhaps be not an evil, but a good. I might, indeed, propose to you a pecuniary fine; for the payment of *that* would be no evil. But I am poor and have no money: all that I could muster might perhaps amount to a mina; and I, therefore, propose to you a fine of one mina, as punishment on myself. Plato and my other friends near me desire me to increase this sum to thirty minæ, and they engage to pay it for me. A fine of thirty minæ, therefore, is the counter-penalty which I submit for your judgment."

Many think that this sealed his fate. Plato attempted to speak for him, but was rudely prevented by the court. Nor would Socrates allow Lysias to read the defense which he had prepared for him; although he admitted that it was both eloquent and just. It was thought, however, that when the sentence of death was passed upon him—for at this time he was only declared guilty—he would pursue a different course in order to save his life. All who thought so, however, were mistaken; never did he speak more coolly or give utterance to more sublime sentiments than after he was sentenced to the hemlock draught. His address to his judges is a masterpiece in its kind; it has inspired many an eloquent tongue since his time, but certainly has never been surpassed, if equalled. Far from being a cringing effort to evade the fate that awaited him, it had much more to do with the destiny of others than with his own. In short, on no other occasion did he pour forth a loftier strain in regard to those grand problems which are most dear to mankind. We are aware that there are but few of our readers who are not familiar with this noble address; but for the sake even of this few we make room for the following extracts:

"For, if you think that by putting men to death you will restrain any one from upbraiding you because you do not live well, you are much mistaken; for this method of escape is neither possible nor honorable, but

that other is most honorable and most easy, not to put a check upon others, but for a man to take heed to himself, how he may be most perfect. Having predicted thus much to those of you who have condemned me, I take my leave of you. But with you who have voted for my acquittal, I would gladly hold converse on what has now taken place, while the magistrates are busy and I am not yet carried to the place where I must die. Stay with me, then, so long, O Athenians, for nothing hinders our conversing with each other, while we are permitted to do so, for I wish to make known to you, as being my friends, the meaning of that which has just now befallen me.

* * * * * *

"I will tell you: what has befallen me appears to be a blessing; and it is impossible that we think rightly who suppose that death is an evil. A great proof of this to me is the fact that it is impossible but that the accustomed signal should have opposed me, unless I had been about to meet with some good. Moreover we may hence conclude that there is great hope that death is a blessing. For to die is one of two things, for either the dead may be annihilated and have no sensation of anything whatever; or, as it is said, there is a certain change and passage of the soul from one place to another. And if it is a privation of all sensation, as it were a sleep in which the sleeper has no dream, death would be a wonderful gain. For I think if any one, having selected a night in which he slept so soundly as not to have had a dream, and having compared this night with all the other nights and days of his life, should be required no consideration to say how many days and nights he had passed better and more pleasantly than this night throughout his life. I think that not only a private person, but even the great king himself, would find them easy to number in comparison with other days and nights. If, therefore, death is a thing of this kind, I say it is a gain; for thus all futurity appears to be nothing more than one night.

"But if, on the other hand, death is a removal from hence to another place, and what is said be true, that all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my judges? For if, on arriving at Hades, released from those who pretend to be judges, one shall find those who are true judges, and who are said to judge these, Minos and Rhadamanthus, Æacus and Triptolemus, and such other of the demi-gods as were just during their own life, would this be a sad removal? At what price would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, Hesiod and Homer? I, indeed, would be willing to die often, if this be true; for to me the sojourn there would be admirable, where I should meet with Palamedes, and Ajax, son of Telamon, and any other of the ancients who has died by an unjust sentence. The comparing my sufferings with theirs would, I think, be no unpleasing occupation. But the greatest pleasure would be to spend my time in questioning and examining the people there as I have done those here, and discovering who among them is wise, and who fancies himself to be so but is not. At what price, my judges, would not any one estimate the opportunity of questioning him who led that mighty army against Troy; or Ulysses, or Sisyphus, or ten thousand others whom one might mention, both men and women, with whom to converse and associate, and to question them, would be an inconceivable happiness? Surely, for that the judges there do not condemn to death; for, in other respects, those who live there are more happy than those that are here, and are henceforth immortal, if, at least, what is said be true.

"You, therefore, O my judges, ought to entertain good hopes with respect to death, and to meditate on this one truth, that to a good man nothing is evil, neither while living nor when dead, nor are his concerns

neglected by the gods. And what has befallen me is not the effect of chance; but this is clear to me, that now to die, and be freed from my cares, is better for me. On this account the warning in no way turns me aside; and I bear no resentment towards those who condemned me, or against my accusers, although they did not condemn and accuse me with this intention, but thinking to injure me; in this they deserve to be blamed. But it is now time to depart—for me to die, for you to live; but which of us is going to a better state is unknown to any one but God."

It will be admitted that there are not many Christians in our boasted nineteenth century capable of uttering more elevated sentiments than these in similar circumstances. No vindictive expression escapes the philosopher; he indulges in no sarcasm against either his accusers or those who condemed him; makes no idle boasts; evinces no fear; but is as calm, cheerful, and thoughtful as if he were seated at dinner with Plato, Xenophon, and Crito, with nothing further to trouble him than the subject of his next day's lecture at the Lyceum, or in the public square. Still more sublime, if possible, is his conduct in prison. There was not one of his friends who did not advise him to escape. Crito left no means untried to induce him, telling him that he had only to say the word; that he had every necessary arrangement made to convey him to a place of safety. First he tells him that his whole wealth is at his disposal, or any part of it he may require to effect his escape; he then explains that, if Socrates would object to be the cause of impoverishing him, his friends would contribute in such a manner that none of them would experience any privation from what they gave. Finding that he would accept neither proposition, although fully appreciating the kindness which dictated each, Crito finally appeals to him in behalf of his children, hoping that his well-known affection for them and his anxious wish to have them thoroughly educated would prompt him to save his life for their sakes. This appeal he sought to strengthen still more by reminding the philosopher that the public would not regard him as wise or prudent, or possessed of proper natural feeling, if he failed to consult the interests of his children in this way. But nothing could cause Socrates to swerve from what he conceived the path of honor and virtue; but still mild and gentle, he replies as follows:

"With respect, then, to things just and unjust, base and honorable, good and evil, about which we are now consulting, ought we to follow the opinion of the multitude, and to respect it, or that of one, if there is any one who understands, whom we ought to reverence and respect rather than all others together? And if we do not obey him, shall we not corrupt and injure that part of ourselves which becomes better by justice,

but is ruined by injustice? Or is this nothing? *Cri.* I agree with you, Socrates. *Socr.* Come, then, if we destroy that which becomes better by what is wholesome, but is impaired by what is unwholesome, through *being persuaded by those who do not understand*, can we enjoy life when that is impaired? And this is the body we are speaking of, is it not? *Cri.* Yes. *Socr.* Can we, then, enjoy life with a diseased and impaired body? *Cri.* By no means. *Socr.* But can we enjoy life when that is impaired which injustice ruins, but justice benefits? Or do we think that to be of less value than the body, whatever part of us it may be, about which injustice and justice are concerned? *Cri.* By no means. *Socr.* But of more value? *Cri.* Much more.

Socr. We must not then, my excellent friends *so much regard what the multitude will say of us*, but what he will say *who understands the just and unjust;* the one, even truth itself. So that at first you did not set out with a right principle, when you laid it down that we ought to regard the opinion of the multitude with respect to things just, and honorable, and good, and their contraries. However, some one may say, are not the multitude able to put us to death? *Cri.* This, too, is clear, Socrates; any one might say so. *Socr.* You say truly. But, my admirable friend, this principle which we have just discussed appears to me to be the same as it was before. And consider this, moreover, whether it still holds good with us or not, that we are not to be anxious about living, but about living well. *Cri.* It does hold good. *Socr.* And does this hold good or not, that to live well, and honorably, and justly, are the same thing? *Cri.* It does. *Socr.* From what has been admitted, then, this consideration arises, whether it is just or not, that I should endeavor to leave this place without the permission of the Athenians. And should it appear to be just, we will make the attempt; but if not, we will give it up; but as to the considerations which you mention, of an *outlay of money, reputation, and the education of children*, beware, Crito, lest such considerations as these in reality belong to *these multitudes, who rashly put one to death, and would restore one to life*, if they could do so, *without any reason at all.* But we, since reason so requires, must consider nothing else than what we just now mentioned, whether we shall act justly in paying money and contracting obligations to those who will lead me hence, as well they who lead me as we who are led hence, or whether in truth we shall not act unjustly in doing all these things. And if we should appear in so doing to be acting unjustly, observe that we must not consider whether from remaining here and continuing quiet we must needs die, or suffer anything else, rather than whether we shall be acting unjustly.

Cri. You appear to me to speak wisely, Socrates; but see what we are to do. *Socr.* Let us consider the matter together, my friend; and if you have anything to object to what I say make good your objection, and I will yield to you; but if not, cease, my excellent friend, to urge upon me the same thing so often, that I ought to depart hence, against the will of the Athenians. For I highly esteem your endeavors to pursuade me thus to act, so long as it is not against my will. Consider, then, the beginning of our enquiry, whether it is stated to your entire satisfaction, and endeavor to answer the question put to you exactly as you think right. *Cri.* I will endeavor to do so. *Socr.* Say we, then, that we should on no account deliberately commit injustice, or may we commit injustice under certain circumstances, under others not? Or is it on no account either good or honorable to commit injustice, as we have often agreed on former occasions, and as we just now said? Or have all those our former admissions been dissipated in these few days; and have we, Crito, old men as we are, been for a long time seriously

conversing with each other, without knowing that we in no respect differ from children? Or does the case, beyond all question, stand as we then determined? Whether the multitude allow it or not, and whether we must suffer a more severe or a milder punishment than this, still is injustice on every account both evil and disgraceful to him who commits it? Do we admit this or not? *Cri.* We do admit it."—Plato, vol. i., p. 87.

From this we see not only that Socrates, while valuing life as highly as any one, would not do anything he thought wrong in order to save it, let those most dear to him suffer what they might, by his death; we also learn from it what the wisest of mankind thought of majorities; although this is by no means the only dialogue in which he shows how absurd it is to think that the opinion of fifty ignorant persons is better than that of one intelligent person. Indeed, there are not a few critics, whose views are entitled to respect, who think that it was this contempt for the will of the unthinking multitude more than any other cause which led to his condemnation. That it contributed to do so in no slight degree is beyond question. But what intelligent republican can deny the truth of Socrates' remarks on the subject? It is easy to see, however, that in showing that the opinion of a skilful pilot as to the safest means of guiding a vessel into the harbor or out of it is better than that of fifty persons who know nothing either of ship or harbor, he is not actuated by any hatred of democracy, but by the love of truth. His whole life shows that he cared as little for kings as he did for democrats, only so far as he found the former better than the latter; when he found the reverse, his esteem and regard were reversed accordingly. Several kings treated him with consideration and invited him to their courts; but none could induce him to relinquish his mission as a teacher.*

Crito, on the other hand, was neither king nor prince, but a private citizen, and the philosopher loved and esteemed him more than he did all the potentates of his time. But we have sufficient in the same dialogue from which the above extract is taken to show that none respected the laws and institutions of the Athenians by which he was condemned more than Socrates. There is no finer specimen of his inimitable

* Archelaus, King of Macedon, invited Socrates to reside at his court, but he refused to go, sending word that he did not wish to be the recipient of benefits which he had not the power to reciprocate: "Archelaus rex Socratem rogavit ut ad se veniret; dixisse Socrates traditur, nolle se ad eum venire à quo acciperet beneficia, cum reddere illi paria non posset."—*Seneca, De Beneficia*, lib. v., cap. vi., p. 96.

mode of reasoning than that passage in which he makes the laws remonstrate with him as follows:

"For consider, by violating these compacts, and offending against any of them, what good you will do to yourself or your friends. For that your friends will run the risk of being themselves banished, and deprived of the rights of citizenship, or of forfeiting their property, is pretty clear. And as for yourself, if you should go to one of the neighboring cities, either Thebes or Megara, for both are governed by good laws, you will go there, Socrates, as an enemy to their polity, and such as have any regard for their country will look upon you with suspicion, regarding you as a corrupter of the laws, and you will confirm the opinion of the judges, so that they will appear to have condemned you rightly, for whoso is a corrupter of the laws will appear in all likelihood to be a corrupter of youths and weak-minded men. Will you, then, avoid these well-governed cities and the best-ordered men? And should you do so, will it be worth your while to live? Or will you approach them, and have the effrontery to converse with them, Socrates, on subjects the same as you did here, that virtue and justice, legal institutions and laws, should be most highly valued by men? And do you not think that this conduct of Socrates would be very indecorous? You must think so.

"But you will keep clear of these places, and go to Thessaly, Crito's friend, for there is the greatest disorder and licentiousness, and perhaps they will gladly hear you relating how drolly you escaped from prison, clad in some dress or covered with a skin, or in some other disguise such as fugitives are wont to dress themselves in, having so changed your usual appearance. And will no one say that you, though an old man, with but a short time to live, in all probability, have dared to have such a base desire of life as to violate the most sacred laws? Perhaps not, should you not offend any one. But if you should you will hear, Socrates, many things utterly unworthy of you. You will live, too, in a state of abject dependence on all men, and as their slave. But what will you do in Thessaly besides feasting, as if you had gone to Thessaly to a banquet? And what will become of those discourses about justice and all other virtues? But do you wish to live for the sake of your children, that you may rear and educate them? What then? Will you take them to Thessaly, and there rear and educate them, making them aliens to their country, that they may owe you this obligation too? Or, if not so, being reared here, will they be better reared and educated while you are living, though not with them? for your friends will take care of them. Whether, if you go to Thessaly, will they take care of them, but if you go to Hades will they not take care of them? If, however, any advantage is to be derived from those that say they are your friends, we must think they will.

"Then, O Socrates, be persuaded by us who have nurtured you, and do not set a higher value on your children, or on life, or on anything else than justice, that, when you arrive in Hades, you may have all this to say in your defence before those who have dominion there. For neither here in this life, if you do what is proposed, does it appear to be better, or more just, or more holy to yourself, or any of your friends; nor will it be better for you when you arrive there. But now you depart, if you do depart, unjustly treated, not by us, the laws, but by men; but should you escape, having thus disgracefully returned injury for injury and evil for evil, having violated your own compacts and connections which you made with us, and having done evil to those to whom you least of all should have done it, namely yourself, your friends, your country, and us, both we shall be indignant with you as long as you live, and there our

brothers, the laws in Hades, will not receive you favorably, knowing that you attempted, as far as you were able, to destroy us. Let not Crito, then, persuade you to do what he advises, rather than we.

"These things, my dear friend, Crito, be assured I seem to hear, as the votaries of Cybele seem to hear the flutes. And the sound of these words booms in my ear, and makes me incapable of hearing anything else."—*Plato*, vol. i., p. 43.

Need we say that no jurist could vindicate the laws more eloquently than this, or present stronger inducements to respect and obey them? Nor did it fail to produce the desired effect. Even Crito admits that Socrates is right after all. Nor have there been any since his time, whose opinions possess much weight, that have taken a different view of the case. The best critics are of opinion that it would have been beneath the dignity of Socrates to have tried to conciliate the favor of his judges. Referring to the contrary view, as entertained by a certain class, Quintillian remarks: "But such a course would have been unbecoming to Socrates; and he, therefore, pleaded like a man who thought himself deserving not of punishment, but of the highest honors; for, wisest of men as he was, he preferred that what remained of his life should be lost rather than that portion of it which was past; and since he was not sufficiently understood by the men of his day, he committed himself to the judgment of posterity, and purchased, by the sacrifice of a short portion of extreme old age, a life that will last forever."*

Once more, however, when the fatal hour was approaching Crito tried to induce him to escape; but Socrates was resolute to the last; his fortitude seemed to increase, if possible, as his end drew near. Not that he made any display of his courage, or any effort to show that he was superior in this respect to other men. On no occasion of his life was he more calm, more modest, or more cheerful than he was while the executioner was preparing the fatal draught for him; his last moments are thus described:

"But when he came from bathing he sat down, and did not speak much afterwards; then the officer of the Eleven came in, and, standing near him, said: 'Socrates, I shall not have to find that fault with you that I do with others, that they are angry with me and curse me when, by order of the archons, I bid them drink the poison. But you, on all other occasions during the time you have been here, I have found to be the most noble, meek, and excellent man of all that ever came into this place; and, therefore, I am now well convinced that you will not be angry

*"Maluit enim vir sapientissimus, quod superesset ex vita, sibi perire, quam quod præteriisset. Et quando ab hominibus sui temporis parum intelligebatur, posterorum se judicûs reservavit, brevi detrimento jam ultimæ senectutis ævum sæculorum omnium consecutus."—Inst. Orator, lib. xi.. i., 10.

with me, for you know who are to blame, but with them. Now, then, for you know what I came to announce to you, farewell, and endeavor to bear what is inevitable as easily as possible.' And at the same time, bursting into tears, he turned away and withdrew.

"And Socrates, looking after him, said, 'And thou, too, farewell; we will do as you direct.' At the same time, turning to us, he said: 'How courteous the man is; during the whole time I have been here he has visited me, and conversed with me sometimes, and proved the worthiest of men; and now how generously he weeps for me. But come, Crito, let us obey him, and let some one bring the poison, if it is ready pounded, if not, let the man pound it.' Then Crito said: 'But I think, Socrates, that the sun is still on the mountains, and has not yet set. Besides, I know that others have drunk the poison very late, after it had been announced to them, and have supped and drunk freely, and some even have enjoyed the objects of their love. Do not hasten then, for there is yet time.' Upon this, Socrates replied: 'These men whom you mention, Crito, do these things with good reason, for they think they shall gain by so doing, and I too with good reason shall not do so; for I think I shall gain nothing by drinking a little later, except to become ridiculous to myself, in being so fond of life, and sparing of it when none any longer remains. Go, then,' he said, 'obey, and do not resist.'

"Crito, having heard this, nodded to the boy that stood near. And the boy, having gone out, and stayed for some time, came, bringing with him the man that was to administer the poison, who brought it ready pounded in a cup. And Socrates, on seeing the man, said, 'Well, my good friend, as you are skilled in these matters, what must I do?' 'Nothing else,' he replied, 'than when you have drunk it, walk about, until there is a heaviness in your legs, then lie down; thus it will do its purpose.' And at the same time he held out the cup to Socrates. And he having received it very cheerfully, Echecrates, neither trembling, nor changing at all in color or countenance, but, as he was wont, looking steadfastly at the man, said, 'What say you of this potion, with respect to making a libation to any one, is it lawful or not?' 'We only pound so much, Socrates,' he said, 'as we think sufficient to drink.'

"'I understand you,' he said, 'but it is certainly both lawful and right to pray to the gods, that my departure hence thither may be happy; which, therefore, I pray, and so may it be.' And as he said this he drank it off readily and calmly. Thus far most of us were with difficulty able to restrain ourselves from weeping, but when we saw him drinking, and having finished the draught, we could do so no longer, but in spite of myself the tears came in full torrent, so that, covering my face, I wept for myself, for I did not weep for him, but for my own fortune, in being deprived of such a friend. But Crito, even before me, when he could not restrain his tears, had risen up. But Apollodorus, even before this, had not ceased weeping, and then bursting into an agony of grief, weeping and lamenting, he pierced the heart of every one present except Socrates himself. But he said, 'What are you doing, my admirable friends? I indeed, for this reason chiefly, sent away the women that they might not commit any folly of this kind. For I have heard that it is right to die with good omens. Be quiet, therefore, and bear up.'

"When we heard this, we were ashamed, and restrained our tears But he, having walked about, he said that his legs were growing heavy, lay down on his back; for the man so directed him. And at the same time he who gave him the poison, taking hold of him, after a short interval, examined his feet and legs; and then having pushed his foot hard, he asked if he felt it: he said that he did not. And after this he pressed

his thighs; and thus going higher, he showed us that he was growing cold and stiff. Then Socrates touched himself, and said that, when the poison reached his heart, he should then depart."—*Plato*, vol. i., p. 125.

The execution of such a man is an indelible blot on the Athenian character, and it has always been held to be a strong argument against democracy. None who have charged republics with ingratitude have failed to quote it as an example. Nor will it answer the question to say that the people were ignorant, for they were undoubtedly not only the most enlightened of their time, but perhaps were quite as much so as any others that have since established and maintained as long as they did, a republican form of government. It is idle to deny this, for there is abundant proof of it. Had the Athenians been an illiterate, ignorant people, they could never have derived any pleasure either from the great tragic or comic writers with whose productions they were delighted. No illiterate person could understand Aristophanes, not to mention Æschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides, There is not an act or a scene in the dramas of either which does not contain allusions that were utterly unintelligible to those unacquainted with the earlier Greek poets and philosophers, including Hesiod, Homer, Pythagoras, and Thales.

Who can pretend that our people could understand at the present day dramas which would derive so much of their interest from subtle allusions to various systems of philosophy taught for the last two hundred years; or, to certain situations, theories, precepts, or peculiarities of style, in the works of Chaucer, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, &c. Need we say it would require a much higher degree of training than our common schools afford to do this? Indeed, we fear that there are not many of our public school teachers, male and female, who are capable of relishing such plays.

The Athenians, then, were not ignorant as compared with what are called the enlightened peoples of modern times, although it is certain that they became much demoralized under the rule of the Thirty Tyrants. They were guilty of such judicial atrocities as the execution of Socrates and of their six victorious generals, and the banishment of Themistocles, Aristides, and Cymon, not because they were ignorant as a people, but because no extent of educational facilities can make the masses thoughtful. If the people of the present day had the same unlimited power as the Athenians had, it is their best fellow-citizens they, too, would be most likely to put to death, especially if they had but just

freed themselves from an oppressive and cruel tyranny of thirty years duration, and were led to believe that those fellow-citizens had sympathised with their oppressors.

That the Athenians were thus actuated by passion is sufficiently evident from their subsequent conduct; for they solemnly asked pardon of the manes of Socrates, expressing their deepest regret for the wrong they had done their best friend.* In the same spirit of repentance and contrition they erected a temple to his memory. It is true that all this is no more than what Socrates himself said of the fickle conduct of the multitude in a passage which we have quoted above, namely, that they would put one to death to-day without any sufficient reason, and would restore him to life again to-morrow without any reason; a sentiment in which the greatest thinkers since his time have fully concurred.

But assuming that the cruel injustice and ingratitude of the Athenians should be attributed not to their own character or disposition, as influenced by the tyranny under which they had so long labored, but to their democratic form of government, then the question arises, did Democracy commit more atrocious acts after all than Monarchy? In order to answer this fairly the Athenians must be compared to their contemporaries; at least to those who lived in the same era. If we compare them thus to their royal and princely neighbors we shall find that after all the republicans did not commit more or worse excesses than the monarchists. We need only mention a few instances: It was not the democratic principle that induced Ptolemy, the uncle of Alexander the Great to assassinate his brother Alexander in order that he might usurp the kingdom of Macedon. A still worse man, if possible, was Philip, who died by a stab from Pausanius. Another of the family condemns Cleopatra and her son to be thrown into a furnace of molten brass. Yet another member poisons Demetrius, and murders all from whom he thinks he has any opposition to apprehend. Now, be it recollected that the kingdom of Macedon alone furnishes these instances, and many others. It is true

* It is recorded in the argument of one of the orations of Isocrates that Euripides made the Athenians weep by a passage in his tragedy of Palamedes, which reproached them with the death of the philosopher: "Ye have murdered the best of the Greeks." The commentator goes on to say that, knowing it was Socrates that was alluded to, the whole theatre rose with one accord and wept "(*καὶ νοῆσαν, τὸ θέατρον ἅπαν ἐδακρυσε, διότι περὶ Σωκράτους ἠνίττετο*)." It is proper to add that some think that Socrates survived Euripides; be this as it may, no fact is better established than that each of the three great tragic authors had the greatest veneration for the philosopher.

that these were not judicial acts but the acts of individuals; but it is not the less true that they resulted from the monarchical principle quite as much as the execution of Socrates and other similar atrocities resulted from the democratic principle.

As to the philosophy of Socrates, it is sufficiently known by its fruits. His pupils were the most profound thinkers of his time; and certain it is that they have not since been surpassed in their respective spheres. In proof of this it would be almost sufficient to mention the names of Plato, Xenophon, and Æschines. But be it remembered, that there are illustrious philosophers who, if they did not learn directly from him, received instructions from his pupils. This is true, for example, of Aristotle, the pupil of Plato. The Socratic school produced seven sects: namely, the Cynic, Stoic, Academic, Peripatetic, Eliac, Megaric, and Cyrenaic. Antisthenes, the founder of the Cynic school, received his lessons from Socrates, on the banks of the Ilissis; and the Stoic sect, founded by Zeno, was but an off-shoot of the Cynic, though not less famous than its parent. The Academic sect was founded by another of Socrates' disciples, the divine Plato.

The Academic in turn produced the Peripatetic, with Aristotle at its head. But we need mention no more of the Socratic schools; there is glory enough for any mortal in those we have mentioned; so much, indeed, that we think we may repeat the comparison made at the beginning of this article, that no man has made a nearer approach to Jesus Christ in the good he has rendered mankind by his teachings, than Socrates.

His mode of teaching was as ingenious, original and successful as the lessons which he taught were wise and useful. He never indulged in long harangues to his pupils either in the Lyceum, or the public squares, but always allowed as many as could find it convenient to take part with him in discussing the subject under consideration. He never pretended to possess any more knowledge than what he brought to light by his interrogatories during the discussion; in proportion as others affected superior wisdom and learning did he commence to speak like an unsophisticated person whom a school-boy might silence. This encourages his opponent, who indulges in gorgeous declamation; but just when he thinks, if a stranger, that his victory is complete, Socrates kindly suggests that there are still some little things which

he does not entirely understand. Not that he has the least doubt of the learning or genius of his interlocutor, for whose opinions he tells him he has the greatest deference. The person thus complimented involves himself deeper and deeper, telling him that he has only to make known to him any difficulties he may have in order to secure a satisfactory and immediate solution. At last Socrates proposes a question, generally a very simple one, such as a child might ask; but this is soon followed by another and another, the last being always the most difficult, until at length the person who regarded him as a mere simpleton at the beginning finds himself so completely enveloped in his arguments that he has no means of escape.

But the philosopher never exults in this; he is still complimentary and encouraging, although if his interlocutor is a professional sophist, he does not feel the less mortified or provoked by the friendly smiles and easy manners of his antagonist. Accordingly, the probability is that no matter how much he has learned from Socrates, he withdraws from the discussion as his enemy. It was otherwise, however, with the youth of Athens, or with any sensible man whose vices had not attracted the attention of the philosopher, but who loved truth and esteemed knowledge. Both of these classes were convinced of the superiority of Socrates, above all others, as an instructor, and they loved and venerated him accordingly. All agreed that by no other system than his could they learn so much in a given time, and that by no other system could the valuable lessons they received from him have been so indelibly impressed on their minds. In short, except to the malefactors and superstitious of his time, Socrates rendered philosophy as attractive and delightful as it was useful, beautiful, and sublime, and the best judges, in all subsequent times, have given him credit for it accordingly.*

If the wife of the philosopher was as great a termagant as she is represented in several ancient works, and as it has long been the fashion to regard her, there is all the more honor due

* "To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools,
Of academics old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripateticks, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoick severe."—*Milton.*

to him. But there is really no proof that she was very disagreeable, or very unkind; on the contrary, there are well authenticated facts which make her appear in altogether a different light. One of the finest passages in the Memorabilia of Xenophon is that in which Socrates reproves his son Lamprocles for having failed in his duty to his mother, reminding him that she deserved very different treatment at his hands. "Do you think," says the philosopher, "that this mother who is *so benevolent* to you, who, when you are ill, takes care of you *to the utmost of her power* that you may recover your health, and that you may want nothing that is necessary for you, and who besides, entreats the gods for many blessings on your head, and pays vows for you, is a *harsh mother*. For my part, I think that if you cannot endure *such a mother* you cannot endure *anything that is good*."* This is sufficiently clear. But it may be replied that her being kind enough as a mother was perfectly consistent with her being unkind as a wife; but we have the testimony of Plato on this point.

In the account of Socrates' death, from which we have given an extract above, the following passage occurs: "When we entered we found Socrates just freed from his bonds, and Xantippe, you know her, holding his little boy and sitting by him. As soon as Xantippe saw us, she wept aloud, and said such things as women usually do on such occasions, as 'Socrates, your friends will now converse with you for the last time, and you with them.' But Socrates, looking towards Crito, said, 'Crito, let some one take her home.' Upon which some of Crito's attendants led her away *wailing and beating herself*."† This shows that if she was a termagant, she was kind at heart; and there are not many termagants who have much tenderness. Indeed the truth seems to be that the only foundation for the character assigned to Xantippe was that she sometimes sought to awake her husband from his reveries, and perhaps used some physical force to bring him home; so that as she thought, he might not be a laughing-stock to the passers-by. It was very natural that those who saw her drag him in this way, and perhaps scold him at the same time for subjecting himself to ridicule, should think that she was a harsh and tyrannical woman; whereas those acquainted with the fact and aware of her motive, would regard her in a very different light.

But whatever was the real character of Xantippe or her

* *Mem.*, book ii., ch. 11. † Phædo, in Plato, c. 9.

son, Socrates was an honor to human nature and a benefactor of mankind. There are none of us who can make any pretensions to sound reasoning who are not more or less indebted to his philosophy, although we may never have read either Plato or Xenophon, for his thoughts pervade every literature. Wherever his dialogues are reported, whether in Plato or Xenophon, they are easily distinguished by their wonderful clearness and lucidity; for neither of his two great pupils approaches him in this respect, although Xenophon has been more successful in imitating his peculiar graphicalness and simplicity of style than Plato. Both, however, are eminently Socratic; we need hardly add, therefore, that both should be studied. It is not sufficient to read them once, twice, or even three times; not because they are obscure, for they are rarely so, but because they are everywhere pregnant with thought, everywhere imbued with the true Socratic wisdom, especially the works of Plato, which constitute a veritable fountain of knowledge, but which, precisely because they are thus invaluable, are read only by the judicious and thoughtful few.

ART. II.—1. *Systema Saturnium.* By CHRISTIAN HUYGENS. Hagar, 1659.

2. *On the Rings of Saturn.* By G. P. BOND. GOULD'S *Astronomical Journal*, vol. ii., pp. 5–10, May, 1851.

3. *On the Constitution of Saturn's Rings.* By BENJAMIN PEIRCE, LL.D. GOULD'S *Astronomical Journal*, vol. ii., pp. 17–19, June, 1851.

4. *On the Adams Prize-Problem for* 1856. By BENJAMIN PEIRCE, LL.D. GOULD'S *Astronomical Journal*, vol. iv., pp. 110–112, September, 1855.

5. *On the Stability of the Motions of Saturn's Rings.* An Essay which obtained the Adams Prize for the year 1856, in the University of Cambridge. By J. CLERK MAXWELL, M.A. 4to. Cambridge, 1859.

THERE are certain problems in astronomy which invite the attention and abilities of the mathematician and the astronomer, by their practical importance. Such are pre-eminently the lunar theory and the figure of the earth. Second in importance are the planetary theory and the theory of the sun's real and apparent motions. Other departments of astronomy excite the perseverance and the talent of the analyst on account of their illustration of some general principle of

nature, and of the mechanical laws which regulated the formation of the universe, and still control its phenomena. Among this last class we must reckon the theory of comets and that of the Saturnian system.

Saturn, besides being next to the largest and most influential member of the planetary system, is surrounded by an unknown number of rings, which encompass the primary equatorially, like an immense but very narrow belt, in every part separated from the body of the planet. We are thus invited to a consideration of our knowledge respecting this far-off member of our planetary group.

Sir William Herschel was the first to show that the equatorial diameter of Saturn is greater than the polar. In 1782 he determined the former to be 22″·81, and the latter 20″·61. These numbers give an ellipticity of 1–10·37th. In 1805, however, the same astronomer came to the conclusion that although the equatorial diameter exceeded the polar, yet it was not the longest diameter of the planet, but that such diameter was that which passes through the latitude of 43° 20′. He fixed the ratio of the three diameters as the numbers 36, 35·41, 32. Many years ago, Professor Airy showed that the Herschelian form of Saturn could not be accounted for by theory. This form was admitted among astronomers as the figure of Saturn, in consequence of the high authority upon which the alleged irregularity rested, until the year 1832, when Professor Bessel, the greatest astronomer of our day, resolved to ascertain the form of Saturn directly from measurement. The result of his investigation shows how easily a great mind may be led to take for truth that which is not, when a hypothesis is not subjected to a critical investigation.

By careful measurement Bessel found the apparent equatorial diameter of the planet, at the mean distance from the earth, to be 17″·053, and that of the polar 15″·381. These measures give, for the ellipticity of the planet, 1–10·19th, which is a very little greater than that assigned by Herschel. Bessel's method of procedure was to assume that the figure of Saturn is that of an oblate spheroid, with axes as indicated by the above measurement, and he then calculated the value of several diameters having a given inclination to the axes, and then to measure directly the length of such diameters. The result was a complete confirmation of the spheroidal theory of the form of the planet, as the following table will show :*

* Grant's Hist. Phys. Astronomy, p. 253.

DISTANCE FROM THE EQUATOR.	MEASURED DIAMETER.	CALCULATED DIAMETER.
0° 0′	17″·189	17″·053
22 30	16 ·679	16 ·777
45 0	16 ·242	16 ·169
67 30	15 ·605	15 ·607
90 0	15 ·332	15 ·394

We thus see that Bessel's theory responded very faithfully to the requirements of nature.

According to the measures of the axes of Saturn, made at the Greenwich Observatory, England, the ellipticity of the planet is 1–9·23d. Measures made by Professor Seechi, of the observatory of the Collegio Romano, on the 25th of April, 1861, give 19″·988 for the equatorial and 18″·024 for the polar diameter of Saturn.* The accuracy of Professor Seechi as an observer, the size of his instrument, and the transparency of the atmosphere in Italy, all concur to render Professor Seechi's measures reliable. These numbers give, for the ellipticity of the planet, 1–10·13th, which differs but little from Bessel's determination. If we suppose Saturn homogeneous, the ellipticity of his surface is to the ellipticity of the earth, supposed homogeneous, inversely as the ratio of the product of the density of the former by the square of the time of rotation, to the product of the density of the latter by the square of the time of rotation.† If we take the ellipticity of the earth at 1–230th, we find that of Saturn to be 1–5·8th; and if we call the ellipticity of the former 1–30uth, that of the latter is 1–7·6th. As these values differ considerably from that derived from observation, we conclude that Saturn is not homogeneous in internal structure, but increases in density pretty rapidly from the surface to the centre. When we consider that the mean density of Saturn is only one-eighth of that of the earth, we must conclude that its surface must be composed of materials which with us would be called pretty "light."

The surface density of the earth is about one-half that of its mean density; and, if we suppose the same law to hold with Saturn, we shall find the outside of it to be composed of materials whose mean density is about two-thirds of that of pine wood.

The force of gravity on the surface of Saturn at the

* These measures were communicated to me by Professor Kirkwood in a letter dated February 15, 1865.

† Airy's Mathematical Tracts, p. 150, fourth edition.

equator is a little greater than that of the earth, for bodies fall there 17·6 feet the first second, while on the earth they fall about 16·1 feet. We thus see that, so far as weight is concerned, a person on Saturn would be circumstanced nearly the same as on the earth. Let these things be as they may, we are sure of one thing, namely, that, whatever may be the structure and genius of the Saturnian inhabitants, they *must* be adapted to their circumstances of light, heat, and gravity, and whatever may act upon and influence them on that distant world. We may here observe that many persons seem to think that we must take earthly circumstances as a criterion by which to judge of the adaptation of other worlds to the happiness of the beings that people them; but we must remember that the earth was not adapted to man, but man to the earth. The earth and planets were first formed, and afterwards their inhabitants; and the God of nature could as well adapt a being to Jupiter or Saturn as to the Earth.

The great oblateness of the figure of Saturn indicates a rapid rotary motion, and observation has shown that it revolves on its axis in ten hours twenty-nine minutes and seventeen seconds.*

From observations on the belts of Saturn, Sir William Herschel concluded the planet to be surrounded by an atmosphere, perhaps of considerable density. The belts are generally disposed approximately parallel to the equator of Saturn. Herschel gave considerable attention to their phenomena between the years 1775 and 1780, and he found them continually changing. The variations in the appearance of the belts were such as would characterize an atmospheric fluid. The most constant of these belts is a "grey equatorial stripe." Next to this follow several others, but the forms are variable. They are not always parallel, nor do they extend as far as the poles. The polar regions present a remarkable phenomenon, a change in the reflection of light, which is dependent on Saturn's seasons. In the winter season of the pole, the region is more brightly luminous; and whether this results from the temporary accumulation of ice and snow, or from the increase in the density of the clouds, we must still refer its origin to an atmosphere surrounding the planet. Herschel found the polar regions to change their

* Herschel's *Outlines*, art. 514. Sir Wm. Herschel, from watching a belt, concluded the period to be 10 h. 16 min. 0·44 sec.—*Grant's Hist. of Phys. Ast.*, p. 252.

brightness, increasing or decreasing according as they were turned further from, or nearer to, the direct influence of the solar rays. In 1793, when the south pole had been exposed to the influence of the sun for some time, he perceived that the whole surface around it was of a pale whitish color, much less bright than the rings, and not even equalling, in this respect, the white belts encompassing the equatorial parts of the planet. The north polar region, on the other hand, was of a bright white color. In 1806, the north pole having been for some time illuminated by the sun, the surrounding region had lost much of its lustre, but the south polar region had regained its former brightness. "The latter were now decidedly brighter than the equatorial regions of the planet, as was evident from the appearances they severally exhibited when viewed with a telescope. With a magnifying power of 527, the south polar regions continued to appear very white, while, on the contrary, the regions near the equator assumed a yellowish tinge."* These phenomena indicate the existence of an atmosphere.

Certain phenomena, which Sir William Herschel observed during the occultations of the satellites, also led to the same conclusion. "He found in each instance that the satellite, after coming up to the planet, continued to hang on its limb for some time before it actually vanished." On one occasion Mimas was observed by him, to remain in apparent contact with the disk of the planet for the space of twenty minutes. From this we conclude the horizontal refraction of the Saturnian atmosphere at the surface of the planet to amount to 2". Notwithstanding that this small amount is not very conclusive for the existence of an atmosphere, yet it goes to strengthen the conclusion drawn from the other facts above given.

We may add that the bright belts of Saturn, like those of Jupiter,† are very probably clouds floating in the atmosphere of the planet, while the dark bands are where we see through clear sky, and view the comparatively dark body of Saturn:

How complete the knowledge of the Saturnian system was, as observed and described by Christian Huygens, when compared with that developed by Galileo's discovery of the triple configuration of the planet; but how imperfect is Huygen's description of it in his *Systema Saturnium*, when we

* Grant's Hist. Phys. Astronomy, p. 254. † Outlines, art. 518.

compare it with that given by modern astronomers! Huygens, with more powerful telescopes than Galileo possessed, was enabled to complete a discovery begun by the latter, by showing that the triple appearance of the planet, as seen by Galileo, was owing to a ring which completely surrounded it. Huygens made this discovery in 1655, but he did not publish a complete description of all that was then known respecting Saturn, till 1659, when he published his *Systema Saturnium*. In this work, before giving his own views, he enters into an explanation of the various hypotheses which had been put forth to account for the triple appearance which Saturn sometimes presents when viewed with a low telescopic power. Huygens introduces his own theory of the subject by remarking that undoubtedly all the primary bodies of the solar system revolve around fixed axes. He also considers it to be established, by observation, that the rotatory velocity of each primary is more rapid than the orbit motion of any of the smaller bodies revolving around it; and he hence concludes that Saturn and his appendage revolve with a rapid velocity around an axis. From observations carefully conducted, he concludes that nothing but a ring, completely surrounding the planet, will account for all the phenomena observed. According to the custom of the times, he announced his discovery in the form of an anagram, which reads, when the letters are properly placed and translated into English: "The planet is surrounded by a slender flat ring, everywhere distinct from its surface, and inclined to the ecliptic."

The telescope which Huygens employed, did not reveal to him the fact that the ring is double. Two amateur English astronomers, Dr. Ball and Mr. W. Ball, of Minehead, North Devonshire, first noticed the duplicity of the ring in October, 1665, ten years before Dominique Cassini noticed the division.

Huygens originally supposed the plane of the ring to be parallel with the equator, and consequently inclined to the ecliptic under an angle of 23° 30′. He first fixed the longitude of the ascending node in 153° of longitude, and afterwards in 170° 30′. Maraldi the elder first gave a complete theory of the method for determining the elements of the ring. He determined the inclination of the plane of the ring to the plane of the ecliptic, from the passage of the planet through the node of the ring, in 1715, to be 31° 20′, and the longitude of the ascending node 166° 17′.

In 1811, when the ring was very open, Professor Bessel measured, with a micrometer attached to a sixteen-inch telescope by Dolland, the axis of the ellipse formed by the projection of the ring, and he found the inclination to be 28° 34′·1. This measurement differs considerably from the result obtained by Maraldi, which had been in use among astronomers. Subsequent measurements by M. Struve, with Fraunhofer's great refractor, at Dorpat, in 1826, gave for the inclination of the ring 28° 5′·9, with an error not exceeding 6′·4. A few years afterwards, when Bessel had got possession of a splendid heliometer, he repeated his measurements for determining the elements of the ring. He continued them during a period embraced between the years 1830 and 1834. His final result, after a very thorough discussion, gave 28° 10′ 44″·7 for the inclination of the plane of the ring to the plane of the ecliptic, and 166° 53′ 8″·9 as the longitude of the ascending node for 1800. He also found that the node of the ring retreats upon the plane of the ecliptic at the rate of 46″·462 annually, which will cause it to complete a revolution in a retrograde order, if the rate remains uniform in 27,600 years.

Newton's law of universal gravitation showed, many years before the fact was discovered, that the rings of Saturn must rotate about an axis; and Laplace showed that the period could not differ much from ten hours thirty-two minutes. About the same time Sir William Herschel determined the period of rotation, by watching the return of a lucid point to the same position, to be ten hours thirty-two minutes and fifteen seconds. This result, which corresponds so nearly with the above determination of Laplace, deduced from the mechanical conditions which are necessary to the stability of the ring, is a strong proof of the natural growth of the system from a widely extended fluid body. We must not omit to state that several distinguished observers, and among them the late Professor Bond, of Cambridge, Mass., have failed to find any evidence, from observation, of the rotation of the ring. Schroeter and Harding discovered luminous points on the ring, which did not change their position for eight hours together. But we may, perhaps, suppose the fluid of which the rings are probably composed to be accumulated in a certain position in space, and thus be enabled to reflect the light of the sun in a peculiar manner. After the restoration of the equilibrium, the accumulation would be dispersed. It will be worth

while to detail a number of observations which have a bearing on the position of the rings with respect to the centre of the primary, and also on its period of rotation.

In 1826, M. Struve found that the ring is not concentrically situated with respect to the planet. From micrometrical measurements he found the distance from the body of the planet to the outer edge of the ring, on the east side of Saturn, equal to 11″·288, and on the west side only 11″·073, giving a difference in the distance equal to 0″·215.* Struve's observations seemed to show that the eccentric situation of the ring is continually on the same side of the planet. This, if true, would seem to be inconsistent with a rotation of the ring. But there are other observations, made by other observers, that do not accord with this hypothesis.

Sir William Herschel was the first to remark that the ring reflects more light than the body of the planet. He found that he could trace the ring in the part projected on the body of the primary. Cassini found the inner ring to be brighter than the outer one. Sir William Herschel discovered that the brightness of the inner ring gradually diminishes towards the inner edge. Struve also thought that the inner edge of the interior ring is less regular in its construction, and less sharply defined than the outer edge. That the ring is not at all times symmetrical seems to be indicated by the appearance of the ansæ. In 1671, when the ring was about to disappear, Cassini observed the ansæ to contract considerably. He also noticed that one of the ansæ was yet visible, while the other could not be seen. He further remarked, and this is very important, that the visible part was *not always* on the *same side* of the planet. On the 9th of October, 1714, six days before the passage of the plane of the ring through the earth, Maraldi perceived that the ansæ were reduced to half their ordinary dimensions. The western ansa did not seem to be quite so broad as the eastern. On the 12th of the same month the planet was attended only by the western ansa. On the 29th of November, 1743, Heinsirus perceived the eastern ansa to be longer than the western. On the 6th of October, 1773, the planet was observed at Cadiz, with only the western ansa. On the 17th of January, 1774, Messier perceived that the eastern ansa was longer than the western. On the 4th of January, 1803, Harding witnessed the reappearance of the western ansa while the east-

* Humboldt says that the eccentric position was discovered by Schwabe, in September, 1827—*Cosmos*, vol. iv., p. 521, Bohn's edition.

ern one was yet invisible. On the 16th of June of the same year, Schröeter saw the western ansa after the eastern had previously disappeared for some time.

Grant, in commenting on these, says: "It would seem, from these observations, that the western ansa is, in general, more easily seen than the eastern. This fact, although at variance with the alleged rotation of the ring, does not affect the question under consideration, namely, the irregularity of the surface of the ring, which is unequivocally indicated by all the observations. There is another circumstance which abundantly serves to prove that the bounding surfaces of the rings are not composed of parallel planes. If such were the case, it is manifest that the instants of the disappearance and reappearance of the ring would be constantly regulated by the motions of the planet, and a determinate position of the plane of the ring. Bessel found, however, by a strict analytical investigation, that the recorded observations of these phenomena were incompatible with the results derived from the supposition of such a plane. It is impossible, therefore, to admit that the bounding sides of the ring are composed of parallel planes."* The great number of observations which we have cited show that the rings are not at all times symmetrical. Any mechanical theory of the stability of the motion of Saturn's rings must account for these irregularities.

Some observations of Sir William Herschel, in 1807, led him to think that the rings are encompassed by an atmosphere. He observed that the two poles of the planet did not exhibit the same shape. He saw a protuberance about the south pole of the planet which he had not observed on any previous occasion, while the north pole region retained its usual shape. Careful observations satisfied him that the appearance did not arise from any irregularity of the planet's surface. He, therefore, concluded it to be an optical phenomenon, produced by something that did not similarly affect the regions about both poles. He remarked, in reference to this point, that the ring was differently situated with respect to the opposite sides of the equator of Saturn, being behind the planet in the northern hemisphere, and before it in the southern. The rays of light which proceeded from the south polar region of Saturn to the earth passed pretty close to the ring, while those which came from the region in the neighborhood of the north pole traversed an open space

* Hist. Phys. Ast., p. 264.

remote from any external influence. We, therefore, can see, if the ring be surrounded by an atmosphere, that the rays of light issuing from those parts about the south pole would be more or less refracted according to the density of the medium through which they passed, and would thus distort the figure of the planet, similar to the observed protuberance.

To these observations of Sir William Herschel we may add some made by the same astronomer at the time when the rings usually disappear. When the unenlightened side is turned towards the earth, it would be supposed that it would be invisible to us, but Sir William Herschel was able, with his powerful telescope, to perceive the ring. The Rev. W. R. Dawes, in England, and also Professor Bond, with the great refractor at Cambridge, Mass., saw the rings under similar circumstances at the time of the passage of their plane through the earth in 1848–1849. "Now, since it would seem that the edge of the ring is invisible when it is turned directly to the observer," says Mr. Grant, "it ought, *à fortiori*, to be invisible in every other position. Hence it follows that the invisibility of the ring, during the time that its plane was interposed between the earth and the sun, did not arise from the light reflected from its edge. The inference is, therefore, unavoidable, that the ring was visible by means of the surface which was turned away from the sun, for the opposite surface upon which the rays of that luminary directly fell was then turned away from the earth. The observations of Mr. Dawes are especially conclusive with respect to this point. When the plane of the ring was interposed between the earth and the sun (on which occasion the bright side of the ring was turned away from the earth), the ring was still faintly visible; but as the earth continued to approach the plane the ring was seen with greater difficulty, and when it was actually situated in the plane the ring was invisible, even when the planet was viewed with Mr. Lassell's twenty-feet reflector. Now, if the visibility of the ring in the above instance was due to the light reflected by its edge, a succession of appearances the reverse of that indicated by observation ought to have taken place; for, as the earth approached the plane of the ring, the edge of the ring was turned more directly towards the observer, and, therefore, it ought to have been seen with increased facility. That the visibility of the ring, when its plane was interposed between the earth and the sun, was occasioned by light reflected from its obscure surface, and not from its edge, was still further

proved by the observations of Mr. Dawes during the interval when the earth was receding from the plane of the ring; for, in this case, the ring became more and more distinctly visible, according as the elevation of the earth above the plane continued to increase."

The observations which we have given above make known one of the most interesting phenomena connected with the Saturnian system. In explanation of it, Sir William Herschel suggested that it might arise from the light reflected by the planet upon the dark surface of the ring.

The well-known English optician, Short, saw, with a twelve-feet telescope, probably a reflector, two or three divisions in the outer ring, besides the principal division discovered by Ball, before mentioned. In the month of June, 1780, the 19th and 26th, Sir William Herschel saw, with three different reflecting telescopes, a "second black list" upon the ring, close to the inner side. On the 29th he could see nothing of the kind. As Herschel observed with three telescopes, it is not at all probable that what he saw was an optical illusion. In December, 1823, M. Ouetlet, at Paris, saw the *outer* ring divided into two with an achromatic telescope of ten inches aperture. On the 17th of December, 1825, and on the 16th and 17th of January, 1826, Captain Kater saw at least three divisions in the outer ring. He used two Newtonian reflectors, of six and seven inches aperture.

On the 25th of April, 1837, at Berlin, the late Professor Encke saw the outer ring, with perfect distinctness, divided into two nearly equal parts, and he could also see several divisions on the inner edge of the inner ring. He used the great equatorial of the Berlin Observatory, with an achromatic eye-piece. On the 28th of May following, he obtained measures of the position of the division of the outer ring. He found it to be 1″·486 from the outer edge, and 0″·716 from the inner edge of the outer ring.

M. De Vico, with the great achromatic of the observatory of the Collegio Romano, at Rome, saw, on the 29th of May, 1838, besides the two principal rings, three other divisions, one nearly in the middle of the exterior ring, and two in the interior ring. About the time of meridian passage, as many as *six* rings were sometimes distinctly seen.

In the summer of 1841, M. Schwabe, of Dessau, gave particular attention to the phenomena of Saturn's rings. He used a six-feet achromatic, by Fraunhofer. On the 26th of July he thought he saw Encke's division, at least one in

about the same position. On the 10th of August it was just visible in the eastern ansa, and again on the 17th; and on the 10th of September he saw it in the western ansa. He observed thirty days in all, but saw the extra division on four occasions only, as above.

On the 7th of September, 1843, Messrs. Lassell and Dawes, at Starfield, near Liverpool, distinctly saw the outer ring divided into two with a nine-feet Newtonian reflector, nine inches aperture. They used a power of 450. "The outline of the planet was very sharply defined with this power, and the primary division of the ring was very black, and steadily seen all round the southern side. When this was most satisfactorily observed, a dark line was pretty obvious on the outer ring." In 1842 and in 1845, Professor Challis obtained glimpses of an extra division; and in the latter year J. R. Hind obtained a view of Encke's or a similar division on the eastern arm of the ring. At another time afterwards, Dawes and Lassell got a very satisfactory view of a division in the outer ring, but it did not coincide with Encke's division. *

In 1851 another well-authenticated instance of extraordinary divisions of Saturn's rings was observed by several astronomers. A division in the outer ring was seen by Rev. W. R. Dawes, and also by Messrs. Fletcher and Pattinson. It was also seen by Mr. Alvan Clark, in this country. In October, 1851, W. C. Bond, C. W. Tuttle, and R. F. Bond saw several divisions of the old inner ring with the great refractor of the Cambridge Observatory, Massachusetts. The atmosphere was unusually tranquil on the 20th, between the hours of 10 and 11, P. M., and Saturn looked beautiful, and was steady and distinct. "The inner bright ring was minutely subdivided into a large number of small rings, the divisions commencing at the edge next the ball, and extending outwards about two-thirds the breadth." The appearance was compared to that of a series of waves, the summits corresponding to the narrow rings, and the depressions to the divisions. Mr. Dawes saw similar phenomena on the 26th of the same month. †

We have now given a sufficient number of observations to show that the rings of Saturn are sometimes subdivided, but that there is no definite place where the divisions occur.

* See Gould's Astronomical Journal, vol. ii., pp. 5–6; also Hind's Solar System, pp. 151-152.

† Gould's Astronomical Journal, ii., p. 112.

Since the best observers do not always see these divisions under favorable circumstances, it is pretty evident that they do not always exist, at least of sufficient magnitude to be visible to us at this great distance. Any mechanical theory of the dynamical equilibrium of the rings must account for the occasional subdivisions of them.

So early as 1837 or 1838, it appears that Dr. Galli observed a gradual shading off of the inner edge of the interior bright ring, and that he published measures of it in the Transactions of the Berlin Academy for 1838; but the discovery excited but little attention. On the 11th of November, 1850, Messrs. Bond, of Cambridge, discovered a new dusky ring of Saturn, interior to the inner bright ring. On the 26th and 29th of the same month, Rev. W. R. Dawes also saw the new ring. This last astronomer not only saw the new ring, but he saw that it was divided by a very fine line. By numerous measures he found the distance from the inner edge of the inner bright ring to the inner edge of the dusky ring equal to 1″·94.

Since the discovery of this new dusky ring, some very interesting observations have been made. During the years 1852, 1854, and 1855, Professor Bond, of the Cambridge Observatory, found that the ball can be seen through the rings, and that consequently they are translucent. He also found that the rings are of different colors in different places, the equatorial regions being white, the temperate regions reddish, and the polar regions bluish. Professor Bond says that the shadow of the ball upon the ring can be seen upon both sides of it, being rather faint on one side, but on the other quite decided. He first noticed this anomalous appearance in October, 1852. He was unable to give any satisfactory account of it, nor of the singular shape of the shadow, the convexity of it being towards the ball, instead of the contrary, as might be expected.*

If the various measures of the dimensions of Saturn's rings are reliable, they would seem to show that the inner edges of the rings are approaching the surface of the planet. It is not known that the outer diameter of the ring has varied since the discovery of the latter by Huygens; but according to the following measures it would seem that the inner diameter is contracting as already mentioned: Huygens, in 1657, made the distance between the ball and the ring, 6″·5;

* Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1857, pp. 373, 374.

Huygens and Cassini, in 1695, made it 6″; in 1719, Bradley made it 5″·4; Herschel, in 1799, 5″; Struve the elder, in 1826, 4″·36; Encke and Galli, in 1838, 4″·04; and Otto Struve, in 1851, 3″·67. At this rate of decrease, Professor Peirce estimates that the ring will be destroyed in some part, in seventy years from this time (1866).*

Can it be, then, that we are to witness the destruction of this beautiful appendage of the planet Saturn? Can it be that a ring whose existence for so many ages has not been endangered is to be destroyed within three-quarters of a century? We think not. It is a case perfectly analogous to others in the solar system, that the perturbations of the ring should cause it both to contract and expand its dimensions. As yet the laws of these mutations have not been discovered; but from the triumphs of Newton's law of gravitation in other parts of the solar system, we have every reason to believe that the laws regulating the motions of Saturn's rings will one day be made known by the industry of the astronomer and the skill of the mathematician. The problem is, indeed, one of extreme difficulty, and none but the masters are prepared to attempt it. Professor Peirce has revealed more of the true laws of the mutation of the rings than any other geometer that has attempted the solution of the problem.

We have already mentioned the observations of Herschel, Dawes, and Bond, showing that the rings can be seen when the dark side is turned towards the earth. Since the rings are translucent, is it not sufficient to account for the visibility of the dark side of the rings? We have already shown that the rings are the more distinctly visible the higher the earth is above their plane, or the less obliquely the rays of light proceed from the surface of the rings. This is just what we should expect if the rays proceed from the sun through the rings. According to this view, then, we are not under the necessity of supposing the rings to be encompassed with an atmosphere, to account for the phenomenon of the visibility of the unilluminated side of the rings.

Maxwell says† that some observations seem to show that the rays of light not only pass through the dusky ring, but they appear to suffer no refraction and consequently they must pass *between* the particle of the ring. But if the ring

* Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1856, p. 380.
† Essay on the Stability of the Motions of Saturn's Rings, p. 2.

be very rare or very thin, or both, as observations seem to indicate, since the ring is incapable of reflecting much light, the ball seen through the ring might, perhaps, not be much distorted.

Having reviewed our knowledge respecting the rings of Saturn so far as it is deduced from observation, we may now ask, By what natural mechanism are they sustained around the planet? Notwithstanding a mutiplicity of other labors that more immediately demanded his attention, Laplace found time to give some thought to the theory of Saturn's rings. Until within the last few years, it was supposed that they were solid bodies surrounding the planet. Accordingly Laplace sought for the conditions of dynamical equilibrium of solid rings. One of the first conditions required is that the rings be possessed of a rotatory motion that will develop a centrifugal force sufficient to counteract the attractive influences of the primary.

If we imagine a homogeneous fluid spread around Saturn in the form of a ring of which the generating curve is an ellipse, analysis shows that it will be in equilibrium, when acted upon by the mutual attraction of its particles, their gravitation towards the primary, and their centrifugal force, if the magnitude of the ellipse be small in comparison with its distance from the centre of Saturn, and the greater axis of the generating curve be directed towards the centre of the primary. The duration of the rotation of the ring is nearly the same as that of a satellite moved circularly at the distance of the centre of the generating ellipse. Laplace found this period for the inner ring to be about ten hours thirty-two minutes, as before mentioned.

The equilibrium of such a ring, however, would not be stable, for the slightest disturbing force would throw it from its balance, and it would finally be precipitated upon the planet.*

The equilibrium would also exist if the generating ellipse were variable in size and position to some extent. Laplace thus concludes that the rings may be of unequal breadth in different parts, and consequently that they are irregular solids. Had he discussed this part of the theory more thoroughly, he would have seen, as we shall see further on, that any form of a solid ring would be inconsistent with the conditions of dynamical equilibrium.

* *Mécanique Celeste*, bk. iii., ch. vi.

By conceiving the rings divided into small satellites, we may imagine them disturbed by each other, the sun, and the satellites of Saturn; and thus they ought to oscillate around the centre of the primary, and their nodes, where their plane intersects that of the planet's orbit, should have a retrograde motion; but, owing to the mutual connection of the different parts of the system, this motion should be slow, as found by Bessel. Laplace has shown that, on account of the oblateness of the figure of Saturn, the plane of the rings will follow that of the planet's equator through all its changes of position due to the disturbing action of the other heavenly bodies.* The connection of the different parts of the Saturnian system will cause all changes of position to be slow; for the primary, the rings, and the first six satellites must all move at the same time.

These deductions of Laplace, which for some years seemed to be confirmed by observation, were adopted by the astronomers until the middle of the present century, when the powerful telescopes now in use failed to show the irregularities in the rings which his theory requires, and some doubt began to be entertained of the solid nature of the rings. Professor George P. Bond, of the Cambridge observatory, was the first to attack the problem.

In his treatise on the subject in Gould's Astronomical Journal,† Mr. Bond supposes several narrow rings to exist, and shows that the spaces unoccupied by matter, taken together, cannot be large, not exceeding four-hundredths of the breadth of the rings, otherwise the shadow on the ball would not be so black as it is. He next considers the attractions of several narrow rings, and, in making an application of his results, he first considers the case of a single ring, and finds that he is obliged to increase its attractive power sixty times its probable value to retain particles on its surface. He next divides the ring into two, and finds the rotatory motion necessary to retain particles on the inner ring too rapid to be admitted. By trying different values, he finds it necessary to diminish the width of the rings so far, that the unoccupied area will nearly equal their area, a result which could not be admitted. He next supposes eleven rings to exist, and finds it necessary to increase their density to three times that of Saturn. He also finds that "a density six times that of Saturn would just suffice to retain the particles on the sur-

* *Méc. Cel.*, bk., ch. iii. † Vol. ii., pp 5–10.

face of the inner ring." Mr. Bond then sums up the various cases of disturbance and instability, and concludes that a solid ring cannot be permanently retained about the primary.

He then infers that "the hypothesis that the whole ring is in a fluid state, or at least does not cohere strongly, presents fewer difficulties." This supposition, he states, will account for the occasional divisions in the rings. He further adds that a "fluid ring, *symmetrical* in its dimensions, is not of necessity in a state of unstable equilibrium with reference either to Saturn or to the other rings."*

These observations and deductions of Mr. Bond had the effect of calling forth to the subject the great mathematical powers of Professor Peirce, of Harvard University. He communicated a paper upon it to the American Academy on the 15th of April, 1851, and it was also published in Gould's Astronomical Journal.† He did not publish the mathematical formulæ, but simply a statement of the results to which he had been led, and a general explanation of the principles of procedure. We need here do little more than state the results to which he arrived respecting the constitution and equilibrium of solid rings.

He says that "there is no conceivable form of irregularity, and no combination of irregularities, consistent with an actual ring, which would serve to retain it permanently about the primary, if it were solid." Professor Peirce took into consideration both the motion of rotation on its axis and that of revolution around the sun. He found it to be the former phenomenon which deprives the irregularity, to which Laplace referred, of its sustaining power. After giving some illustrations of the destroying tendency of the disturbing forces to which the ring would be subject, he concludes that "a solid ring would soon be destroyed, and that Saturn's ring must, therefore, be fluid. It consists, in short of a stream, or, rather, of streams, of a fluid somewhat denser than water, flowing around the planet."

If the rings be fluid, it is quite evident that they cannot be gaseous, for it seems impossible that a gaseous ring so thin as Saturn's are known to be, would sustain itself in so compressed a state with such small dimensions. These considerations led him to conclude that the rings must be of the

*This discussion of Professor Bond was published in May, 1851, in the Astronomical Journal, but it was read before the American Academy in April previous.

† Vol. ii., pp 17-19

nature of a liquid. He found, as a first approximation, that the number of narrow rings, into which the disturbing forces might separate the wide ring, is twenty-four, which he considers to be the maximum limit.

He arrived at this important result, viz., that the motion of the centre of gravity of the ring is not controlled by the primary. The attraction of Saturn prevents the individual particles from flying apart, and keeps them in the form of a ring, but it does not influence their motion as one body. We thus see that there is nothing in the direct action of the primary to prevent the ring from moving forward in its own plane, in any direction and to any distance, until, at last, the ring would be brought into collision with the surface of the planet, and thus be destroyed.

The ring being fluid, we know from the theory of gravitation that the greater the distance from the primary the slower must be the velocity of its current. There will, therefore, be an accumulation of fluid in these parts to balance the slower motion or greater distance, and Professor Peirce found, by an accurate calculation, that the accumulation of fluid just compensates the greater distance; so that the attraction of the ring on the primary is the same in all its parts. The general principle of the conservation of areas must be satisfied by the ring in all its motions. This principle, arrived at by Professor Peirce, is of high importance, for it showed him why other members of the solar system than Saturn do not possess a ring. He saw that the existence of the ring depends on the attraction of the satellites. The satellites constantly disturb the motions of the ring, but it is thus sustained in dynamical equilibrium around the planet, in the very act of perturbation.

We may illustrate this as follows: We know that geometers have established the fact that, whatever be the character of the other perturbations of the planets, the mean distance remains constantly the same. If we regard each particle of the ring as a satellite, disturbed in the usual way by the others, we see that the mean distance will not be altered. The eccentricity will only increase and decrease within certain limits; but as different particles will be in different situations with respect to each other, these, by the mutual pressure of the different parts of the ring, will be reduced to a mean state which will have its own period of increase and diminution. We thus see that the rings of Saturn are sustained by a feeble power, but since the pri-

mary has no effect to disturb or sustain them in their motions, if no foreign body interfere, the satellites, we may reasonably conclude, will sustain the rings indefinitely.

In the fourth volume of Gould's Astronomical Journal,* Professor Peirce has commenced the solution of the "Adams Prize Problem for 1856." He has discussed the case of a solid and commenced the discussion of the case of a fluid ring; but as the results are the same as those which we have already given in the preceding pages, we need here only say that his paper, so far as he has carried the discussion, is characterized by elegance and brevity, like the other productions of the same author.

The "Adams Prize" for 1856 was carried off by J. Clerk Maxwell, M.A., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Marischol College and University of Aberdeen. The problem proposed was the "Motions of Saturn's Rings." They allowed the subject to be discussed under three heads: 1st, A solid ring; 2d. A fluid ring; and 3d. A ring composed of particles not mutually coherent. His solution, in certain respects, is less adapted to the Saturnian system than that of Professor Peirce: both agree that a solid ring is unstable.

Professor Maxwell finds that one case of a solid ring could revolve permanently about the primary, viz., that in which the ring is loaded in one place with a heavy particle equal in weight to four and a half times the weight of the remaining part of the ring, or two hundredths of the whole. This, we may add, is quite inconsistent with our ideas of an actual ring. Besides, we know that an irregularity in structure so great as the conditions of equilibrium require, if the density be approximately uniform, would be easily visible with our great telescopes. Again, if we suppose the density of the ring at the loaded part to be sufficiently great to account for the relatively great mass of such part, and yet leave the ring symmetrical in form, we know that it would be out of all analogy with other parts of nature. He also found that the distance between the centre of the rings and its centre of gravity is between 0·8158 and 0·8279 of the radius of the ring.

The author sums up the theory of a solid ring in the following words: "When we consider the immense size of the rings, and their comparative thinness, the absurdity of treating them as rigid bodies becomes self-evident. An iron

* pp. 110–112.

ring of such a size would be not only plastic, but semi-fluid, under the forces which it would experience, and we have no reason to believe these rings to be artificially strengthened with any material unknown on this earth."

We come now to consider Professor Maxwell's theory of a ring of equal satellites. In this case he found that the disturbances could be propagated around the ring in the form of waves. The equilibrium of the rings depends on the magnitude and relative length of the waves. He reduced the mathematical principles of equilibrium to an equation of the fourth degree. When the four roots of this equation are real, the disturbance can be propagated in waves, but if any of the roots are imaginary, the ring is rapidly destroyed. A ring of unequal satellites gave results nearly the same.

In the case of an annular cloud of meteoric stones, he found the average density to be rarer than common air, though the density of the particles may be very great. Such a ring cannot revolve as a whole, but the inner parts must have a greater angular velocity than the outer.

In considering the case of a fluid ring, he supposed it composed of an incompressible fluid. Here the disturbance is propagated in the form of waves, different suppositions giving waves of different lengths. "Applying these results," he says, "to the case of the ring, we find that it will be destroyed by the long waves unless the fluid is less than 1–42d of the density of the planet, and that in all cases the short waves will break up the ring into small satellites." He also found that narrow rings would be broken up into small satellites, and that these satellites would come into collision so as to unite and form a smaller number of larger bodies, "which may be capable of revolving as a permanent ring."

We shall give the final conclusion of Professor Maxwell's theory in his own words. "We conclude, therefore," he says, "that the rings must consist of disconnected particles; these may be either solid or liquid, but they must be independent. The entire system of rings must, therefore, consist either of a series of many concentric rings, each moving with its own velocity, and having its own system of waves, or else of a confused multitude of revolving particles, not arranged in rings, and continually coming into collision with one another."

We may here add that this result to which Professor Maxwell arrives does not very well accord with what observa-

tion reveals respecting the appearance of the rings. The supposition that they are fluid and sustained by the attraction of the satellites, according to Professor Peirce's conclusion, better represents the divided appearance which they present *only* sometimes. We may also add that Professor Maxwell's theory does not account for the *existence* of the rings as Professor Peirce's does. Both geometers have made use of the potential function, but Professor Peirce has made a much more elegant use of it than Professor Maxwell.

Since Professor Maxwell's analysis requires the particles composing the rings to be disconnected and independent, we may be permitted to enquire into the probability of their being solid, or somewhat of the nature of loose sand. If they are composed of solid particles like sand or gravel, we may ask how was it possible for them to become so? On earth, before matter can attain to such a condition, it must first become a solid mass, and then be worn down by abrading forces, such as water. But it is clearly impossible for Saturn's rings to become solid and then to be worn down and reduced to loose particles, since the motion of a solid ring is unstable, and it would, therefore, be destroyed by coming in contact with the primary, before it could be reduced to loose particles by the forces acting on it. We may add that it is the almost universal conclusion of geologists that the earth was once a liquid mass, and that it assumed its present form when in that state. What is true of the earth we have good reason to believe is true of all the planets. We are hence obliged to exclude from our theory the idea that the rings are composed of solid, unconnected particles.

If the rings of Saturn were ever fluid, we can account for their remaining so without introducing into our theory any unstable element. Suppose the rings were once gaseous, and abandoned by the primary in its process of cooling and condensation; at least, so long as they remained fluid, they would be sustained by the attraction of the satellites (according to Professor Peirce). In order that the dynamical equilibrium of the rings might be maintained, a continual change in the position of the particles composing the rings would take place, and this mechanical action would necessarily develop heat, so that the rings would cool but slowly; and the greater the density of the fluid, the greater would be the mechanical action, and the slower would the cooling process go on. In this way, an equilibrium would probably

be ultimately reached, so that the liquid condition of the rings would thus be maintained. Since Professor Maxwell did not take into account the action of the satellites, his solution is necessarily incomplete, and seems to require impossible conditions among the particles of the ring in order that the rings may exist as such. If we regard the rings as composed of disconnected particles of fluid, it is difficult to see how these particles are going to meet (and meet they certainly would) without running together.

Professor Peirce's discovery that the rings of Saturn are maintained as such by the attraction of the satellites in its bearing on the genesis of the solar system is one of the grandest of modern times. As Professor T. H. Safford says: 'What the Saturnian system wants, above all things, is more observations;" and we may ask why astronomers who have the use of powerful telescopes do not give more attention to an object that possesses so much interest? Much attention is given to the subject of nebulæ to the neglect of many things connected with the different members of the planetary system. At present nebulæ are almost beyond the reach of analysis, while we are much in want of *facts* to complete and verify our theory of the rings of Saturn. Would it not be well to divide the powerful instruments between the solar system and the sidereal heavens?

But little can be said of the satellites of Saturn beyond what is usually given in elementary works on astronomy. The planet being at so remote a distance from us, the satellites appearing in the immediate vicinity of the planet are difficult to observe. Indeed, one of them escaped detection until 1848, notwithstanding the scrutiny to which the system was subjected by Sir William Herschel for several years.

As the order of discovery of the satellites is not that of distance, there was always some confusion respecting the nomenclature by which they were known. To remedy this, Sir John Herschel, in 1847, proposed a series of mythological names to distinguish them; and as the new satellite discovered in 1848 by Bond and Lassell has received such a name, we presume that hereafter they will be known by the names given them by Sir John. Commencing with the satellite next to the primary, and proceeding outwards according to the order of distance, the names are: Mimas, Enceladus, Tethys, Dione, Rhea, Titan, Hyperion, and Japetus.

Japetus exhibits singular fluctuations of brightness in different parts of its orbit, becoming invisible in one part

of its orbit to all but the more powerful telescopes. As this always occurs when the satellite is in a particular place in its orbit with respect to the sun, it is concluded that one part of its surface reflects the solar light very imperfectly, and that the satellite rotates on its axis in the same time in which it completes a revolution around the primary, as is the case with the moon. This and some other facts render it highly probable that it is a law of the secondaries that they complete their axial rotation and revolution around the primary in the same time.

Sir John Herschel says of Titan, that it "is by far the largest and most conspicuous of all, and is probably not much inferior to Mars in size. It is the only one of the number whose theory and perturbations have been at all inquired into further than to verify Kepler's law of the periodic times."* According to the investigations of Professor Bessel, the apsides of this satellite have a direct motion of 30′ 28″ per annum in longitude reckoned on the ecliptic. This will cause them to complete a revolution in about seven hundred years. The magnitude of Japetus is next to that of Titan. As yet, however, our knowledge of the magnitude of the satellites is very imperfect.

The eclipses of the satellites, owing to the great inclination of the plane of their orbits to the plane of Saturn's orbit, can only take place (except the two innermost) when near the time the ring is seen edgewise, the orbits of the satellites, except the outermost, coinciding with the plane of the rings. Owing to the difficulty of observing the eclipses, they can only be seen with powerful telescopes, and they are hence of no practical utility for determining longitude as Jupiter's satellites are. Occultations of the satellites were occasionally observed by Sir William Herschel by means of his great telescopes; and one satellite has been seen to eclipse, or approach so near another that no light could be seen between them. In 1789 the same astronomer saw the interior satellites projected on the edge of the ring, at the time the earth was in the plane of the ring. On the 2d of November of the same year, Herschel witnessed a transit of the shadow of Titan over the disk of the primary. It appeared as a dark spot—darker than the equatorial belt.

Some years ago Sir John Herschel pointed out some cases of near commensurability of the periods of four of the satellites of Saturn. "The period of the third (Tethys) is

* Outlines of Astronomy, art. 548.

double that of the first (Mimas), and that of the fourth (Dione) double that of the second (Enceladus). The coincidence is exact in either case to about 1-800th part of the larger period."* These will give rise to perturbations whose periods will be of considerable length. 'The only other known instances of such a relationship is that of the first three satellites of Jupiter. If we suppose a satellite whose period is 11h. 18m. 14s., and whose mean daily motion is consequently 275161S''·1828, the celebrated proposition of Laplace in regard to the first three satellites of Jupiter would be applicable to Tethys, Mimas, and this hypothetical satellite. The mean distance of such a body as we have supposed is, by Kepler's third law, 2·1162. The distance of the middle of the outer ring is, according to Struve, 2·0950, or, according to Encke, 2·1257. The distance of the theoretical satellite it will be observed, is intermediate between these determinations. Such a relationship as we have been considering may, therefore, become established should the outer ring be transformed into a satellite. Is the latter event in any degree probable?"† In discussing the theory of the rings and satellites this relationship ought not to be neglected.

ART. III.—1. *Heinrich Heine's Sämmtliche Werke.* (The Complete Works of HENRY HEINE.) 6 vols. Hamburg, 1865.

2. *Histoire Littéraire de l'Allemagne.* Par JULIEN SCHMIDT. Paris, 1860.

3. *Feuilles pour la Conversation Littéraire.* Par H. MARGRAFF, Paris, 1863.

4. *The Poems of Heine complete;* translated in the Original Metres, with a Sketch of Heine's Life. By EDGAR ALFRED BOWRING. London, 1864.

5. *Heinrich Heine's Pictures of Travel.* Translated from the German. By CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. Philadelphia, Fredrick Leypoldt, 1863.

6. *Heine's Book of Songs.* Translated by C. G. LELAND. New York, Leypoldt, 1864.

IN no foreign country ought the literature of Germany receive more attention than in the United States, since, in

* Outlines, art. 560.

† We have made this quotation from an unpublished paper by Professor Daniel Kirkwood, which the author has had the kindness to permit us to read. Laplace's proposition, when applied to the Saturnian system as in the text, is, the mean motion of the hypothetical satellites plus twice the mean motion of Tethys are equal to three times the mean motion of Mimas.

addition to the ties of kindred to the Germans which we possess in common with the English, we have those of fellow-citizenship with a large, increasing class, who, speaking no other language than the German, can be fully understood in their social, moral, and political aspirations and tendencies only through the literature of the Fatherland. We should also bear in mind that a large proportion of our native merchants, lawyers, physicians, and clergymen are the immediate descendants of Germans, and are still strongly Teutonic, although, perhaps, they no longer speak the dialect of their fathers. For one of either class to be found in England there are at least a hundred in this country; but the numbers in both countries who study German literature are in an inverse ratio to each other; that is, one hundred Englishmen make themselves acquainted with the characteristics of the German intellect for one American who does so.

Did no such ties as those we have spoken of exist, it would be neither to our interest nor to our credit that this state of things should continue, for German literature is worth studying for its own sake. It is not, indeed, as attractive as either French or English literature, but it is at least as rich and powerful in thought. None who have any knowledge of even two or three of the philosophers and discoverers of Germany, not to mention its poets, historians, and critics, will withhold their assent from this. Kepler, Leibnitz, Kant and Humboldt would have vindicated the German intellect had Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, Herder, Lessing, &c., never existed; for the important ideas and facts brought to light by those illustrious thinkers have contributed more to the enlightenment of the present century than those of any equal number of authors of their time belonging to any other country.

Yet how many German works have had any extensive circulation in this country? Even Goethe has been read only by the select few; nor has Schiller fared much better at our hands. It is a singular fact that the German author who has met with the best reception in this country is the one who is the least German in thought and sentiment; nay, the one who, of all modern writers, is the most bitterly anti-Germanic. To this we need hardly add that we mean Heinrich Heine, the character of whose works and intellect we intend to examine, though but briefly, in the present article.

We do not choose this subject, however, for the purpose

of discouraging the reading of Heine's writings; although they contain not a little which is highly objectionable in various points of view. It is much more our purpose to cause him to be well understood, so far as we can contribute to that end. Nor have we any intention of disparaging his genius; on the contrary, none are more willing to admire what is admirable in his productions; none less disposed to deny that there is genuine inspiration in his poetry. Sometimes he is most witty and characteristic when he is most objectionable in other respects; but as we are not afraid that the religion or morals of our readers rest on so feeble a foundation that they can be undermined by the jokes or sarcasms of Heine, we shall endeavor to do him full justice, rejecting no characteristic specimen merely because it contains some hints or allusions which would cause a certain class of old ladies to blush if they had any blushes left.

But before we make any particular observations on the works of Heine, let us glance at the circumstances in which he was placed in early life, and see what were the influences brought to bear upon him. He was born of Jewish parents at Dusseldorf, in 1797; but little is known of his friends, except that his uncle, Solomon Heine, was very wealthy, and as liberal and philanthropic as he was wealthy. He contributed more than all other citizens of Hamburg to save the credit of that city after the great fire of 1842. He enabled the principal bank to continue payments during the whole revulsion caused by the conflagration, and he placed nearly a million of dollars at the disposal of the government, so that it might be able to afford immediate relief to those reduced to destitution by the same calamity. He founded several charitable institutions, including hospitals, for poor Christians of different denominations, as well as for Israelites. Indeed, the numerous generous acts which he performed for the benefit of his fellow-citizens would seem fabulous were they not fully attested by official documents. But for all his goodness he was never allowed the rights of a citizen, nor would the Chamber of Commerce accept him as a member, although duly elected, merely because he was an Israelite. We mention these facts, not because they show how bigotedly intolerant the so-called free city of Hamburg was at this time, even to its greatest benefactor, but because it is more than probable that they had considerable influence in prejudicing the young poet against all religion. Be this as it may, he soon abandoned the Jewish faith, and declared himself a convert to Lutheranism.

Although his father was by no means rich, he spared no expense to secure him a thorough education; and accordingly he studied in turn at the universities of Bohn, Berlin, and Göttingen. At Bohn he became the pupil of Augustus Schlegel, who immediately became his friend, and contributed not a little to develop his taste for poetry. From Bohn he went to Berlin, where he became the pupil of Hegel, and studied his philosophy with avidity. Hegel brought to his notice the works of Spinosa, and introduced him to several of his pantheistic friends. Whatever were his intentions when he abjured Judaism and embraced Protestantism, his intercourse with Hegel and those of his school soon determined the course he was to take. Speaking of this himself in 1852, he says: "My ancestors belonged to the Jewish religion, but I was never proud of this descent; neither did I ever set store upon my quality of Lutheran, although I belong to the evangelical confession quite as much as the greatest devotees amongst my Berlin enemies, who always reproach me with a want of religion. I rather felt humiliated at passing for a purely human creature—I whom the philosophy of Hegel led to suppose was a God. How proud I then was of my divinity! What an idea I had of my grandeur! Alas! that charming time has long passed away, and I cannot think of it without sadness, now that I am lying stretched on my back, while my disease is making terrible progress."

But if Hegel taught him a bad system of religion he introduced him to several of the celebrities of his time—to Grabbe, Bopp, Tiek, Chamisso, Varnhagen von Ense, and several others. In 1822 he published his first collection of poems under the title of *Gedichte* (Poems), but the book attracted no attention. Probably not a dozen copies of that edition were ever sold. It mortified him so much to see how utterly he failed, after himself and several of his friends had predicted the most brilliant success for the collection—Madame Herz and Madame Levin comparing several of the poems to the happiest efforts of Goethe and Schiller—that he resolved at once to leave Berlin, and hide his chagrin in the recesses of Göttingen University. Here he devoted himself with the utmost assiduity to the study of law, and received the degree of Doctor in 1825; and those who knew him best assure us that for a time he abandoned all idea of becoming a poet. Once more, however, he permitted himself to be persuaded that he possessed true inspiration; accord-

ingly, he returned to Berlin and published his only two plays "Almanzor," and 'Ratcliff," which, if possible, attracted still less attention than his poems. This, indeed, cannot be wondered at, for they are of a very inferior order; they are neither good for the stage nor for the closet, although each contains a brilliant, lively passage, here and there. In short, they are just such productions as might have been expected from one who had lost confidence in his own abilities, and who, therefore, wrote in a half-careless way, under the impression that they were more likely to fail than to succeed. Still he was unwilling to believe that he had no genius, but inclined to think that it was the public who were to blame for his want of success, not he. "The Protestants of Northern Germany," he said to his friend Hegel, "are too cold and too dull; the Catholics of the south will appreciate me better; they are the best sort of people after all; they have much more feeling than the Lutherans; in short, they are more natural."* To this Hegel assented, though not without making disparaging remarks as usual on all Christian sects; and Heine resolved at once to remove to Munich. He was warmly received in the Catholic city as a scholar and man of taste; but the Catholics proved to have as little admiration for his poems and plays as the Protestants, and accordingly he soon became as much disgusted with the former as he had been with the latter.

These incidents, though trifling in themselves, are worth noting, because they shed considerable light on the motives of Heine; they serve to show how one, naturally kind and warm-hearted, but sensitive and proud, may be led to misanthropy; and it may be doubted whether there was ever a misanthropist who was not also an enemy to religion. But we have the testimony of Heine himself on this subject. In one of his letters to Madame Herz he says that, when he first took a dislike to the Jewish religion, the Catholic was that which he thought he would adopt, but that he was prevented from doing so by a quarrel which he had with a priest, who spoke rather freely to him in regard to certain sins that were too attractive for one of his temperament to avoid. "To my surprise," he says, "I found the Lutheran divines much more indulgent; and it is but natural that we should prefer those who allow us most liberty."† But whatever caused him to dislike all religious sects, it

* Hist. lit. de l'Allemagne, par J. Schmidt.
† Mouvement lit. de l'Allemagne, par J. Duesberg.

seems that he was not many months in Munich when he began to ask himself whether after all he had not mistaken his mission. On this subject he wrote a desponding letter to his friend Brentano in 1822, telling him that he was half-resolved to throw his pen aside forever. "I understand you," writes his friend, "and you have my warmest sympathy; but do not yield so easily. Perhaps you had better not write any in your present state of mind; in the meantime I would travel if I were you."* This suggested to Heine a new train of thought; and he immediately decided on visiting Italy. This was undoubtedly the best resolution he ever formed; those who had expected most good from the tour were surprised at its results; and perhaps none was more so than Heine himself. The "Reisebilder," or "Pictures of Travel," not only made the author famous at once throughout Europe, but its appearance proved to be the beginning of a new era in German literature.†

It was published at Hamburg in four volumes, and issued consecutively, one at a time, at unequal intervals between 1825 and 1831. No other work of its kind can be compared to it, although some of the greatest authors of modern times, English, French, Italian, and German, had given the world their "pictures of travel" in poetry and prose long before Heine was born. His are certainly the most life-like, the most brilliant, and the most interesting. All the various characteristics of his mind are faithfully represented in the "Reisebilder;" throughout this work he is alternately pathetic and sarcastic, gay and sad, ironical and frank, censorious and appreciative; turning from prose to poetry and from poetry to prose with a facility and power that command our admiration even when we can neither approve his sentiments nor his motives. Yet it is the boldness and severity with which he attacks friend and foe alike that have contributed most to render the book famous; although there are many of those attacks which show that, if he was not utterly insensible to kindness, he had certainly but little gratitude; for he does not spare even his teachers, those who not only gave him all the aid in their power to attain the success for which he was ambitious, but also exercised the influence of their friends in his behalf.

* Mouvement lit de l'Allemagne, par J. Duesberg.

† "Ce livre," says M. Mæurer, "eut un succès celatant. Dans un style à la fois simple et piquant, l'auteur y raconte ses impressions de voyage, en les mêlant d'observations très fines et spirituelles; mais non sans se laisser aller parfois à cette crudité de sentiments ironiques qui dépare presque tous ses ouvrages."

No regular plan is observed in the "Pictures of Travel." It is a sort of common-place book in which the author gives his impressions freely on all subjects as they suggest themselves, treating them in poetry or prose according as he feels in the vein for one or the other, or according as they seem poetical in their nature or prosaic. Another very attractive feature in the work is that he is as communicative in it in regard to himself as he is in regard to either his friends or his foes; in the form of little scraps here and there he gives us his full autobiography, mingling with it, in the happiest manner, the impressions which he received at different periods of his life from those with whom he was surrounded; his earliest as well as latest neighbors and friends. But let us note an instance or two in passing: "I first saw the light," he says, "on the banks of that beautiful stream where folly grows on the green hills, and in autumn is plucked, pressed, poured into casks, and sent into foreign lands. Believe me, I yesterday heard some one utter folly which, anno 1811, lay in a bunch of grapes I then saw growing on the Johannisberg. I am again a child, and am playing with other children on the Satlosplatz. There was I born; and I expressly note this in case that, after my death, seven cities—Schilda, Krähwinkel, Bockum, Polkinitz, Dülken, Göttingen, Schaffenstadt—should contend for the honor of being my birth-place. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine; sixteen thousand people live there, and many hundred thousand lie buried there.*

He ridicules his countrymen everywhere; nor does he spare his countrywomen. Even the university in which he received the best part of his education does not escape his sarcasms; he treats professors and students alike, as if all had been his natural enemies. Thus he begins his description of the town of Göttingen by telling us that it is "celebrated for its sausages and university, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains nine hundred and ninety-nine dwellings, divers churches, a lying-in asylum, an observatory, a prison, a library, and a council-cellar, *where the beer is excellent.*" Speaking of the boasted antiquity of the town, he says: "It must be very ancient, for I well remember that five years ago it had already the same grey, old-fashioned wise look, and was fully furnished with beggars, beadles, dissartations, tea parties with a little dancing, washerwoman compendiums, roasted pigeons, Guelphic orders, professors ordi-

* Reisebilder, p. 178.

nary and extraordinary, pipe-heads, court-counsellors and law-counsellors."* He then proceeds, in the same sarcastic strain, to speculate on the origin of the population. "Many even assert that at the time of the great migration of races every German tribe left *a badly corrected proof* of its existence in the town, in the person of one of its members, and that from these descended all the Vandals, Frisians, Suabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, and others who at the present day abound in Göttingen, where, separately distinguished by the color of their caps or pipe-tassels, they may be seen straying, single or in hordes, along the Weender street."† A little further on he enters into particulars thus: "The inhabitants of Göttingen are generally and socially divided into students, professors, Philistines, and *cattle*, the points of difference between these castes being by no means strictly defined. The cattle class is the most important."‡ When he has disposed after this fashion of his friends the professors, students, and Philistines, he turns his attention to the ladies, taking care in doing so to enjoy a laugh at the expense of the historian of the place:

"More accurate information of the town of Göttingen may be very conveniently obtained from its 'Topography,' by K. F. H. Marx. Though entertaining the most sacred regard for its author, who was my physician, and manifested for me much esteem, still I cannot pass by his work with altogether unconditional praise, inasmuch as he has not with sufficient zeal combated the erroneous opinion that the ladies of Göttingen have *not* enormous feet. On this point I speak authoritatively, having for many years been earnestly occupied with a refutation of this opinion. To confirm my views I have not only studied comparative anatomy, and made copious extracts from the rarest works in the library, but have also watched for hours, in the Weender street, the feet of the ladies as they walked by. In the fundamentally erudite treatise which forms the result of these studies, I speak, *firstly*, of feet in general; *secondly*, of the feet of antiquity; *thirdly*, of elephants' feet; *fourthly*, of the feet of the Göttingen ladies; *fifthly*, I collect all that was ever said in Ulrich's Garden on the subject of female feet; *sixthly*, I regard feet in their connection with each other, availing myself of the opportunity to extend my observation to ankles, calves, knees, &c.; and finally and *seventhly*, if I can manage to hunt up sheets of paper of sufficient size, I will present my readers with some copper-plate facsimiles of the feet of the fair dames of Göttingen."—*Reisebilder*, p. 51.

This is the general tone in which he speaks of his countrywomen. There are occasions, however, on which he does full justice to the fair daughters of Germany, showing at the same time that he is no indifferent judge of female beauty or of human nature. But when he has admiration to bestow he goes towards the south with it; nor does he spend it on

* Pictures of Travel, p. 60. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

Lutheran or Jewess. It will be admitted by competent judges that among all the "Pictures" of Heine there are scarcely any more beautiful in prose form than the two embraced in the following passage; although the ladies need not believe that men in general, or any large proportion of the intellectual class, are inspired to love, like Heine, by being treated *en canaille:*

"I have never troubled myself much with such conversation, and greatly preferred sitting by the maidens in the arched window, and laughed at their laughing, and let them strike me in the face with flowers, and feigned ill nature until they told me their secrets, or some other story of equal importance. Fair *Gertrude* was half-wild with delight when I sat by her. She was a girl like a flaming rose, and once, as she fell on my neck, I thought that she would burn away in perfumes in my arms. Fair *Katherine* melted in musical sweetness when she talked with me, and her eyes were of that pure, perfect, *internal* blue which I have never seen in animated beings, and very seldom in flowers —one gazed so gladly into them, and could then ever imagine the sweetest things. But the beautiful *Hedwiga* loved me, for when I came to her she bowed her head till the black locks fell down over the blushing countenance, and the gleaming eyes shone forth like stars from a dark heaven. Her diffident lips spoke not a word, and even I could say nothing to her. I coughed and she trembled. She often begged me, through her sisters, not to climb the rocks so eagerly, or to bathe in the Rhine when I had exercised or drunk wine until I was heated. Once I overheard her pious prayer to the image of the Virgin Mary, which she had adorned with leaf gold and illuminated with a glowing lamp, and which stood in a corner of the sitting-room. She prayed to the Mother of God to keep me from climbing, drinking, and bathing! I should certainly have been desperately in love with her had she manifested the least indifference, and *I* was indifferent because I knew that she loved me. Madame, if any one would win my love, they must treat me *en canaille.*"—*Pictures of Travel*, pp. 176-177.

One of the problems of Heine's character is, that even while a regular attendant at the Lutheran church, he always evinced so decided a preference for Catholic ladies that the fair Lutherans could ill conceal their jealousy. On one occasion, when rallied for this by Rahel Levin, wife of Varnhagen von Ense, he replied: "Although I have never confessed, myself, to priest or presbyter, and never will, I should rather like my lady-love would do so; because I think it might make her a little more careful than she otherwise might be."* Whether he was sincere in this or not, it was a Catholic woman he married; she was in the habit of going to confession, too, it seems, but this did not prevent him from being very jealous of her. It is recorded that on one occasion he annoyed her so much by his suspicions that, finding her absent when he returned in the evening, he was very much frightened, supposing that

* Feuilles pour la Conversation lit., par H. Margraff.

she had run away from him altogether; perhaps a day or two previously he would not have cared much, but he had now received the fullest proof of her innocence. But just as he begins to reproach himself for the wrong he had done her, he heard the voice of her favorite parrot "Cocotte." "Ah," said he "it is all right yet; she never would have gone without the parrot, so I have time enough yet to make amends to her for my unjust suspicions."* He had scarcely finished this soliloquy when Madame Heine made her appearance with a fine bowl of chicken broth which she had worked hard to have ready for him. He turns this incident to happy account in one of his letters to Madame Herz, and concludes by assuring his friend that never afterwards did his wife suffer the least inconvenience from his jealous disposition.

Heine was still less complimentary, if possible, to the ladies of England than he was to his own countrywomen. In giving an account of a visit to the baths of Lucca, he describes English beauties as "plum-puddings with raisin-eyes, roast-beef bosoms, festooned with white stripes of horse-radish, proud pies;"† a description which certainly does no justice to the fair daughters of Albion. When called to an account for this calumny by a lively English lady, his reply was: "I always have a proper reverence for your fellow-countrywomen; they are bright as suns, but suns of *ice;* they are white as marble, but are also marble cold; on their bosoms are frozen the poor—"‡ No doubt Heine was honest in this. He went to England from France full of prejudices against England for her treatment of Napoleon he criticised everybody and everything he saw; and who could expect that the ladies would be otherwise than "cold" to one who did not spare themselves more than their husbands, their brothers, or their lovers? Had he come in a different spirit, he would have found the daughters of England not at all deficient in warmth, feeling, or generosity.

Against Englishmen he pours forth his wrath without stint. Sometimes he hits upon the truth and says no more than is deserved—more generally, however, he indulges in caricature. "I might settle in England," he says, in his exile, "if it were not that I should find there two things, coal-smoke and Englishmen; I cannot abide either."

This is proper enough, since every one has a right to prefer what country he will. But when he represents the English as knowing nothing about liberty, or even about

* Feuilles pour la Conversation lit., par H. Margraff.
† Pictures of Travel, p. 303. ‡ Ibid.

the use of their own faculties, until they have visited France, he shows that even a poet may take a run to Paris, Berlin, or London, stay there a week or a fortnight; nay, visit Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield, and still not entirely understand the English people.

"Stiff, taciturn Englishmen go pilgrim-like in hordes to France, there to learn to speak and move their limbs, and on returning we observe with amazement that their tongues are loosened, they no longer have two left hands, and are no longer contented with beef-steak and plum-puddings. I myself have seen such an Englishman, who in Tavistock Tavern asked for some sugar with his cauliflowers—a heresy against the stern laws of the English *cuisine*, which nearly caused the waiter to fall flat on his back; for, certainly, since the days of the Roman invasion, cauliflower was never cooked otherwise than by simply boiling in water, nor was it ever eaten with sweet seasoning. It was the self-same Englishman who, although I had never seen him before, sat down opposite to me and began to converse so genially in French that I could not for my life help telling him how delighted I was to meet for once an Englishman who was not reserved towards strangers, whereupon he, without smiling, quite as candidly remarked that he merely talked with me for the sake of practice in French."—*Pictures of Travel*, p. 421.

That the French excel the English in many things far be it from us to deny; perhaps in nothing do they do so more than in the culinary art. The descendants of the Gauls have much more vivacity than those of the Saxons, the Angles, &c.; they are also more quick-witted and communicative; but none know better than the French how absurd it is to say that in order to loosen their tongues, Englishmen must visit France. Voltaire, Montaigne, and Montesquieu would have told him quite a different story; so would his contemporary, Victor Hugo.* What he says of London is much more to the point: "Excessive wealth and misery, orthodoxy and infidelity, freedom and serfdom, cruelty and mildness, honor and deceit; all these incongruities in their maddest extremes, over all a grey misty heaven, on every side buzzing machines, reckoning, gas-lights, chimneys, pots of porter, closed mouths; all this hangs together in such-wise that we can hardly think of the one without the other, and that which singly, really ought to excite our astonishment or laughter appears to be, when taken as a part of the whole, quite common-place and serious."† Heine likes the poets and statesmen of England very well, but he regards them as exotics, "isolated martyrs." "They scarcely belong," he tells us, "to this Golgotha of their sufferings." But he adds: "The mass—the English block-

* "On a de l'esprit en France," says M. Thiers, "mais on crée peu: presque toujours les autres pays nous ont précedés; ce sont eux qui ont ouvert la voie, et si le nôtre a excellé dans les arts, il a rarement donné l'impulsion."

† Reisebilder, pp. 423, 424.

heads, God forgive me!—are *hateful to me in my inmost soul*; and I often regard them not at all as my fellow-men, but as miserable automata—machines whose motive power is egoism. In these moods it seems to me as if I heard the whizzing wheel-work by which they think, feel, reckon, digest, and pray; their praying, their mechanical Anglican church-going, with the gilt prayer-book under their arms, their stupid, tiresome Sunday, their awkward piety, is most of all odious to me. I am firmly convinced that a blaspheming Frenchman is a more pleasing sight for the Divinity than a praying Englishman."*

It must be admitted that there is much truth in this picture of the English masses. For our own part, we confess we have never travelled among so stupid and thoughtless a people as the laboring classes of England. We have met with people still more ignorant than they, but certainly with none of the white race that evince so little intellect, vivacity, or spirit. If seriousness, patience, and docility were proofs of wisdom, then, indeed, the English peasant might be regarded as very wise; but his general conduct is too apt to remind us of a certain quadruped and a certain bird, both of which are somewhat celebrated for the same qualities, but not for their intelligence or wisdom. Heine forgets to tell us, however, that these very people whom he hates so much are, after all, his own flesh and blood; in a word, they belong to the Anglo-Saxon race, which, according to a certain class of historians, ethnologists, and orators, is superior to all other races.

No one can paint a picture with a few happy touches more true to nature than Heine. He has described the Tyrolese more truthfully than anybody else in a few sentences. "They are handsome," he says, "cheerful, honorable, brave, and of *inscrutable narrowness of mind*. I would also call them a noble race, because they evince much discrimination in their food, and keep their houses very clean, only they lack the feeling of personal dignity The Tyrolese has a sort of laughing, humorous servilism, which wears an almost ironical air, but which is intended to be thoroughly honorable. The girls in the Tyrol greet you so amiably, and the men press your hand so genially."† It is equally true of Heine that no one can more easily turn from the humorous and sarcastic to the sad and pathetic. His chats about the Italian galleries of the fine arts are in an excellent vein. In speaking of

* Vermischte Schriften, vol. ii., p. 29. † Reisebilder, p. 258.

all that was left of Genoa in his time, he says: "I cannot leave unmentioned the collection of portraits of beautiful Genoese women exhibited in the Palace Durazzo. Nothing in the world inspires the soul with such melancholy as the sight of portraits of fair ladies who have been dead for centuries. Sadness steals over the soul when we reflect that of all the originals of those pictures, of all the beauties who were so lovely, so coquettish, so witty, so roguish, and so dreamy—of all those May-heads with April moods—of that spring-tide of ladies—nothing now remains but these many-colored shadows, which some artist, who like them has long been dead, has painted on a perishable canvas, which, like the originals, must pass away in time to decayed dust."* But we need quote no more from the "Pictures of Travel" to show that it is no wonder that the work rendered the author famous at once, although we have given no specimen of the poetical part which embraces some of his happiest and most exquisite effusions. Everything he had previously written was now welcome to the public; even his dramas found many readers. The collection of poems, which nobody cared to see when it was first published, was promptly reprinted under the title of the "Book of Songs" (*Das Buch der Leider*), and was received with the utmost enthusiasm throughout Germany, especially by the young.

This, however, did not conciliate the author; he could not so easily forgive the contempt with which his first efforts were treated. Accordingly, no sooner does he find his genius as a poet fully recognized at home and abroad than he commences a new satire on the Fatherland. We allude to his charming *Atta Troll*, in which he makes Germany figure as a bear of the Pyrenees. It is undoubtedly the best satire in the German language; not only does it abound in humor and amuse the reader from beginning to end, by the air of injured worth and superior morality which it gives bruin: but it inculcates more useful precepts, and contains more true worldly wisdom, than any of his graver performances. It has been compared in turn to the mock heroic of Lope de Vega on the Battle of the Cats and to the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto. For our own part we cannot agree with those who think it contains as much poetry as the latter, or that it will endure so long; but we think it far surpasses the former in all the essential requisites of a national satire such

* Reisebilder, pp. 299, 300.

as *Atta Troll* was designed to be. The poem extends to twenty-seven chapters, each full of variety; it were idle to attempt to give a specimen of such a performance which would do justice to the author. At the same time we will venture to transcribe a few stanzas as a sample of one of the forms in which the Germans are ridiculed by their own countryman:

"Many a very virtuous burgher
Smells but badly, whilst the servants
Of a king with ambergris
Or else lavender are scented.

Virgin spirits may be met with
Which of green soap bear the odor,
Whilst the criminal with rose-oil
May have wash'd himself demurely.

Do not, therefore, turn your nose up,
Gentle reader, if the cave of
Atta Troll may not remind you
Of Arabia's sweetest spices.

Tarry in that reeking circle,
'Mid those miserable stenches,
Where to his young son the hero
As from out a cloud thus speaks:

'Child, my child, thou youngest offspring
Of my loins, now place thy one ear
Close beside thy father's muzzle,
And suck in my solemn words!

Guard against man's ways of thinking,
They destroy both soul and body;
'Mongst all men there's no such thing as
Any ordinary man.

E'en the Germans, once so noble,
E'en the very sons of Tuisco,
Our own primitive relations,
They, too, have degenerated.'"—Cap. viii.

It must not be thought, however, that the satire of Atta Troll is confined exclusively to the Germans; in the same poem he gives his impressions of his first visit to Spain, and treats the Spaniards pretty much the same as he does the English. But even this he cannot do without giving his fellow-countrymen a thrust in passing, and reminding the reader of the model nation just as plainly as he does when he tells us in prose that "the French are the chosen people of the new religion; its first gospels and dogmas have been drawn up in their language; Paris is the new Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan which divides *the consecrated land*

of freedom from the land of the Philistines."* But the trochees of Atta Troll are not the less humorous and musical on this account, and accordingly we make room for a few stanzas more :

" Early in the morn I started
With Lascaro on our journey,
Bound to hunt the bear. At noonday
We arrived at Pont d'Espagne.

So they call the bridge which leadeth
Out of France and into Spain;
To the land of west barbarians,
Who're a thousand years behind us;—

Yes, a thousand years behind us
In all modern civilization;
My barbarians to the eastward,
But a hundred years behind are.

* * * *

We arrived not until evening
At the wretched small posada,
Where an olla-podrida
In a dirty dish was smoking.

There I swallowed some garbanzos,
Heavy, large as musket bullets;
Indigestible to Germans,
Though to dumplings they're accustomed.

Fit companion to the cooking
Was the bed. With insects pepper'd
It appeared. The bugs, alas! are
Far the greatest foes of man.

Yes, the fiercest earthly trouble
Is the fight with noxious vermin,
Who a stench employ as weapons—
Is a duel with a bug!"—Cap. xi.

We will give one more specimen of his ridicule of " La veille Germanie" as contrasted with France—that passage in the fifth " caput " of his " Deutschland " in which he makes Father Rhine complain of the humiliation to which he has had to submit at the hands of the French. Not content with seeking to lower his own country in the estimation of the world, in order to please his adopted country, he makes one of his characteristic attacks on a former literary friend, on the ground of an alleged *liaison* of the latter with George Sand (Madame Dudevant) :

" That I am a virgin pure no more
The French know better than any;
For they with my waters have mingled oft
Their floods of victory many.

* Pic. of Trav., p. 468.

The stupid song and the stupid man!*
Indeed he has treated me badly;
To a certain extent he has compromised me
In matters political sadly.

For if the French should ever come back,
I must blush at their reappearance.
Though I've prayed with tears for their return
To heaven with perseverance.

I always have loved full well the French,
So tiny yet full of sinew;
Still wear they white breeches as formerly?
Does their singing and springing continue?

Right glad should I be to see them again,
And yet I'm afraid to be twitted
On account of the words of that cursèd song,
And the sneers of its author half-witted!

That Alfred de Musset,† that lad upon town,
Perchance will come as their drummer,
And march at their head, and his wretched wit
Play off on me all through the summer.

Poor Father Rhine thus made his complaints,
And discontentedly splutter'd.—
In order to raise his sinking heart,
These comforting words I uttered:

'O do not dread, good Father Rhine,
The laugh of a Frenchman, which is
Worth little, for he is no longer the same,
And they also have alter'd their breeches.

Their breeches are red, and no longer are white,
They also have alter'd the button;
No longer they sing and no longer they spring,
But hang their heads like dead mutton.

They now are philosophers all, and quote
Hegel, Fichte, Kant, over their victuals;
Tobacco they smoke, and beer they drink,
And many play also at skittles.

They're all, like us Germans, becoming mere snobs,
But carry it even farther;
No longer they follow in Voltaire's steps,
But believe in Hengstenberg rather.

As for Alfred de Musset, indeed it is true
That he still to abuse gives a handle;
But be not afraid, and we'll soon chain down
His tongue so devoted to scandal.

* Alluding to Nicholas Becker, who had written a poem beginning, "They shall not have the German Rhine."

† Musset had answered Becker by a song commencing, "We have had your German Rhine."

And if he should play off his wretched wit,
We'll punish him most severely,
Proclaiming aloud the adventures he meets
With the women he loves most dearly.

Then be contented, good Father Rhine,
Bad songs treat only with laughter;
A better song ere long, thou shalt hear,—
Farewell, we shall meet hereafter.' "—*Germany*, cap. v.

In the third book of his "Romancero," Heine gives full vent to his hatred of all religion; Jewish rabbis and Catholic monks are made to abuse each other in language which either would hardly have used in the rudest period of the dark ages, the obvious object of the poet being to bring contempt on both religions alike. Indeed the "Disputation" is hardly fit to be read; it is otherwise, however, with the poem entitled "Jehuda Ben Halevy," in the same collection, which sets forth the life of the great Hebrew poet of the middle ages, and shows at the same time that some of the Jewish sympathies of the author still remained, in spite of his ridicule of all that was most dear to his Hebrew kindred. But the most attractive of the "Hebrew melodies" is the "Princess Sabbath," although this too, is, for the most part, in the mocking style. The author is quite liberal in his compliments to the princess, but most of them are of an equivocal character, such, for example, as the following:

"Pearl and flower of perfect beauty
Is the Princess. Fairer never
Was the famous queen of Sheba,
Solomon's old bosom friend.

Ethiopian vain blue-stocking,
Who with her *esprit* would dazzle,
And with all her clever riddles,
Was, I fear, extremely tedious."

"Perl' und Blume aller Schönheit
Ist die Fürstin. Schöner war
Nicht die Königen von Saba,
Salomonis Busenfreundin.

Die ein Blaustrumpf Aethiopiens,
Durch Esprit brilliren wollte,
Und mit ihren klugen Räthseln
Auf die Länge fatigant ward."

Further on he pays her another compliment, but spoils that too; and then he proceeds to scoff at Moses, the commandments, &c.:

"Modestly the silent princess
In her hood conceals her tresses;
Soft as the gazel e's her looks are,
Slender as an Addas blooms she.

She allows her lover all things
Save this one—tobacco-smoking;
'Loved one! smoking is forbidden,
For to-day the Sabbath is.

But at noon, in compensation,
Thou a steaming dish shall taste of,
Which is perfectly delicious—
Thou shalt eat to-day some Schalet!'

'Schalet, beauteous spark immortal,
Daughter of Elysium!'
Thus would Schiller's song have sung it,
Had he ever tasted Schalet.

"Sittsam birgt die stille Fürstin
In der Haube ihre Zöpfe;
Blickt so sanft wie die Gazelle,
Blüht so schlank wie eine Addas.

Sie erlaubt dem Liebsten alles,
Ausgenommen Tabakrauchen—
'Liebster! rauchen ist verboten,
Weil es heute Sabbath ist.

Dafür aber heute Mittag
Soll dir dampfen, zum Ersatz,
Ein Gericht, das wahrhaft göttlich—
Heute sollst du Schalet essen!'

'Schalet, schöner Götterfunken,
Tochter aus Elysium!'
Also klänge Schiller's Hochlied,
Hätt' er Schalet je gekostet

Schalet is the food of heaven,
Which the Lord Himself taught Moses
How to cook, when on that visit
To the summit of Mount Sinai,

Where the Lord Almighty also
Every good religious doctrine
And the holy ten commandments
Publish'd in a storm of lightning."

Schalet ist die Himmelspeise,
Die der liebe Herrgott selber
Einst den Moses kochen lehrte
Auf dem Berge Sinai.

Wo der Allerhöchste gleichfalls
All die guten Glaubenslehren
Und die heil'gen zehn Gebote
Wetterleuchtend offenbarte."

—*Prinzessin Sabbath*

We should not pass too harsh a judgment, however, on Heine, but rather take into account the circumstances in which he was placed. We are bound to remember that his early disappointments and mortification soured the mind of one naturally sensitive and proud, though as naturally warm-hearted and affectionate. We should also bear in mind how much he suffered from ill health; how much of what is most reprehensible and objectionable in his writings, especially of his attacks on religion, and on his former personal friends, was written while he was unable to leave his bed. All will be the more willing to make allowance in this way when they see that he often regretted himself what he had done under the influence of those morbid feelings: "Alas!" he says, "one ought really to write against no one in this world. We are all of us sick and suffering enough in this great lazaretto, and many a piece of polemical reading involuntarily reminds me of a revolting quarrel in a little hospital at Cracow, where I was an accidental spectator, and where it was terrible to hear the sick mocking and reviling each other's infirmities, how emaciated consumptives ridiculed those who were bloated with dropsy, how one laughed at the cancer in the nose of another, and he again jeered the locked-jaw and distorted eyes of his neighbors, until finally those who were mad with fever sprang naked from bed, and tore the coverings and sheets from the maimed bodies around, and there was nothing to be seen but revolting misery and mutilation."*

At a later period, while suffering the most acute pain, and scarcely expecting ever again to enjoy any of the pleasures of the outer world, he writes as follows: "My bed reminds me of the singing grave of the magician Merlin, which lies in the forest of Brozeliard, in Bretagne, under tall oaks whose tops soar like green plumes towards heaven. I envy thee, brother Merlin, those trees and the fresh breeze which moves their branches, for no green leaf nestles about my mattress grave in Paris, where late and early I hear nothing else than the rolling of carriages, ham-

* Pictures of Travel, pp. 378, 379.

mering, quarrelling, and piano-tuning. Long ago the measure has been taken for my coffin and my obituary, but I die so slowly that the process is tedious for me and my friends too."

The kindness of Heine to his mother would show by itself that he was good-natured at heart. After suffering for months, nay, for years, he wrote to her in the most cheerful mood, not saying a word about his illness, but rather giving her to understand that he was in the enjoyment of perfect health, lest she might feel uneasy about him. Influenced by the same natural affection, he visited her twice at Hamburg, after he had settled permanently in Paris, although well aware that he was in danger of being seized by the Prussian police and placed in some dungeon which he might never leave. He never published any work in which he did not allude to her in one form or other in terms of the warmest affection; from his several addresses to her, made under different names, we select the following sonnet as a specimen:

"With foolish fancy I deserted thee;
I fain would search the whole world through, to learn
If in it I perchance could love discern,
That I might love embrace right lovingly.
I sought for love as far as eye could see,
My hands extending at each door in turn,
Begging them not my prayer for love to spurn—
Cold hate alone they laughing gave to me.
And ever search'd I after love; yes, ever
Search'd after love, but love discovered never,
And so I homeward went, with troubled thought;
But thou wert there to welcome me again,
And, ah, what in thy dear eye floated then
That was the sweet love I so long had sought."

Nor are there any willing to do him justice, who were personally acquainted with himself and his wife, that do not bear unequivocal testimony to his kindness as a husband. There is sufficient reason to believe that Madame Heine was a good wife, but she was no better than he gave her full credit for, a fact of which we have evidence in several of his finest effusions. To her, too, he addressed sonnets at different periods of his married life. When he felt his end approaching, he was in the habit of rallying her as to the affection or want of affection she would evince for him after his death; it was in one of these moods he wrote the following stanzas which can hardly be excelled in their kind:

THE ANNIVERSARY.

"Not one mass will e'er be chanted,
Not one Hebrew prayer be muttered;
When the day I died returneth,
Nothing will be sung or uttered.

GEDACHTNISSFEIER.

"Keine Messe wird man singen,
Keinen Kadosch wird man sagen,
Nichts gesagt und nichts gesungen
Wird an meinen Sterbetagen.

Yet upon that day, it may be.
If the weather has not chilled me
On a visit to Montmarte
With Pauline will go Matilda

With a wreath of immortelles she'll
Deck my grave in foreign fashion,
Sighing say "*pauvre homme*," and sadly
Drop a tear of fond compassion.

I shall then too high be dwelling,
And, alas! no chair have ready
For my darling's use to offer,
As she walks with feet unsteady.

Sweet, stout little one, return not
Home on foot, I must implore thee;
At the barrier gate is standing
A fiacre all ready for thee."

—*Bowring*, pp. 460, 461.

Doch vielleicht an solchem Tage,
Wenn das Wetter schön und milde,
Geht spazieren auf Montmartre
Mit Paulinen Frau Mathilde.

Mit dem Kranz von Immortellen
Kommt sie mir das Grab zu schmücken,
Und sie seufzet: *Pauvre homme!*
Feuchte Wehmuth in den Blicken.

Leider wohn' ich viel zu hoch,
Und ich habe meiner Süssen
Keinen Stuhl hier anzubieten;
Ach! sie schwankt mit müden Füssen.

Süsses, dickes Kind, du darfst
Nicht zu Fuss nach Hause gehen;
An dem Barrière Gitter
Siehst du die Fiaker stehen."

Lazarus.

While he was thus kind and affectionate to his wife and mother, his constant sufferings made him hate the world. Of this fact, also, we have a beautiful and touching record, although we cannot admire the philosophy which would teach us to hate the whole world because one who lives in a small corner of it happens to be afflicted, and perhaps owing more, if all were known, to his own imprudence in early life than to any other cause. But if the philosophy is bad the poetry is undoubtedly good—full of tenderness and pathos:

IN MAY.

"The friends whom I kiss'd and caress'd of yore
Have treated me now with cruelty sore;
My heart is fast breaking. The sun, though, above
With smiles is hailing the sweet month of love.

Spring blooms around. In the greenwood is heard
The echoing song of each happy bird,
And flowers and girls wear a maidenly smile—
O beauteous world, I hate thee the while!

Yes, Orcus' self I well-nigh praise;
No contrasts vain torment there our days;
For suffering hearts 'tis better below,
There where the Stygian night-waters flow.

That sad and melancholy stream,
And the Stymphalides' dull scream,
The Furies' sing-song, so harsh and shrill,
With Cerberus' bark, she pauses to fill,—

These match full well with sorrow and pain.
In Proserpine's accursèd domain,
In the region of shadows, the valley of sighs,
All with our tears doth harmonize.

But here above, like hateful things,
The sun and the rose inflict their stings:
I'm mock'd by the heavens, so May-like and blue—
O beauteous world, I hate thee anew!"

—*Bowring's Heine*, p. 510.

IM MAI.

Die Freunde, die ich geküsst und geliebt
Die haben das Schlimmste an mir verübt.
Mein Herze bricht; doch droben die Sonne,
Lachend begrüsst sie den Monat der Wonne.

Es blüht der Lenz. Im grünen Wald
Der lustige Vogelgesang erschallt.
Und Mädchen und Blumen, sie lächeln jung fräulich—
O schöne Welt, du bist abscheulich!

Da lob' ich mir den Orcus fast;
Dort kränkt uns nirgends ein schöner Contrast;
Für leidende Herzen ist es viel besser
Dort unten am stygischen Nachtgewässer.

Sein melancholisches Gerausch,
Der Stymphaliden öles Gekreisch,
Der Furien Singsang, so schrill und grell,
Dazwischen des Cerberus' Gebell—

Das passt verdreisslich zu Unglück und Qual—
Im Schattenreich, dem traurigen Thal,
In Proserpinens verdammten Domainen,
Ist alles im Einklang mit unseren Thränen.

Hier oben aber, wie grausamlich
Sonne und Rosen stechen sie mich!
Mich höhnt der Himmel, der bläulich und maulich—
O schöne Welt, du bist abscheulich!"

—*Ruhelechzend.*

Heine has written several prose works, which, being chiefly local in their character, are little known abroad, except in France, where all his writings have been trans-

lated and published under his own supervision. The most important of these is his "Contributions to the History of German Literature" (*Beitrage zur Geschichte der neuren schönen Literatur in Deutschland*); although it must be admitted that it is by no means reliable in its criticisms. There are very few of the authors of Germany whom he does not bring under review in this work; but with two or three exceptions he condemns all, especially those to whom he might be compared himself, as little better than stupid pretenders to an inspiration of which they knew nothing. Even Uhland is treated after this fashion; nor does Schiller escape altogether free, or without his pretensions to genius being somewhat questioned. It is in the same work he attacks his old friend and benefactor, Augustus William Schlegel.

His letters from Paris to the Augsburgh Gazette were also published in book form both in German and French. Although embracing multifarious topics, they are devoted chiefly to literature, the fine arts, and politics. No other productions of his pen show a more cultivated taste or a truer appreciation of the beautiful, thrown off, as they evidently were in much haste, and almost without any preparation. They are marred, however, by his usual faults. Senators and other politicians of the first rank, to whose generous hospitality he was often indebted, find themselves held up to public ridicule in this work, as if they had been the most unprincipled of men and his worst enemies. But we have already shown that there are extenuating circumstances in his case; and we are glad to add, for the credit of human nature, that those whom he attacked most violently and most unjustly have freely forgiven him on the grounds alluded to.

But his end was now approaching. The last time he ever left his house was in May, 1848; often previously, when he did attempt to walk out, he had to be carried home. Of his struggles in this way we have some touching accounts from his own pen: "With difficulty," he says, on one occasion, "I dragged myself to the Louvre, and I almost sank down as I entered that magnificent hall where the ever-blessed goddess of beauty, our beloved Lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. At her feet I lay long, and wept so bitterly that a stone must have pitied me. The goddess looked compassionately on me, but at the same time disconsolately, as if she would say: Dost thou not see, then, that I have no arms, and thus cannot help thee?" For eight years after this he was confined to his bed; and he tells us himself that his condition

was that of "death without its repose, and without the privileges of the dead, who have no need to spend money, no letters or books to write." Who will pass a harsh judgment on such a sufferer in view of the many brilliant pages he has written and the many melodious songs he has sung, and taught others to sing? As a man his faults are indeed many and grave; but as a poet he is undoubtedly the best that Germany has produced since Goethe's time; and what other country has produced his equal during the same period?

ART. IV.—1. *History of the Italian Opera.* By M. ARTEAGA. London.

2. *Lives and Labors of Musical Composers.* From the German of J. H. BAPTST. London.

3. *The Musical Journals of New York,* &c.

WE design to show in this brief paper that the admirers of the opera in New York are much too easily pleased; far too indulgent to the self-appointed caterers for their musical tastes. But let us not be misunderstood; we do not undertake the task in any dictatorial spirit, or with the view of annoying or pleasing any faction or individual. We have nothing to do with the squabbles of managers, either as friends or opponents, further than they may serve to illustrate our own views; at the same time we shall not shrink from examining into their causes and trying to ascertain whether they are the results of superior qualifications or of ignorance and imbecility.

That music exercises an educational influence is no longer regarded as a problem in any enlightened country; on no other point do men and women of intelligence more unanimously agree than that it produces a refining effect on the mind; and be it remembered that whatever serves to refine the mind serves to develop its faculties. It is on this ground that it is included among the fine arts, and it requires but little reflection to see that it is justly entitled to that distinction.

There is, indeed, great expression in a fine painting; still more, perhaps, in a fine piece of sculpture. Any of the works of the great masters might be mentioned as an illustration of eloquence as well as beauty. Even Dante himself does not describe the infernal regions, in his *Inferno*, with more startling vividness than Angelo does in his paint-

ings; nor does Virgil's description of the serpents of Laocoon* make a stronger impression on the imagination than the splendid group of Laocoon in the Belvidere of the Vatican, which represents the same scene. There is true sublimity and grandeur in each, but not more than there is in many of the productions of Mozart, Haydn, Gluck, and Beethoven; in short, the noblest specimen of painting or sculpture which either the ancient or modern world has produced is not so well calculated to soften or subdue the heart, or inspire it with joy and delight, as many gems of music which are familiar to almost every one of our readers. But just in proportion as music exercises this power over heart and mind does it claim the scrupulous, fostering care of all who have the means of encouraging it.

Now, has it hitherto received this care among us? Has it not, on the contrary, been left under the supervision of any person who thought he could make money by it, without the slightest regard to his qualifications or want of qualifications? It is not to be expected that concert-halls and other minor musical establishments should always be in the hands of competent persons; but an institution like the Academy of Music, which has just been burned, should not be allowed into vulgar hands. Its director should be, not only a man of education and taste, who knows how to treat the public with decent respect; he should also possess musical talent himself. Indeed, leaving the public out of the question altogether, he would require those qualifications in order to command that respect from the artists whom he employs, without which success is impossible.

It is notorious that our directors have not been men of this character, but the reverse. Not one of the three best known for the last seven years would have got charge of the leading opera-house in a fourth-rate European city. As for the great cities to which New York may be compared, not one of them would give those gentlemen a higher position in its chief opera-house than that of advertising agent, puffer, or head *claqueur*. We are not disposed to pass very heavy censure on the people of New York for having given even the most incompetent of them a trial; for the world expects the great Republic to be more liberal and less scrutinizing towards those who seek employment than even the freest of the old monarchies of Europe.

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* Æneid ii., 201–225.

But no one has a right to expect that those found wanting in what they undertake should be retained in office while there are sufficient competent persons to take their place. Our opera directors have been retained, however, one after another, until they brought the lyric drama into contempt as much as it was possible for imbecile blunderers to do so. This is no hasty judgment on our part, nor is it designed to be a harsh one; it is the result of careful observation, extending over a period of seven years.

No one is more friendly to the opera than we; no one derives more pleasure from a good opera. Accordingly, we have attended the Academy of Music whenever we expected anything that was even tolerable; but in nine cases out of ten we have found that all capable of forming any intelligent opinion were not only disappointed, but disgusted with the general character of the performances, and the means adopted to lead the public to believe that they were of the highest order of excellence. We have seen the packs of claqueurs applauding in and out of season, generally in an uproarious, exaggerated manner, because they too were untrained; they were persons who were allowed admission on condition that they would render themselves thus useful, and who did not care to come the second night in succession to practise on such terms. We have seen the large bouquets brought out of the director's room, and conveyed to some private boxes in the vicinity of the stage; then, when it was supposed the proper moment came, one, or two, or three, were thrown to the artist, with much apparent enthusiasm, by persons dressed up for the purpose, and adorned with borrowed jewelry; the design being, of course, that the public would be duly influenced by such unmistakable evidences of admiration on the part of the "judicious." Although this was but little of what we saw that was discreditable to the management, yet we have not only refrained for six years from commenting upon it as it deserved, hoping from one quarter to another that an improvement would take place, but we wrote and published in this journal an article in favor of the opera nearly five years ago.*

As we have no other object than to give what aid we can to those in favor of producing a reformation in the present mode of opera management, we would probably have still continued to hope on rather than make any harsh

* See Nat. Q. Rev. for Sept., 1861, art. "Influence of Music—the Opera."

remarks, had not the destruction of the Academy of Music suggested to us that now is the proper time to try to remedy the evil. We confess that our patience had become so nearly exhausted about a year ago that we made some preparation for a series of articles such as we now commence, feeling that the self-constituted musical directors had no more right to swindle the public than the quack doctors, the insurance quacks, or the petroleum speculators. But very soon after we had commenced to refresh our memory by new researches, a quarrel but too well known arose between the director of the Academy of Music and one of our morning papers; as we did not wish to lay ourselves open to the imputation of taking any part in this, we discarded the subject for the present.

Now that the public has had time to judge for itself, we think that the cause of justice or right cannot be in any manner injured by the opinion that this quarrel would be sufficient to show by itself that the director who has carried on his part of it as he has is utterly unfit to have charge of an institution like the Academy of Music. In order to prove this to the satisfaction of any intelligent person, it is not necessary to enquire whether the journal with which he has had the quarrel was right or wrong in its criticisms on himself or his artists. We are bound to remember that a part of the legitimate business of a journalist is to criticise musical and dramatic performances. Even in countries where editors are prohibited from discussing politics any further than their views coincide with those of the ruling power, they are allowed full liberty in their criticisms on music and the drama as well as on literature. At Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid, as well as at Paris and London, the journalist has full liberty to publish any opinions which he may form, not only of any drama or opera, but of the manner in which either is put on the stage.* In short, what-

* The criticisms of La Harpe on the operas of Gluck are well known. Though no poet, he attacked the great composer in verse as well as in prose; but Gluck put himself to no expense to inform the public that he did not advertise in the *Journal de la Littérature*, of which the critic was editor and proprietor. We copy a verse or two as a specimen:

" Je fais, monsieur, beaucoup de cas
De cette science infinie
Que, malgré votre modestie
Vous étalez avec fracas,
Sur la genre de l'harmonie
Qui convient à nos opéras.
Mais tout cela n'empêche pas
Que votre *Armide* ne m'ennuie.

Arme d'une plume hardie
Quand vous traitez du haut en bas
Le vengeur de la mélodie,
Vous avez l'air d'un fier-à-bras;
Et je trouve que vos débats
Passent, ma foi, la raillerie:
Mais tout cela n'empêche pas
Que votre *Armide* ne m'ennuie.

Le fameux Gluck, qui, dans vos bras,
Humblement se jette, et vous prie
Avec ses tours si délicats
De faire valoir son génie,
Mérite sans doute le pas
Sur les Amphions *d'Ausonie:*
Mais tout cela n'empêche pas
Que votre *Armide* ne m'ennuie."
—*La Harpe.*

ever is allowed to be represented on the stage is allowed to be criticised; all the critic has to abstain from, even where the press has least liberty, are unfavorable remarks on the government under which he lives, or attacks on private character.

Sometimes, indeed, the parties criticised reply; but this is rare, and when it occurs the complaining party is pretty sure to be the one who has most deserved what has been said against him. Just in proportion as he is thoughtless and destitute of talent will he be in a hurry to rush into print, and show the world what gross injustice has been done him, or how foully he has been traduced: although the critic had, perhaps, never heard of him before, he was actuated by the vilest motives. If it is too evident that he could not have been a personal enemy, then he has been prompted by envy or jealousy; if this pretension must be rejected in turn as too absurd, there still remains the plan of accusing him with being in the pay of others; that is, he has been hired to write down the great man!

Nothing is more ancient than this mode of procedure; nothing more stale; and it is understood accordingly and appreciated at its proper value by every sensible person. A certain class of authors, composers, and artists sometimes seek fame in this way, or rather try to make it appear that they are true men of genius instead of the pretenders or plagiarists which they are represented by malicious or unprincipled critics. But never have we known a director of an opera-house except one, to carry on a war of billingsgate for months against a daily journal. Although directors are, in general, no wiser than other people, they are at least not so foolish as this. Viewed in any light, the conduct of the person alluded to has been very silly. Were he even possessed of superior literary ability, his talents would have been much better occupied in attending to his business as a manager than in attempting to control the public press or to punish its editors with his pen; for it is no more his business to do this than it would be to write a series of articles on the manufacture of bouquets or sausages, and abuse the manufacturers for not making all to his taste and furnishing him the best samples.

But when one has to employ others to write for him, perhaps one to-day and another to-morrow, then the foolishness of his conduct is enhanced a hundred-fold. We have no acquaintance with Mr. Maretzek; we have never had any

intercourse with him in any form, and cannot, therefore, undertake to say from our own knowledge that he is not the author of the "critical" letters that have been published in his name in several of our city papers about once or twice a week for the last nine or ten months. We have abundance of testimony, however, in support of that theory. We are assured by many competent judges, who have had ample opportunities to form an opinion of the literary abilities of our director, that, although the productions alluded to have little pretensions to merit, and show as little culture as they do taste, or common-sense, he could no more have written them than he could have composed the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Mozart. In proof of this assertion we have been shown some letters of his; and we must admit that we regard them as conclusive evidence that the writer would be very much out of his sphere in attempting to vindicate any cause whatever with his own pen.

We do not urge this as a reproach against Mr. Maretzek. If he is as awkward at the pen as he is at the violin or the trumpet, perhaps we should rather pity than blame him. Nay, it is precisely because we regard him as deplorably wanting both in talent and understanding that we wish to treat him with all the gentleness which the nature of his case will admit. If it be true that he had not intellect and intelligence enough to write the lucubrations which bear his name, we cheerfully admit that we ought to make considerable allowance for that influence which even the Bohemian critics will sometimes exercise on weak minds, when in need of a job. Moreover, let us honestly acknowledge that there was some temptation in being told, in a plausible way, what a fine set-off it would be to him to appear before the world, at home and abroad, as one capable of managing, not only the New York opera, but also the New York press. Some, indeed, might shake their heads, and say that even in the middle of the nineteenth century people do not often learn the grammar of a language, much less the ability to write in it as a critic in two or three weeks. But our director is reminded that, while there will always be skeptics, there is scarcely anything so absurd but that it will be believed by a large number.

This, we are assured, determined Mr. Martezek to appear in due time in his new character, although we cannot help thinking that, if, instead of this he had appeared in a hooped petticoat of about twice the usual dimensions, with bonnet

of the latest fashion, and "water-fall" to match, he could hardly have rendered himself more ridiculous to those who know him best, not excepting the very Bohemians under whose advice he acted.

The fundamental mistake under which Mr. Maretzek has permitted himself to be used in this manner for the amusement and profit of his advisers is that, if the critic is actuated by improper motives, his criticisms avail nothing. There is nothing more erroneous or more thoughtless. If a man is pointed out to the police as a robber, a housebreaker, or a pick-pocket, the proper question is not, what was the motive of the person who denounced him, but did he really commit the crime laid to his charge? If it is found that he did commit it, is he anything the less guilty because the person who informed against him may have been actuated by vindictive motives? Exactly the same principle holds in criticism. If an opera or any work of art is criticised, the proper question is, Are the unfavorable statements made of it true, or are they false? If they are true, it matters not what the motives of the critic were in making them. The worst thepublic can say in such a case is, "What you tell us on the subject is indeed true, but you would have said nothing about it only for you had spite against the author." If, upon the other hand, the representations of the critic are false, intelligent people who have an opportunity of judging for themselves will understand their character and treat them accordingly, so that they can do very little, if any, harm.

There was as little sense as decency, therefore, in the course pursued by our opera director; it was as foolish as it was vulgar for him to announce daily at the head of his advertisments that he did not advertise in the paper that found fault with his management of the Academy of Music, as if that would make amends for employing cheap artists and disappointing all who were so credulous as to expect anything good from him after so many fruitless trials. We would have him understand that those who attend the opera in New York are not entirely so short-sighted as he seems to think; although, indeed, their having endured his buffooneries so long fully justifies his having a mean opinion of them.

It did not require much reflection to understand the whole affair so far as he was concerned. As long as he got "first-rate notices" in the paper alluded to there was none like it. When it used to call him the Napoleon of the

opera, instead of the Don Quixote he really is, he was wont to boast that it had more influence than all the other New York papers put together. Does he think the public forgets this? or does he suppose that Mr. Raymond or Mr. Greeley has so little perception as not to understand that he would be turned on quite as soon as Mr. Bennett if either persisted in finding fault with his performances? We can assure him that both comprehend him fully, and that each despises him quite as much as Mr. Bennett.

It would be foreign to our purpose in this article to institute comparisons between the editors of our leading journals; suffice it to say, that from our own personal knowledge we know nothing particularly bad of any of them, and we have not much faith in hearsay, especially where it reaches us through interested parties. We may be permitted to think, however, that, if the real Beelzebub, as described by Milton, were the conductor of one of our most widely circulated papers, the opera conductor who would occupy a large proportion of his time in attacking him with his own weapons, because he would not puff his performances, would be a very foolish conductor, and only deserve to be laughed at for his pains; for, be it remembered, that even he sometimes tells the truth. It is not alone in Paradise Lost that we find Satan an accomplished logician; is not the Almighty himself influenced by his logic in the Book of Job? Assuming, then, that the worst allegations made by our impressario against his antagonist were true, he would still place himself in no wiser or more dignified position in engaging in a war with him than that of the famous knight of La Mancha in tilting against the windmill. This will be readily assented to by those who picture to themselves an American director attempting to succeed in Paris as a public caterer by carrying on a sort of guerrilla warfare against *La Presse* or the *Journal des Débats*. Who would not say that, if he ever had any common-sense, he must have lost it, and ought to be given in charge to his friends as soon as possible? although *Le diable* or *S. M. santanique* is said to be quite as familiar with the Paris editors as he is with the most incorrigible of their New York brethren.

The most excitable French director who knew his business would not venture to pursue such a course. Rameau has been more successful in that position that any other impressario; none can deny that he was a man of genius—one who knew how to compose as well as direct. All did

not save him from criticism, however, when he seemed to deserve it; but we have never heard that he advertised his critics in all the Paris journals, even when attacked as follows:

"Contre la moderne musique,
Voilà ma dernière réplique:
Si le difficile est le beau,
C'est un grand homme que Rameau;
Mais si le beau, par aventure,
N' était que la simple nature,
Dont l' art doit être la tableau,
C' est un pauvre homme que Rameau."

With the exception, however, that Mr. Maretzek has made such bad use of the lion's skin, allowing his ears to protrude to their full extent, we cannot say that he has proved a whit more incompetent for the position he has assumed than either Mr. Ullman or Mr. Grau. It may be said that we too are actuated by envy or jealousy, or that our malice has been excited because we have been slighted by those gentlemen; if not, we shall regard the case as an exceptional one; for we have never made a criticism yet which has not been attributed to some diabolical motive or other. But it is not the less true that we have never asked the slightest favor, either personally or by letter, of any of the gentlemen mentioned. There is no reason, then, why we should have any malice against them; and we really have none. If any of them exhibited taste, perception, energy, and enterprise to-morrow in employing artists and getting up a good opera, no one would more cheerfully give him the full meed of praise than we. But we are very skeptical on this point; we do not think that the opera will ever succeed in such hands.

In order to facilitate the process of determining whether we are right or wrong in this, let us see what has been the experience of the principal capitals of Europe. When the opera was even in its infancy in London, in 1684, it was not committed to less able hands than those of Sir William Davenant, who was undoubtedly a man of genius; both a poet and a musician. His *Gondibert*, a heroic poem, is still extant, and contains some beautiful passages. There are several of his odes which have seldom been surpassed; and he was only ten years old when he wrote as follows, *In remembrance of Master William Shakespeare:*

"Beware, delighted poets, when you sing,
To welcome nature in the early spring,
Your numerous feet not tread
The banks of Avon, for each flower
(As it ne'er knew a sun or shower)
Hangs there the pensive head."

If we enquire what other men were chiefly instrumental in establishing the opera in London, we shall find that they too were men of genius, whose opinions and advice commanded respect. If Dean Swift was not exactly a director in the technical sense of the term, there were not many directors who have done more for the opera. Among other important services which he rendered it was that of suggesting to Gay the idea of the Beggar's Opera. He told him to write a Newgate pastoral, in which all the characters should be thieves and highwaymen, who would relate their exploits in song. The hint was readily taken, and the result is well known.* But let us give one instance more, namely, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who not only wrote the opera of *The Duenna*, which had a run of seventy-five nights, but managed its representation himself; in short, one of the greatest orators and authors of the golden age of English literature was a director of the drama and the opera.

Now, if we turn to the French capital, there too we shall find at the head of the opera, not vulgar fiddlers and trumpeters, but men of acknowledged genius. The opera has encountered more or less opposition everywhere, because a musical taste must be cultivated; even the Italians required a training of a quarter of a century before they could appreciate the opera.† For nearly half a century the Parisians continued to laugh at it as something too ludicrous to be tolerated. And who were the men who took pains to convince them that they were wrong? Foremost among them were the highest dignitaries of the church—archbishops and cardinals. Even Voltaire gives the credit to the great Cardinal Mazarin of having established the opera in Paris in spite of the most determined opposition maintained against him for a quarter of a century.‡

In 1647 he sent for the best opera company in Italy; he had one of the large halls of the Louvre decorated and otherwise prepared for the occasion. The opera selected was that of *Orpheus*, the most popular in Italy; but it was

* See Chambers' Cyclop. of Lit., vol. i., p. 570. See also Life by Johnson.

† It is worthy of remark that the first opera worthy of the name, represented on the Italian stage, was composed by the father of the illustrious astronomer, Galileo. It was entitled *Ugolino*, and was founded on the beautiful episode of that name in Dante's *Divina Commedia*.

‡ No one has described the opera more faithfully than the author of the *Henriade*:

> "Il faut se rendre à ce palais magique,
> Où les beaux vers, la danse et la musique,
> L' art de tromper les yeux par les couleurs;
> L' art plus heureux, de séduire les cœurs,
> De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique."—*Voltaire's "Le Mondain,"*

incontinently hissed by the Parisians, who rewarded the cardinal for his efforts to please and refine them only with jeers and epigrams. But Mazarin was not the man to be discouraged by the taunts of the thoughtless; although he thought it necessary to wait seven years before engaging another Italian company. This was much better received than the first, but was by no means successful; "*mais l'opera du cardinal*," says the historian, "*n'ennuya pas moins Paris pour la seconde fois.*"* The cardinal still persisted: in 1660 he had the opera of *Xerexes* represented in the great gallery of the Louvre. This made many converts; yet, when he died next year, the Parisians found their chief consolation for his death in the belief that it delivered them from the ennui of the Italian opera.

The seed had been sown, however, and it was already producing its fruits. Those who had still prejudices against the Italian opera were delighted with the French opera; so that, notwithstanding all the epigrams hurled at Cardinal Mazarin for the pains he took to cultivate the musical taste of the French, to him, nevertheless, is due the credit of having gained a foothold on French soil for the lyric drama. Some have objected to it on this very account, calling attention to the fact that it was cardinals who introduced it into Spain and Portugal also, and who were its chief patrons in Italy; but they forget that no cardinal or pope loved music more than Luther, or had more confidence in its influence. There is a passage in his *Table Talk* which shows that, had the opera been known in Germany in his time, he would have done all in his power to encourage it. "Music," he says, is one of the fairest and best gifts of God; *and Satan hates it*, nor can he bear it, since by its means we exorcise many temptations and wicked thoughts. Music is *one of the best of the arts*. The notes breathe life into the words. It chases away the spirit of melancholy, as we may see by the case of King Saul. Some of our nobility think that they have done some great thing when they give *three thousand gulden yearly towards music*, and yet they will throw away, without scruple perhaps, thirty thousand on follies. *Kings, princes, and lords must maintain music* (for it is the *duty* of great potentates and monarchs to uphold *excellent liberal arts as well as laws*), inasmuch as the common people and private individuals desire it, and would have it if their means were sufficient. Music is the best solace to a wearied man;

* *Dict. Philosophique*, art. "*Art Dramatique.*"

through it the heart is again quieted, quickened, and refreshed, as that one says in Virgil:

"Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere versus." *

It will be admitted that no cardinal could speak more strongly than this in favor of music. Thus those whose opinions were diametrically opposed to each other on almost all other subjects agreed not only that music exercises a salutary influence, but that it ought to be encouraged by the state; and it may be added that every enlightened sovereign has encouraged it accordingly to a greater or less extent. As an instance we need only mention Louis XIV., who did all in his power from youth to age to establish the opera not only in Paris, but throughout France. But in proportion as he was thus friendly to the lyric drama was he unfriendly to the employment of ignorant directors. In short, he would allow none to occupy that position but one who had given full proof of his ability. The first to whom he gave charge of L'Acaédmie Royale de Musique, built expressly for operatic purposes, was the Abbé Perrin, who was both a poet and a musician; and the second was M. Lulli, who had already distinguished himself as a composer.† The letters patent granted to the latter are still extant, bearing the date of March 29, 1672, and as the document is curious as well as interesting we transcribe such extracts from it as will give a sufficient idea of its character, giving the original at the bottom of the page."

"In order to induce them (the directors) to attain greater perfection, we have honored them with marks of our esteem and good will; and as among the liberal arts music holds one of the first places, we had, in that design of making it thrive with all its advantages, by our letters patent of the 28th of June, 1669, accorded to the Monsieur Perrin permission to establish in our good city of Paris, and others of our kingdom, academies of music, for the purpose of singing in public theatrical pieces, as has been the practice in Italy, in Germany, and in England during the last twelve years; but having been informed that the trouble and care which the said M. Perrin has bestowed on this establishment have not fully seconded our intention, and elevated music to the point which we had hoped, we have concluded, in order to succeed better in it, that it would be proper to give the direction of the affair *to a person whose experience and capacity were known* to us, and who had *sufficient ability* to train pupils, as much to sing and act well upon the stage, as to tune violins, flutes, and other instruments. For these causes, being well informed of the intelligence and great knowledge of the science of music which has

* Luther's Table Talk, vol. i. p. 72.

† Lulli was the author of the following operas, some of which remain popular to this day: *Les Fêtes de l' Amour et de Bacchus, Alceste, Thésée, Cadmus, Isis, Proserpine, Armide, Persée, Aytus*, &c.

been acquired by our dear and well-beloved Jean-Baptiste Lulli, of which he has given, and gives daily, *very agreeable proofs*, during the several years he has been attached to our service, we have given and accorded to the said M. Lulli, we give and accord by these presents signed by our hand, permission to establish a Royal Academy of Music in our good city of Paris, which shall be composed of such a number and quantity of persons as he will consider to be right; we will choose and decide upon the report which he will make to us, in order to produce representations before us, when it shall please us, of pieces of music, which shall be composed in French as well as in foreign languages. And to indemnify him for the great expense he will incur in making the said representations, we permit him to give to the public all the pieces which *he will have composed*, even those which will have been represented before us; making express prohibition and interdiction of *all persons of whatever quality and condition they may be*, even to *the officers of our household, of entering without paying*. We wish, and it will please us, that all young gentlemen and ladies may sing in the said Royal Academy of Music, without its being considered derogatory to their dignity, or to their privileges, positions, rights, and immunities. Given as mandate to our beloved and faithful counsellors, the people holding our court of parliament, etc., etc., etc., for such is our pleasure, in order that this may be a deed, *firm and fixed forever*."*

* "Pour les obliger davantage à s'y perfectionner, dit sa majesté, nous les avons honorés des marques de notre estime et de notre bienveillance; et comme entre les arts libéraux la musique y tient un des premiers rangs, nous avions, dans ce dessein de la faire réussir avec tous ses avantages, par nos lettres patentes du 28 Juin, 1669, accordé au sieur Perrin une permission d'établir en notre ville de Paris et autres de notre royaume des académies de musique, pour chanter en public des pièces de théâtre, comme il se pratique en Italie, en Allemagne et en Angleterre, pendant l'espace de douze années; mais ayant été informé que les peines et les soins que ledit sieur Perrin a pris pour cet établissement n'ont pu seconder pleinement notre intention, et élever la musique au point que nous nous l'étions promis, nous avons cru, pour y mieux réussir, qu'il étoit à propos d'en donner la conduite à une personne dont l'expérience et la capacité nous fussent connues, et qui eût assez de suffisance pour former des élèves, tant pour bien chanter et actionner sur le théâtre qu'a dresser des bandes de violons, flûtes et autres instruments. A ces causes, bien informé de l'intelligence et grande connoissance que s'est acquises notre cher et bien aimé Jean-Baptiste Lulli au fait de la musique, dont il nous a donné et donne journellement de très-agréables preuves depuis plusieurs années qu'il s'est attaché à notre service.... nous avons audit sieur Lulli permis et accordé, permettons et accordons par ces présentes signées de notre main, d'établir une Académie Royale de Musique dans notre bonne ville de Paris, qui sera composée de tel nombre et quantité de personnes qu'il avisera bon être, que nous choisirons et arrêterons sur le rapport qu'il nous en fera pour faire des représentations devant nous, quand il nous plaira, des pièces de musique qui seront composés tant en vers français qu'autres langues étrangères. Et pour le dédommager des grands frais qu'il convient de faire pour lesdites représentations, nous lui permettons de donner au public toutes les pièces qu'il aura composés, mêmes celles qui auront été representées devant nous; faisant très-expresse inhibition et défense à toutes personnes de quelque qualité et condition qu'elles soient, même aux officiers de notre maison, d'y entrer sans payer. Voulons et nous plaît que tous gentilshommes et demoiselles puissent chanter auxdites pièces et représentations de notre dite Académie Royale de Musique, sans que pour ce ils soient censés déroger audit titre de noblesse, ni à leurs privilèges, charges, droits et immunités. Le donnons en mandement à nos aimés et féaux conseillers, les gens tenant notre cour de parlement, etc., etc, car tel est notre plaisir, afin que ce soit chose ferme et stable à toujours."—*Lettres Patentes que furent délivrés à Lulli*, p. 442.

In the archives of the courts of Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, and Lisbon, as well as London, similar documents are to be found. Even in Russia mere fiddlers would try in vain to get charge of any of the principal opera-houses as they do with us; they might as well apply to the czar for a seat on the bench or in the senate. When the illustrious Duke of Saxe Wiemer, who was the friend and patron of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland, was applied to for the management of his opera-house, while the regular conductor was unwell, he said: "My dear sir, I would appoint you mayor of my capital much more readily, while knowing as little about you as I do now; for an incompetent mayor could do far less harm than an incompetent director of the opera." This may seem to exaggerate the importance of the position of director, but in point of fact it does not; until we learn to take the same idea of it, the opera will never succeed with us. As already observed, now is the time to take this into consideration. If the state, less liberal and less paternal than despotic monarchs, will give no encouragement to an art declared by the most illustrious thinkers to exercise a refining and elevating influence on the mind, at least let the trustees of the Academy pass a resolution that no mountebanks of the old stamp need apply for the direction of it. Should they fail to do so, and continue to make such arrangements as would imply that their sole object is to make money, we shall take the liberty of criticising them just as freely as we do the directors; for it is our intention to allow no "season" to pass in future without giving our impressions of its character; criticising or commending both artists and director, precisely as we think either deserve, one or the other.

ART. V.—1. *History of Buddhism in India and China.* By REV. J. E. NASH, F.R.S. London, 1865.

2. *Asiatic Researches.* By SIR WILLIAM JONES. London.

3. *The History and Doctrine of Buddhism.* By E. UPHAM. London.

4. *Mélanges Asiatic.* 3 vols. 8vo. Par ABEL REMUSAT. Paris.

THE proverbially speculative turn of the Indo-Germanic mind, together with the wonderful philosophical and religious systems brought to light by the labors of Asiatic scholars within the last fifty years, has awakened the curi-

osity of Western nations to sound the depths of Indian literature, and to study the operations of the human mind among a people widely separated from Europeans, by climate, customs, and social institutions. The dreamy transcendentalism of the Hindoos; their grand, though vague, ideas of the Divinity, in whom, according to them, all substances are absorbed, and in whom alone there is all being; the practical applications of this severe pantheism to all their institutions, to art, poetry, and philosophy; their subtle and profound theories on the soul of man and on the universe, bespoke a character of mind well suited to grapple with the knotty problem of human life, and to reach a solution which, if not correct, might at least be found well deserving the serious attention of philosophers. We need not, then, wonder at the ardor wherewith scholars versed in Eastern languages and lore entered on this new and arduous career of discovery, though we ought to be duly grateful for the harvest of precious information reaped by their labors. The mysteries of Brahmanism have been elucidated; the treasures of the Vêdas have been unlocked; the world-old systems of philosophy have been examined, and unexpected light thrown on the history of a people once the masters of the intellectual world, now effete, morally and mentally paralysed.

The history of philosophy offers no more substantial truth than the valuable agency of religious and philosophical ideas in the explanation of historical events, wars, revolutions, and changes of dynasty. The history of Greece and Rome, of Western Asia, and of the medieval epoch, is best understood when scanned by the light of the philosophical systems of those places and times. The light shed on Brahmanism by the labors of Abel-Remusat, Anquetil-Duperron, and Sir William Jones has enabled us to explain many events of Hindoo history which otherwise would have taxed the ingenuity of an Œdipus. Later researches also have given us the means of thus subjecting to the ordeal of a critical analysis the history of three hundred and fifteen millions of people united in the profession of one religious faith, the offspring of a system of morals and metaphysics created by pure reason, to which the supernatural became accreted only after a long lapse of time.

Buddhism was long recognised by Eastern travellers and scholars as the religion of the inhabitants of the high tableland north of the Himalaya, as far as the boundary of Siberia, of the Chinese, of the inhabitants of Ceylon, of the

Indians beyond the Ganges, of the dwellers in the Indian Archipelago, and the empire of Japan; but, owing to the paucity of the records which history and research brought within their reach, little was understood of the living thought which underlay and kept alive this wide-spread creed. Fanciful and extravagant notions, gathered from the then unintelligible practices of the Buddhists, together with a few disconnected, and therefore valueless, facts, gleaned by observant travellers, constituted, less than fifty years ago, all the knowledge relative to a religious system, which is interesting not alone because of its great antiquity, and of the hundreds of millions who live and die in its practice and profession; but more still because of the startling points of resemblance which it presents to the liturgical and ascetic discipline of the oldest Christian church. The first important discoveries, which opened the way to numerous others, were made in 1821, by Mr. Hodgson, the political agent of the East India Company at Nepal, who collected sixty volumes in the Sanscrit language, and two hundred and fifty in Thibetan, and presented them to the Bengal Asiatic Society. These documents stimulated philologists and archæologists to understand those rare indexes of a hitherto comparatively unknown creed, and to swell their number by continued research. The consequence was the steadily increasing discovery of new evidences, which constantly grow in interest, and which leave but little to desire in order to render our knowledge of the religion of Buddha complete. The great discrepancy of authorities of equal value as to the date of origin and the birthplace of Buddhism rendered it difficult to decide this primary question; nor would the enquiry have given other than a barren result, were it not for the critical acumen and the great erudition of those who devoted themselves to the study of the question, and which has given us an approximative answer, built, so far as it goes, on the most unequivocal proofs. The Buddhists themselves admit the priority of Brahmanism, being the more disposed to do so no doubt, by reason of the high antiquity claimed by the latter, which places it beyond the possibility of competition in this respect. But the Buddhists of Thibet assume an origin 1877 years earlier than that contended for by the Ceylonese, the former assigning the year 2420, and the latter the year 543, before Christ, as that in which their founder lived and propagated his doctrines. Though this is the widest difference in date, yet minor ones exist, and Bohlen gives

a tabular statement of thirty-five different periods at which Siddhartha lived.*

The concurrence of Mongol and Thibetan authorities in favor of the earlier epoch, would give great force to the opinion but for the equal uniformity found among the Ceylonese. While admitting, therefore, the possible truth of the former view, we will adopt the later period as sustained by proofs from other sources. The Chinese annals, compiled by Pan-Kon about the middle of the first Christian century, mention the worship paid to a golden statue of Buddha by the people of Hiong-Non, one hundred and twenty years before Christ; nor can we suppose that a system, taking its origin in India, could have thus spread, and become the national religion of so distant a people in less time than would bring us quite near to the period in question. But authorities on this point are abundant; nor is it necessary to do more than merely indicate the principal ones.

Herodotust speaks of certain Indian tribes who eschew the flesh of animals and live on vegetable diet alone, a description to which none but the followers of Buddha answer. Megasthenes, on the authority of Strabo,‡ penetrated India as far as Patalipoutra thirty years after the death of Alexander the Great, and there discovered a sect called the Sarmanes (an evident corruption of the Sanscrit word *samanas*, meaning steady or invariable, an epithet which the Buddhists still retain), who were opposed to the Brahmans, who abstained from wine and lived in a state of celibacy. It is evident that none but the Buddhists are here meant. In accounting for the silence of the followers of Alexander, especially Onesicritus, Nearchus, and Aristobulus, on a subject of so much importance, we must bear in mind that the Macedonian expedition did not penetrate further than the banks of the Indus and the Hypasis, while Buddhism had not as yet extended as far as the Punjab, but flourished in the country around Patalipoutra, where the third general council was held, and where it was first noticed by Megasthenes. The testimony of Clement of Alexandria strengthens that of Megasthenes; for, as the former has derived all his information on Indian philosophy from the latter, and as he was the first among Christian writers to mention Buddha by name,§ it is highly probable that the word has occurred in some portion of the writings of Megasthenes now lost.

* Bohlen, Ancient India, vol. i., p. 315. † Lib. iii., c. 100.
‡ P. 712, edit. Casaub. § Stromat., edit. Sylburg, l. i., p. 205.

But monuments and inscriptions in the Sanscrit and Pali languages, discovered every day in India, place the antiquity of Buddhism beyond all question. About thirty years ago, Mr. James Prinsep deciphered several inscriptions engraved on rocks, stones, and pillars. These were in the dialect of Magadha, one of the most interesting countries of India, and where the countless relics and traditions of Buddhism are to be found. These inscriptions contained the edicts of a certain monarch named Pyadasi, whom George Turnour, already thoroughly acquainted with the Pâli monuments of Ceylon, proved to be identical with Açoka, one of the first kings of Magadha, whose conversion to Buddhism is related in the Mahavamca, and whose accession to the throne is stated, in the Dipavamca, to have taken place about two hundred and eighteen years after the death of Cakyamouni, at the time of Alexander the Great, or about three hundred and twenty-five years before the Christian era. Still later discoveries made at Guirnar, Guzarata, Dhauli, Dehli, Allahabad, Radhia, &c., present the same result, even the variety of the dialects employed strengthening the conclusion.

These are but a few of the arguments by which the antiquity of Buddhism may be demonstrated; and though they do not establish with precision the epoch at which the founder of this ancient religion first promulgated his doctrines, yet they leave little doubt that Buddhism had its origin many centuries previous to the Christian era. Most authorities agree that the founder of Buddhism was the son of an Indian king, and that the country of his birth was the first scene of his religious labors. But Sir William Jones, more in the spirit of a zealous antiquary than an impartial observer, differed from this opinion, assigning as the reason of his dissent the curly-headed appearance of the Buddhic statues found in Central India, which, he contended, indicated an Ethiopic origin. Herein, the sagacity of the learned orientalist was greatly at fault, for this peculiarity is not confined to Buddhic images, but is also observed among the Brahmans, and is, moreover, one of the thirty-two signs which, according to the Buddhists, distinguished the founder of the sect, the type of perfect manhood. As a result of the researches made by Hodgson, the Hungarian Csoma, Wilson, and Turnour, we are in possession of nearly all the canonical sacred books of Buddhism drawn up from time to time, and approved by three

general councils. These are in different languages, and have been discovered in widely distant countries, which fact greatly enhances the force of their authority in those particulars wherein they agree.

The works discovered by Hodgson, at Nepal, were written in Sanscrit, and were found in Thibet translated into the language of that country. Similar translations from other Sanscrit books were also discovered in Thibet by M. Csoma, while Mr. Schmidt, of the Academy of St. Petersburg, found some translated from the Thibetan into the language of the Mongols. In addition to these, Mr. Turnour discovered in Ceylon a number of Buddhic works in the Pali language, said to have been introduced into that country three hundred and sixteen years before Christ.

These, with the Lalitavistara in the Chinese language, constitute the principal authorities from which all our information relative to the life and doctrines of Buddha has been drawn. From Sanscrit works translated by M. E. Burnouf, we learn that the first general council, convened at Radjagriha, divided the canonical books into three sets:—those which contain the moral precepts, or the Soutras; those containing metaphysical speculations or dogmas of faith, called Abhidarma; and those on liturgical and ecclesiastical discipline, Vinaya. Owing to the circumstances which first directed the attention of Buddha to the necessity of a religious reformation, positive doctrines or dogmas of belief were considered of subordinate importance, while a new standard of morals, which would lift the minds of the people nearer to the Divinity, and would rescue them from the debasing influence of Brahmanism, was deemed a pressing need. The Lalitavistara contains a recital of those circumstances, but so immeshed in legendary matter that we can give but an imperfect account of them here. Towards the end of the seventh century before the Christian era, Buddha was born in the city of Kapilavaston, near the mountains of Nepal, a little to the north of the present territory of Oude. The name Siddhartha was bestowed on him by his father, but after he had embraced the religious state he was better known under the name of Cakyamouni, which means hermit. Educated with great care by his father, and being of a very thoughtful mood, he applied himself diligently to the study of philosophy and religion. At that time Brahmanism was the only form of religion known in India, and Cakyamouni, judging it by its consequences, declared it imperfect. He

saw that, notwithstanding the claims to great sanctity and wisdom asserted by the priests of Brahma, they failed to draw the masses to God, and that, instead of pure religion, the grossest superstition and the profoundest ignorance reigned throughout the country. Impressed with this deplorable condition of humanity, he felt that morals, and not faith, were needed, and so he gave himself to the study of practical religion and the spiritual wants of man. Herein the founder of Buddhism gave one great evidence of his fitness to perform the *rôle* of reformer, for at all times men will be found ready to discuss every question connected with the origin and destiny of the race, while few there are with charity strong enough, and energy of will sufficient to undertake the reform of the masses, their alienation from the grossness of the flesh, and their conversion to spirituality and the practice of virtue.

This practical character of Buddhism is its distinguishing feature, and though the original formulary of belief became, in course of time, disfigured and perverted by ignorance and superstition, it never totally lost its primitive character. The deep study of the spiritual necessities of the people, to which Cakyamouni devoted himself, the consideration of the means by which they could be lifted from the slough of the senses and be led to the vision of things beyond the natural order, impressed on Buddhism a character so deeply rooted that it manifests itself even to-day, amid the corruptions of the Lamas of Thibet; so that, in studying the means taken by its founder to improve the spiritual condition of mankind, we will best understand the essence of this strange medley of sublime truths and degrading error. Cakyamouni felt that all unhappiness originated in ignorance, that ignorance rendered men the creatures of the senses, by which they are deluded and constantly ensnared into error. Though knowing this, yet he taught that, before men's eyes could be purged of the scales of ignorance, their hearts should be purified, and their affections weaned from the deceitful pleasures of the world; and, therefore, instead of making knowledge the starting-point, he rather made it the term and aim of religious life, the goal to which men are admitted when they have disciplined their hearts to virtue, subdued their passions, and tempered their affections according to the law. The most serious consequence of ignorance is pain, to which we are constantly victims, and which is the fruit of unbridled passion and desire.

This is the principle on which Buddhic morality rests. This is the condition of man by nature, which it is the mission of Buddhism to change by proposing a standard of perfect morals. The haven to which this code of morals will conduct us is designated Nirvana, and the code is called The Way of Salvation. This Way of Salvation possesses eight parts, all essential to our eternal deliverance, and, as they are found in one shape or another in all the sacred books, we will present a brief *resumé* of them here.

The first condition is orthodox faith, or a belief in the supremacy of the Buddha; the next is correctness of judgment, to ensure us against error and to dispel doubts; the third condition is perfect veracity, implying a deep abhorrence of the smallest deviation from truth, under any pretext; the fourth is purity of intention, by which the motives of our conduct are made conformable to the divine law; the fifth is the profession of religion as a means of subsistence, but this seems to have been framed for those especially destined to a religious life; the sixth condition is the proper application of our mind to the law; the seventh is the possession of a faithful memory, by which we are guaranteed against error with respect to our past actions, and, finally, the eighth is steady contemplation, which lifts our minds from earth to the eternal calm of the Nirvana. Cakyamouni devoted six years to meditation and profound study before he discovered that ignorance and desire are the root of all evil and that our liberation can be effected only by satisfying the eight conditions here mentioned. Though ignorance is the fruitful source of pain, yet Buddhism proposes the extinction of the latter as its principal object, though it professes to cure ignorance at the same time. The illogicality of this proceeding is to be accounted for by the total absence of any effort on the part of Buddha to explain the mystery of man's origin. Buddhism takes man just as he is, and, waiving the purely theoretical question as to how he came on earth, it confines itself to a consideration of the means by which he can be rendered happy forever. These considerations engaged the entire attention of Cakyamouni, and the results of his speculation are thus summed up in the decrees of the first general council: Pain is the inevitable condition of human life; passion, ignorance, and desire are its source; pain can cease only with our absorption into the Nirvana, and there are eight conditions indispensable to that absorption. These four truths underlie the whole edifice of

Buddhism, and we shall see how its wonderful system of ascetic morality is developed upon them. Since passion and desire are numbered among the sources of pain, our unceasing efforts should be directed to subjecting them to the control of the will, and by a system of wary vigilance so hold them in check that we may become their complete master. This is the first and most important deduction from the four truths, and all the moral precepts, which run into numberless details, have for their end the triumph of the will over the passions.

Though the principle that pain is the result of concupiscence, and that this, therefore, must be held in subjection, may not be strictly true, we cannot but admire the practical consequences which flow therefrom, and the beneficial influence they exercised on the morals and conduct of men. The principle once established that the will must gain the supremacy over the passions, we no longer wonder at the system of ascetic morality prescribed by Buddha. Celibacy, monasticism, mendicity, voluntary poverty, mortification of the senses, all those features of Buddhistic morality which are so strongly analogous to the ascetic system of the Catholic Church, no longer surprise us; they are but the logical consequences of a principle of doubtful truth. How unphilosophical, therefore, have been the attempts made by Voltaire and his friends, to charge the ascetic discipline of the Catholic Church with being an abortion of Buddhism To refute the opinion of Voltaire, we have only to remember that it rests on no stronger basis than the analogy referred to, and is, therefore, a mere assumption the validity of which cannot be sustained. We have seen that the ethics of Buddha flow from the principle that ignorance, passion, and desire are the root of all evil, and that, this principle being granted, nothing could be more natural than the moral system thence resulting. In the Christian code, purity, voluntary poverty, humility, and mortification of the senses are practised for their own sakes, and the subjection of the passions to reason and will is recommended, not for the purpose of enlightenment or the extirpation of ignorance, but that our natures might become purified. Notwithstanding, therefore, that Buddhism inculcates many of the practices of Christianity, it does so on entirely different principles; and, no matter how strong the analogy between them, the difference in the principles destroys the theory of Voltaire, for similar consequences often proceed

from widely differing premises. With respect to sacrifices, there has not been, nor is there, a religion which does not proclaim the necessity of some oblation to the Divinity, under the name of sacrifice. We all know that the Jews, Greeks, and Romans deemed burnt-offerings an essential part of religion, while other nations offered the fruits of the earth, wine, corn, &c., as propitiatory and eucharistic oblations to the Deity. The various Christian sects likewise admit the necessity of sacrifice; for, while the Protestant denominations insist that prayers and good works are "that clean oblation" offered up "from the rising of the sun even to the going down," the Catholics, Greeks, and the Eastern Christians consider the Mass the only true sacrifice.

Now among all these religions, so diametrically opposed to each other in most things, we find this necessity of a sacrifice to God constantly inculcated, and, though the manner of its performance be exceedingly varied, we see the essential idea of an offering contained in all. From this we would infer that sacrifice of some sort is an essential feature of all positive forms of religion, and that it denotes the yearnings of the human heart for union with God. But it would be unfair to suppose that each succeeding religion borrowed the notion of sacrifice from forms that preceded it, for how could even Christianity have frayed into so many countless sects, often animated with feelings of intense mutual hostility, and still be uniform in this? Yet the opinion of Voltaire and those who agree with him, is nothing but an assumption of this sort. They suppose that, because Buddhism presented some points of analogy with the asceticism of the Catholic Church, the latter was consequently indebted therefor to the former. Arguing in this manner, it could be proved that Christianity was an offshoot of paganism, because the Christians build churches as the heathens built temples, because solemn rites and festivals, days of thanksgiving and penitence were observed by the latter as well as by the former. Analogy of this sort is no help to demonstration, and is a very different thing from the analogy of Bishop Butler. If we grant that Buddhic celibacy is perforce derived from Christianity, we must, *à priori*, admit that Christian celibacy was foreshadowed in the vestal virgins of Rome; that the idea of community life, with the rules of silence and castigation of the senses, was taken from the school of Pythagoras, where the disciples were compelled to observe a rigid silence for five years. More

than this, an analogy might be made out between the *aqua lustralis* of the Romans and the holy water of the Catholics; the invocation of the saints and the adoption of patron saints, with the worship of the Greek and Roman tutelary deities. We know that Stillingfleet, Fletcher, and other controversial writers of the Protestant Church have urged these analogies against the Catholics, and that the latter have answered them elaborately; but it must be allowed their replies would lack point if they claim that Buddhism, as far as analogous with Christianity, is a graft. We might as well say that the practice of sprinkling ashes on the foreheads of the faithful on Ash-Wednesday morning, after the pleasures and excitements of the carnival, was typified in those lines of Virgil:

> "Hi animorum motus atque hæc certamina tanta
> Pulveris exigui jactu quiescunt."

It is true that a far greater multitude of minor ceremonies and practices among the Lamas of Thibet are the same as those in the liturgy of the Catholic Church; that Lamas wear the mitre, the cross, and the cope; that they have the censer, with its movable cover, suspended by chains, and opening or closing at pleasure; that they pray with beads; that they make spiritual retreats and pilgrimages; that they have public processions, prayers in the form of litany, psalmody in alternate choirs, exorcisms, and even practices corresponding with the invocation of the saints; but it being admitted that such analogies in one instance prove nothing, their validity as an argument fails altogether. It is not with a view to impugn or advocate the claims of any church that we offer these remarks, nor, indeed, is any such spirit traceable in them; it is our aim rather to elucidate, as far as we are able, a question much debated by Christian writers of the same denomination, and which does not affect in any manner the integrity of any religious creed.

But it is far easier to subvert old theories than to advance and establish new ones, and this especially, in the question before us, since history refuses to illumine the way, without whose light all is mere conjecture. It may be, as we have heretofore stated, that a logical chain, the links of which we cannot see, binds each practice of Buddhism to another, just as the general idea of asceticism attaches itself to the principle that we must extirpate ignorance and concupiscence, by holding the senses in check. Indeed, if any view of the subject recommends itself to us in preference to another, it

is this; and if we possessed in those matters the profound knowledge and ingenuity of Cuvier in natural history, we might be able from one usage or ceremony of Buddhism to trace out the whole structure, just as the naturalist built the mastodon on a single bone. Even in systems constructed on unphilosophical principles, a natural logic conducts to consequences which however absurd, are nevertheless correct deductions. Now, if we could trace the various processes of reasoning by which these conclusions are reached, we would often be less severe in our judgment of doctrines and opinions, as we would then see that, however apparently absurd, they are the logical results of a principle, the depth and breadth of which, were not perceived by those who first adopted it. If, in addition, we could understand the laws which govern the human mind, even in its anomalies and vagaries, and could see how, through the operation of those laws facts and ideas, apparently disconnected, become mutually interlinked, we might be able to point out the relationship of every tenet and practice of Buddhism, and their dependence on some fundamental principle, without resorting to any explanation *ab extrâ*.

The practice of aural confession, with contrition and satisfaction, constitutes one of the most striking points of resemblance between Buddhism and the Catholic Church, and yet, without supposing any closer relation to exist between the heathen and the Christian Church, we can easily find, in the Buddhist principle, a sufficient reason for this practice. According to Buddha, the evil tendencies of the human heart are manifold and varied, and, in order that we may successfully combat them, they must be classified and divided off into *genera* and *species*. Thus the sin of sensuality admits of a division into excess at table and concupiscence of the flesh, the latter being, in turn, subdivided into lust of the eye and lust of the body, evil thoughts and evil practices, &c. This division and classification of sins constituted a true system of casuistry, wherein the enormity and punishment of each sin was distinctly specified. The more effectually to guard against the commission of any of these misdemeanors, the practice of confession was held over men as a threat *in terrorem*, as an encouragement to conversion after sin, and as a spiritual comfort to those whose souls were laden with iniquity. But, as confession without sorrow affords no guarantee against relapse into sin, it is essential that this sentiment should accompany confession, just

as satisfaction also is necessary, in order that the wrong resulting from transgression of the law may be repaired as far as possible. Thus we find confession, and its accompanying practices established among the Buddhists, on grounds of pure reason; nor do we at all deem it necessary to look further for an explanation. As this question has been much discussed, and with an unbecoming degree of acerbity, we offer in these remarks the germ of an explanation, which continued research and discovery may eventually establish to the setting aside of those views which rest on the slender basis of analogy.

In treating of the moral system of Buddha, it is necessary to keep in view the distinction between the body of the faithful, and those who devote themselves in a more special manner to the exercises of a religious life, since the more austere practices are designed only for the latter. Almsgiving and brotherly love, with an aversion for the vain pleasures of the world, are the principal duties enjoined on the people, while celibacy, solitude, mortification, penitential works, and the strictest guard over the senses are practices confined to those who are designated religious *par excellence*.

The Chinese and Ceylonese books contain the precepts and legends of Siddhartha, from which the spirit that marked the birth and first strides of Buddhism may be learned. Buddha summed up the duties of the religious in twelve precepts, which are illustrated by parables and fables, often of an extravagant and extraordinary character. The first of these duties is that all pious disciples should clothe themselves with garments picked up in cemeteries, dunghills, and on the highways. Buddha himself had set the example of wearing this very plain and coarse style of apparel, for it is related of him that a slave who had been zealously devoted to him in life, died, breathing the Buddha's name as he expired. According to the doctrine of transmigration, this good man's soul was to take up its new abode in some nobler personality, and Buddha, having taken the cere-clothes which enveloped the clay of his departed friend, fashioned them into garments that he might be in closer union with him in his new abode. Thus the practice, sanctioned by the example of Buddha himself, became universal among the brotherhood. The second duty was that all should cut and sew their own clothes, after the example of their holy founder. In the third place, the simplest and coarsest escu-

lents should be the food of all, and none were allowed to use the flesh of any living thing. The fourth injunction, and one which was enforced with the utmost strictness, was that of living on the alms of the charitable and of begging daily bread in silence. In the fifth place, there must be only one repast in the twenty-four hours, and this is to be taken after noon-tide, before which time not a morsel should pass the lips, this being the sixth observance. The seventh precept relates to habitation, and it is prescribed that the true children of Buddha shall dwell in the woods under the wide vault, where their souls may become attuned to meditation and prayer. The remaining precepts are that, in the summer time, the foliage of the trees shall afford shelter from the vicissitudes of the weather; that the weary must support their backs against no other prop than the trunk of a tree; that they must sleep in this posture, not removing their rug or carpet from the spot where they first spread it; and, finally, all must repair, at least once a month, to the cemeteries, and there spend the night in meditation on the vanity and uncertainty of human affairs. We may here observe the cumbrous and unmethodical manner of division adopted in all the Buddhist writings, where subjects are divided without reference to their mutual relation, but blindly, by numbers which often run so high that the mind is wearied in following. In adopting a complete vestment, however coarse, the Buddhists differed widely from the Brahmans, who went entirely naked, or, as they said themselves, "clothed with space" (*digambaras*).

The Buddhists certainly evinced a higher regard for the virtue so much prized by them when they sacrificed the additional austerity involved in being clad with space to the necessity of consulting the requirements of modesty. In addition to these external observances, six cardinal virtues were practised, which supplied food to the mind and courage to the soul, to do battle against the temptations of the flesh. These virtues are charity, purity, patience, courage, meditation, and knowledge. These are called transcendent virtues, and conduct the soul to the road leading to Nirvana or deliverance. The charity inculcated by Buddha is not that cold, circumspect charity which the world knows, but is a spreading flame, which stops at no consideration of self, but flies to the succor of the distressed in all circumstances. The ardent character of Buddhist charity, is well illustrated in several legends which are related of Buddha himself, and

his immediate disciples. Thus, we read that he once delivered his body as a prey to a hungry tigress which had not the strength to suckle its whelps, also that a neophyte flung himself into the sea to appease the storm-spirit which threatened destruction to the ship. Buddha loved the race with a strong, abiding love, and did not preach the practice of his moral precepts through a motive of mere hostility to depraved tendencies, so much as an anxious desire to secure the greatest sum of happiness for his fellow-men; an object, which he rightly understood, could never be accomplished without uprooting that concupiscence which sways men to vice, and, consequently, to unhappiness. Hence he strove to develop the entire nature, and so imbue it with the spirit of his religion, that the practice of every virtue would be its natural and spontaneous expression. Charity felt the aid of humility and chastity, while forbearance and gentleness of manner were promoted by a strict vigilance over eye and tongue. Hence, too, moderation towards institutions that were adverse to Buddhist doctrines; for, while the Brahmans waged relentless war against Buddha, he never resorted to violence as a means of propagandism, and even tolerated, among his own followers, the division into castes, as established among the Brahmans, though without any official recognition. Indeed, it may be mentioned as one of the chief merits of Buddhism, that it treats men alike, without reference to rank, wealth, or influence. M. E. Burnouf, in his *Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme Indien*, reports a saying of Buddha, which admirably illustrates this spirit of the new religion. One day some Brahmans sneered at his efforts to convert a pariah, or individual of the lowest caste, when the reformer replied: "My law is a law of grace unto all; and what is a law of grace? One according to which the meanest may become religious." This strong spirit of love, restless in its efforts to do the greatest amount of good to mankind, impressed itself indelibly on the doctrines of Buddha; and, however much it may have been incrusted and paralysed by the ignorance and contracted nature of those who remodelled the work of the great founder, it is at least discoverable in the essential features of the Buddhist religion. Even Buddha's logic, unlike that of most Indian philosophers, was a logic of the heart as well as of the head; for, though he favored celibacy by example and precept, yet he hesitated not to approve the institution of marriage, and studied how the greatest happiness would accrue from a due observance of the relations which

grow out of it. In a very beautiful and touching legend, a disciple of Buddha, named Bhagavat, is thus represented addressing a multitude of religious in the garden of Anatha-Pindika: "The Great Spirit is with those families where parents are loved, honored, and obeyed. And why? Because parents are the Great Spirit for the children of such a family." And again: "Parents discharge a difficult and onerous duty towards their children; for them, the mother undergoes the pangs of labor, more poignant than the battle-stroke, and the father toils incessantly to give them bread; therefore are they to be loved, honored, and obeyed."

The innumerable legends of Buddha, show that glorious results rewarded his constant inculcation of domestic, as well as heroic virtue, and that under his law men led lives of hidden worth, while the world proclaimed the brilliant virtues of others Among the many examples wherewith the Soutras abound, we will cite one which finely illustrates the spirit of domestic life according to the Buddhist *regime*. The son of King Açoka, of Takshacila was sent by his father to administer the government in some distant part of the kingdom. Scarcely had he reached his destination, when a royal edict came, declaring him outlawed, and sentencing him to have his eyes plucked out. This cruel sentence was pronounced at the solicitation of Rishya-Rikshita, one of the king's wives, whose criminal advances the young prince had repelled. When Kounala, such was the name of the prince, heard the cruel sentence, so soon to be executed, he remained unmoved and spoke as follows: "For this reason did the sages tell me that all things are vain and transitory in this world, that no one here is in a permanent state, but that perpetual change is the condition of mortal existence. I now clearly see this, and let the executioner pluck out my eyes at once. I freely allow them, for they have served me the only useful purpose they could, when they showed me the emptiness and vanity of all things human." Then turning to his executioner, he said: "My friend, pluck out one eye first and place it in my hand." Which done, Kounala continued: "Why do you no longer behold what you saw a moment before, O vile globe of flesh? How those are to be pitied who cling to you and seek all pleasure through you." When the other eye was plucked out, he resumed: "No longer do I see with the eyes of the flesh, but, instead thereof, I see with the perfect eye of the soul. I am cast forth by the King my father, but I have become the son of the great

King of the law, whose child I am now called. I have fallen from earthly greatness, but have acquired the sovereignty of the law, which destroys pain and sorrow." Soon after this Kounala ascertained that he had been a victim to the perfidy and resentment of the Queen Rishya-Rikshita, whereon he exclaimed: "May she long preserve happiness, life, and power, who has assured to me a never-failing advantage, for, thanks to her, I cannot now be lured away by the frivolous sights of the world." When the king, his father, learned that Kounala had been unjustly treated in this merciless manner, he wished to put to death the Queen Rishya-Rikshita, but the prince magnanimously interfered, saying that, if he deserved not the punishment he had suffered for the crime that was imputed to him, he at least deserved it for some fault committed at some other time. Whether this legend be founded in fact or be the work of fancy, it is equally interesting as exhibiting the spirit which Buddha had inspired into his followers, and the Christian-like forbearance and forgiveness he preached and practised. The Soutras contain many other legends illustrating the same spirit, but we will confine ourselves to the following, as best revealing the tendency of Buddhic morality.

Pourna, the son of a slave, had become wealthy by successful traffic, and was respected by his fellow-townsmen for his probity, but his eyes were still closed to the light of the law. Once he was travelling on sea, when he heard some faithful merchants of Cravast chanting night and morning, stanzas from Sthaviras and the Solitaries, and the spark of faith was enkindled in his soul. From that moment he devoted himself exclusively to the practices of his new-found religion, renounced all his worldly effects, and conformed to its strictest requirements. Filled with a holy zeal to carry the standard of the law among new nations, he expressed his purpose of converting a neighboring tribe noted for its barbarous habits and utter degradation. Bhagavat strove to dissuade him from this perilous undertaking by proposing to him the following considerations: "The men of Cronaparanta," said Bhagavat, "among whom you wish to take up your abode, are cruel, treacherous, and insolent; when they shall assail you with taunts and revilings, what will you think of them?" "I," replied Pourna, "the men of Cronaparanta treat me thus, I shall think within myself, these men of Cronaparanta are assuredly good men, since they neither stone me nor strike me with their hands." "But if," replied

Bhagavat, "they should stone you and strike you with their fists, what would you think?" "I would consider them mild and good for not beating me with rods or striking me with the sword." "But if," persisted Bhagavat, "they should so beat you and strike you, what would be your opinion of them?" "I would thank them," answered Pourna," that they did not take away my life." "But if they should take away your life?" "Ah, then I would sincerely thank them for thus freeing me from those wretched bonds of the flesh while I was engaged in the discharge of a sacred duty." "Well done, Pourna," spoke Buddha, "you can go to Cronaparanta, for your imperturbable patience will surely triumph over the obstinacy of these men. Pourna succeeded in his mission, for, opposing mildness to persecution and patience to injustice, he triumphed over men's hearts, and rendered the people of Cronaparanta subject to the law. How forcibly the spirit of this legend recalls the precepts of a better and holier Teacher, whose law was perfect, not in one point alone, but in all?

We have before stated that Buddha and his followers propagated their doctrines by the tongue and by the pen, never appealing to the sword. Even when kings and princes and men of high rank flocked to the standard of the reformers, they forbore to retaliate on their adversaries, and often checked the undue zeal of their followers, whose desire to see the success of the new religion often impelled them to smite those who opposed its spread. Strong in the conviction of the truth, Buddha sallied forth into the world without fear in his soul or doubt in his mind, and opposed to the violence and prejudice he encountered at every step the calm of conviction and a mildness which broke down the most formidable barriers envy, ignorance, and hate could oppose. As Mahomet enforced his doctrines at the sword's point, he quickly won thousands to his standard; but, as Buddha discarded the sword and preached with the voice of mildness, he counted his followers not by thousands, but by millions. But this method of propagandism was entirely consistent with the spirit of the Buddhist religion; for a system whose foundation-stone was love could not brook to coerce men even to good, since love would have no share in such a counsel. Afterwards, this system of proselytism became a leading feature of Buddha's religion, and Pyadasi, who lived over two hundred years after the time of Buddha, brings this important subject before the attention

of the religious, lest the cardinal aim of Buddha's life and works should be forgotten, viz.: to gain men over to the faith by conviction, and not by force. The words of Pyadasi have been found among the inscriptions of Guirnar, and are as follows: "Pyadasi, the beloved King of the Devas, honors all creeds equally, and respects the beggar as the chieftain. But what the beloved king honors and esteems beyond aught else is the protection and increase of all religions. Indeed, honor is due to none but the true religion; but, by never persecuting other forms, we are sure to wrong no one, and thus is the true religion still more honored. Circumstances sometimes require that we respect and do honor to false religions, for, while we exhibit this spirit of tolerance towards others, we shall ensure the same for ourselves, and, besides, no more desirable character could be won by us than that we profess a religion of mildness and good-will unto all. Whoever endeavors to exalt his own religion by attempting to belittle that of others, errs egregiously, and whoso says, "Let us lift our light on high, that it may extinguish all others," thereby bedims that light. Thus it is that harmony and good-will alone promote the interests of true religion. Let all men, of every creed, strive to be wise and virtuous, and the light of truth will shine upon all."

Surely none can fail to admire the charity displayed in these utterances, though it may be questioned whether it is showing fair play to truth to lend to it no greater assistance than to error; yet the facts point to a different conclusion, for, even in the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, Chinese pilgrims travelled over immense territories and encountered untold dangers to procure genuine versions of Buddhist sacred books, so strong, even then, was the influence of this mild system of proselytism. In the year 399, A D., Fa-Hien left Tchangan, in the north of China, crossed Tartary, scaled the mountains of Thibet, crossed the Indus at different points, followed the stream of the Ganges to its mouth, took shipping for Ceylon, stopped at Java, and returned to his own country after an absence of fifteen years, having traversed in that time the space of three thousand miles by land and over six thousand by sea, solely for the purpose of procuring exact copies of the sacred books, which had undergone corruption in China.*

In like manner, Hiouen-Thsang proceeded on a pilgrimage

* Foe-Koue-Ki, by Abel-Remusat, p. 363.

two hundred years subsequently, with the same object in view, and filled with a spirit of intrepid zeal to collect as many original documents relating to the life and teachings of Buddha as a vigorous and unremitting search could bring to light. He spent sixteen years in this arduous work, and during that time he braved countless dangers, and wrestled with sickness, shipwreck, hunger, fatigue, and the many shapes of death. He commenced his enquiries at Oudyana, and visited Punjab and Cashmere. He traversed the various kingdoms lying between the Ganges and the mountains of Nepal, he visited the places made illustrious by the virtues of Cakyamouni, and returned home freighted with precious relics and mementoes of the life and doctrines of his master. The religion which could inspire such dauntless zeal in its votaries, so many hundred years after the date of its establishment, must have much truth in it; for truth, though mingled with errors, still endures and begets fruit, even to the end of time. But the truth of Buddhism is entirely in its system of morals, for its metaphysics are monstrous. The leading idea of Buddhic philosophy is the transmigration of souls, or metempsychosis, which is common to it with Brahmanism. The Buddhists, however, push the idea of transmigration much further than the Brahmans; for, while the latter confined the transmigration of human souls to human bodies, the Buddhists extend it to the bodies of the lower animals and even to inanimate objects. Thus it is related in the Talitavistara that Cakyamouni entered his mother's womb as a young elephant with six tusks, and that he then underwent myriads of new existences, under as many shapes, before he became Bodhisattva, or Buddha, *in posse*.

In the legend of Samgha-Rakshita it is said that souls migrate into walls, pillars, trees, flowers, fruits, ropes, brooms and vessels, according to the enormity and character of the sins they may have committed.* "Those," says Bhagavat, "who are transformed into walls have defiled the floor of the sacred assembly with their spittle; those who exist under the form of fruits and flowers have abused the fruits and flowers of the assembly; those changed into ropes have broken through the ropes of the assembly; while those who have become brooms have refused to sweep the floors."

It is hard to conceive how such puerilities could have emanated from the same source as those sublime moral truths we have indicated in the ethical code of Buddha.

* Upham, Sacred and Historical Book of Ceylon, tome III, p. 269.

Yet, however melancholy, such is the fact, and the whole system of Buddhic metaphysics may be deemed a similar tissue of inanities and wild speculations. Buddha took man as he found him and moulded him to virtue, profiting by his capacities for good. This was a task comparatively easy, for reformers of public morals need but to be good men themselves in order to shape the minds of others in the same direction. But something more is needed to create systems of philosophy. Taking man as he is, Buddha neglected to look backward, and devoted his whole attention to the future. The future, however, cannot be studied without a knowledge of the past, and Buddha strove in vain to determine the conditions of man's existence after death when he neglected to enquire into those which preceded his birth. Hence his philosophy lacked the character of introspection and psychological analysis which belonged to the systems of the Greek and Roman schools. Every principle of ontology and the essence of beings is violated in the alternating destruction and restoration of personality involved in the transmigration of souls into the lower order of animals and inanimate objects. It is true Buddha makes a distinction between life and existence, and supposes that the former is a transition from existence, induced by concupiscence; but this distinction is subjective, and based on no data of reason or tradition. However, a very elaborate theory is built thereon, and full explanation is given of the various steps by which inchoate life or existence passes into absolute life through the medium of concupiscence. Buddhism, therefore, fails to offer anything like an adequate reason for man's existence, and this failure has influenced the theory of his destiny.

In examining Buddha's views on the ultimate destiny of the human race, we are struck by the strange absence of the name of the Divinity. Buddha is the perfection of being, a state which it is possible for every observer of the law to reach, but, beyond that, there is no being who poises the universe and controls the destinies of men. There is a state called Nirvana, which men may attain after passing through various grades of existence and having become perfect in the law. Some writers contend that this Nirvana is absorption into God, though no allusion to the Divine Being is made, while others say that it is mere annihilation, to which man is reduced after successively divesting himself of the various attributes of existence. M. Burnouf and M. Saint-

Hilaire incline to the latter opinion. The remarkable reticence of Buddha on the name and attributes of the Divinity, and the tendency to reduce the number of the positive marks of existence involved in the various processes by which Nirvana is reached, induced the supposition that Buddha ignored the existence of God, and proposed annihilation as the supreme destiny of man. According to this view we are forced to believe that a vast proportion of the human family have been sunk for ages in a species of negative atheism ; that the name or idea of God was never known among them. This is a harsh doctrine, and we imagine if a different opinion can be fairly reached it will be far more consoling. The great curse of life is pain, according to Buddha, and this is abolished by absorption into the Nirvana. The question, then, is to determine, as nearly as possible, the idea attached to this term by the Indian Buddhists. If we examine the philological sense of the word, we are not much enlightened, as we find it composed of the negative particle *nir* and the radical *va*, which means to blow. M. Saint-Hilaire infers, too hastily we think, that a total extinction is already implied in this etymology. Breath ceases with life ; but existence may still continue. Buddha distinguished four degrees of Nirvana, which are entitled Dhyan.

The first is reached when, after years of profound study and meditation, man has conquered ignorance and sin. In this degree he is impeccable, because knowledge has revealed to him so clearly the hideousness of vice that he is shielded against it by a sentiment of abhorrence ; but in this degree man is still occupied with the affairs of the world. In the second degree he is partially weaned from human ties and fixes his mind on that higher state which he hopes to reach ; as his thoughts become centred on this one point, the other faculties of his soul become dormant, and he experiences a sweet sense of inward peace, that indefinable satisfaction which marks the commencement of ecstacy. In the third degree this pleasure vanishes, and so closely is the ascetic wrapt in contemplation of the Nirvana that even the sentiment of consciousness is nearly destroyed. There is yet, however, a sense of bodily well-being, and memory retains its seat. In the fourth degree consciousness ceases ; there is perfect impassibility and indifference to all the influences that affect the soul. This is the perfection of earthly felicity, according to Buddha, for it exempts man from the changing fortunes of life, from pain, poverty, and guilt.

This is the doctrine of mysticism which we find reproduced with trifling diversities at different epochs of the world's history. It is the mysticism of the Alexandrian school, the ecstacy of Plotinus and Gerson, the quietism of Molinus and Madame Guyon, and the convulsions of Matuew of Paris and his companions. In this, therefore, there is nothing wonderful, and, though ascetics may spend years enwrapped in this exaltation of the faculties, the religion of Buddha is still free from the imputation of atheism. But after death there are two alternatives, either subjection to the hated law of transmigration, or absorption into Nirvana. Some maintain that existence, which the Buddhists connect with the idea of metempsychosis, is especially hateful to them, and Nirvana is, therefore, a state where existence ceases, and they quote expressions from the Soutras which seem to favor this opinion. Thus we read in one of the books of the Soutras: "In Nirvana there is no longer aggregation of parts, there is no longer existence, there is no longer anything." But then the same Soutras say that men sometimes return from Nirvana and help those on earth by their examples and precepts. The words used by Anouroudha in describing the death of Buddha are quoted by M. Saint-Hilaire as indicating this state of nihilism, which he considers synonymous with the perfect Nirvana: "With a spirit which did not flag, he suffered the agony of death: as the extinction of a lamp, so his spirit departed."

But this figurative form of expression is quite commonly used by those who entertain no such views of man's future, and we certainly would consider it a very slender basis for an opinion if we should thence conclude that they rejected the belief in the immortality of the soul. The past was a mystery to Buddha, the depth and significance of which he never strove to sound, hence his views of a future state were clouded and uncertain; but this implies neither nihilism nor atheism. As Buddhism recognises the principle that infractions of the law are punished, so it implicitly admits the existence of some supreme power which takes cognisance of right and wrong doing, and awards fitting wages to both. This power, therefore, must be intelligent, since it discriminates between the various degrees and species of vice and virtue; and it must possess power superhuman to render the forces of nature the agents of its wishes. We think that in this manner it might be shown that, so far from professing atheism, the religion of Buddha is eminently

deistic, nay, even pantheistic; for on the supposition that God exists, all beings are finally absorbed in Him. Nor do we deem the difficulty so formidable of reconciling the expressions of the Soutras which point to total annihilation with the existence of God. It is true that the Soutras abound with such expressions, and that the intense abhorrence all Buddhists entertain for transmigration makes the destruction of personality and consciousness the only condition of release from transmigration especially desirable; but even that condition is far from involving annihilation, since personality and thereby consciousness cease when the soul has been absorbed into the Divinity. Indeed, we are not aware that an expression occurs in the Soutras which may not be reconciled with such an absorption without forcing us to the nihilistic conclusion. As for Buddha's silence concerning the name and attributes of the Divinity, it may be said that either a sense of reverence for God's sanctity deterred him from pronouncing the holy name, or ignorance led him to confound the person of God with the state he entitled Nirvana. We are far from considering that the question is definitively settled by what we have here said, especially as the authority of that profound orientalist, M. Eugene Burnouf, is ranged against us.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the spirit and tendencies of ancient Buddhism as it came from the teeming brain of its creator, a combination of profound truth and sublime morality with monstrous error. Buddha accepted metempsychosis from the Brahmans and pushed it to its most degrading consequences; his philosophical speculations were puerile and fantastical, not even displaying the questionable merit of ingenuity and originality, and his singular reticence as to the Divinity has exposed him to the grave suspicion of atheism.

On the other hand, however, no human eye has more deeply penetrated human nature, nor more clearly beheld its countless needs, its weakness, and its strength. Buddha looked into himself, and there studied the puzzles of the heart, he discovered what there is in man available for good, and thus skilfully he turned it to account; he saw what qualities and propensities of our nature tended to draw us to evil and these he took means to eradicate. Buddhism grew up with its virtues and defects and spread through the entire East, bearing such fruit as we see to-day. Man can never advance when his starting-point is a false principle, and, though grand mistakes sometimes lead to grand results,

such results are but temporary, for time is the only unfailing test of truth.

Buddhism has undergone many changes since the date of its foundation; a hierarchy has been built up, councils have met and reduced the doctrines to a more rigid shape; new usages have been established and old ones abolished; indeed the entire system has changed in all except the doctrine of transmigration. In its place we now behold a blending of Brahmanism and ancient Buddhism, and even Fetichism. However, the pure religion of Buddha was held in the highest respect, and the country was in a very flourishing condition towards the close of the seventh century, when India was visited by the Chinese pilgrim Hiouen-Thsang, who wrote a most interesting description of what he saw and heard among the Indian followers of Buddha. At this time the memory of Buddha was held in the highest respect, and the country was dotted with colossal statues erected in his honor, to which the faithful offered up garlands of flowers and wreaths of green branches. Indeed, if we are to take the account of Hiouen-Thsang, India was at that time a sort of blissful Arcadia, where all lived in harmony and peace. But Buddhism at this period is so very different from the religion of the founder as to constitute a separate theme and the subject of a special study. So also with modern Buddhism, as we find it described in the pages of the Abbé Huc and other oriental travellers; it affords materials for a most interesting treatise, and offers some instructive points of contrast with the progress and development of Christianity.

ART. VI.—1. *History of the Conquest of Chili.* By ABBÉ DE MOLINA. London.

2. *Travels in Chili and La Plata.* MIER. London.

3. *Conquest of Peru.* By WM. H. PRESCOTT. Boston

4. *The Spanish Conquest in America, &c.* By ARTHUR HELPS. London.

5. *Collection des Documens relatifs à la Découverte de l'Amerique, &c.* Publiée par la Société des Antiquaires du Nord.

6. *Journal des Observations faites en Amerique.* Par L. FEUILLE. Paris.

THERE is nothing more liable to error than a general rule in the science of government Hence it is that the greatest

statesmen and jurists have failed to agree as to the relative advantages and disadvantages of different forms of government. One is convinced that a monarchy is the best, because that to which he has given most attention has proved prosperous and durable; for corresponding reasons another is persuaded that an aristocracy is much better; while a third is astonished that there can be any difference of opinion among enlightened men as to the superiority of democracy above all other forms.

At first sight this may appear ridiculous, because it seems evident that some one of the three must be wrong. Upon a closer examination, however, it is found that each has cogent arguments to adduce in support of his theory; his opponents are obliged to admit that great states have been established on his system; nor can they deny but what has been done several times, or even once, may be done again. The difficulty is this: it does not follow that, because one, two, or even a dozen states have flourished as monarchies or republics, others would be equally successful, though exactly modelled upon them. It must be remembered that the system which is excellent for one people—the best they could adopt—might be the ruin of another; nay, do not the same people require different laws at different periods, those that are good and salutary at one period proving bad and oppressive at another?

It is evident, then, that, in order to determine what sort of government would be best for any particular people, we should first know the character of that people. On nothing will more depend than on their intelligence or want of intelligence. The next question is, Do they belong, in general, to the same race? or are they composed of several races, widely different from each other? By this we do not mean mere difference of nationality, such as that between the English and the Germans, or between the Germans and the French, &c., as all belong to the great Caucasian family.

Now, in instituting a comparison between the republics of South America and the United States, these considerations should be kept fully in view. If they are, it will be easy to understand that there is no good reason why the destiny of the former must be that of the latter, or *vice versâ;* on the contrary, it will be seen that they have scarcely anything in common but the name of republic. It is not our habit to laud our own people, or declare them superior to all others; not because we do not like them quite as well as those who

do, but because we do not wish to do that which, however agreeable it may be at the time, has an injurious influence. But in the present instance truth requires that the superiority of the people of the United States to those of the South American republics, in the important particulars mentioned, be fully recognised. Indeed, there would be no difference of opinion on this point between any unprejudiced men who had devoted any attention to the subject. All would agree, that the people of the United States are much more intelligent than those of any of the southern republics; and they would be equally unanimous in declaring them a purer race; for hitherto, at least, the Caucasian in the North has never mingled to any extent with either the Indian or the Negro. It is very different with the Spanish race of the South, who have mingled too freely with both.

These facts should be well understood; for it cannot be denied that thus far republicanism has proved a failure in the South American states; and the republican system is held responsible for the fact. Indeed, this has been the favorite argument of monarchical writers and orators for the last ten years; and during the continuance of the late rebellion against the Union—at least as long as it seemed to have any chance of success—they boasted that their theories must be regarded as accomplished facts. They have since had to admit, however, that, so far as the United States were concerned, they were mistaken; but for the rest their arguments have been rather strengthened than weakened.

While the great northern republic has fully vindicated itself, and taught the boldest and strongest of the European monarchies to respect and even fear it, the strongest and most influential republics of South America have permitted themselves to be attacked by a fourth-rate European power almost without resistance. We do not say that the attack on Valparaiso, by Admiral Nuñez, could have been effectually resisted when it was made; but all admit that it was not unexpected. Why was not so important a seaport fortified? Why was there not a fleet to oppose that of the Spanish admiral? Could not the ten republics of South America, not to mention Central America, get up such between them? Ought not Peru and Chili alone to have been able to resist the invader? It is notorious that Spain has not recovered her ancient vigor; she would not have dared to treat a fifth-rate European state as she has Chili and Peru; then are we to infer that the latter have degenerated rather than acquired

strength and courage since they established their independence, if, indeed, a people not able to defend themselves against so weak a power, more than four thousand miles distant from them, can be said to be independent?

But the feebleness, or want of spirit which the southern republics thus exhibit at the present moment, must not be laid to the charge of republicanism. Leaving the vigor and power of our own republic out of the question, we can turn to another which treated Spain in a very different manner when she was one of the greatest powers in the world, if not the very greatest; we need hardly say that we allude to the Dutch Republic. In a similar manner the Swiss were able to defy Austria in her palmiest days; while the glory of Venice long rivalled that of ancient Rome.

Nor can it be admitted that the soil and climate of South America are unsuited for the republican form of government, although that pretension is sometimes urged by the friends of monarchy. Let us remember that when the Spaniards first landed in South America they found several republics, but only two kingdoms; and neither of these was so well established as the republic of Llascala. Even, at the present day, wherever the people remain unsubjugated, as in Patagonia, the government is republican. The republics of South America continue feeble, then, not because republicanism is inferior to monarchy, or that the country is not favorable to it; but because the people are for the most part without education, and have no unity, consisting as they do of different races which have scarcely any sentiment in common with each other. Had the Mexican people been as intelligent as those of the United States, or had even half of them belonged like them to the Caucasian race, certain it is that Maximilian would not have been in Mexico to-day; the republican system would not have so utterly failed in it as to render it possible for the monarchists to carry out their project.

These peculiarities of the South American republics are too generally forgotten, even by those who undertake to decide on their destiny. There are very few in this country, even of the most enlightened class, that bear them in mind. In general, Peru, Chili, the Argentine Republic, &c., are spoken of as if the inhabitants were all of the Spanish race; they are spoken of as the Swiss Republic, the Dutch Republic, or the Venetian Republic; whereas, there is not one of these to which they have any further resemblance than that they too call themselves republics.

We know that many think it is not necessary to go beyond the present time; nay, there are not a few who ridicule it as pedantic. Neither, however, are persons whose opinions are of much value; all of the opposite class think differently, and none with stronger faith than the friends of democracy. In alluding to those who are content with examining the facts as they find them, De Tocqueville remarks that we must begin higher. "We must watch the infant," he says, "in his mother's arms; we must see the first images which the external world casts upon the dark mirror of his mind, the first occurrences which he witnesses; we must hear the first words which awaken the sleeping powers of thought, and stand by his earliest efforts—if we would understand the prejudices, the habits, and the passions which will rule his life. The entire man, so to speak, is to be seen in the cradle of the child. The growth of nations presents something analogous to this; they all bear some marks of their origin. The circumstances which accompanied their birth and contributed to their development *affect the whole term of their being*. If we are able to look back to the elements of states, *and to examine the oldest monuments of their history*, I doubt not that we should discover in them the *primal cause* of their prejudices, the habits, the ruling passions, and, in short, of all that constitutes what is called the national character."*

It was not very difficult for De Tocqueville to make this examination of the people of the United States, since, as we have already remarked, they all belong to the Caucasian race, whether we trace their ancestors to England, Scotland, Ireland, or Germany. But had he taken up the subject of democracy in South America, he would have found, as he well knew, a very different state of things. Here he would have had to do with a people whose origin puzzles the most profound ethnologists; the inhabitants of a country of whom nothing had been known in Europe, so far as authentic history informs us, before the time of Columbus, and of whose strange story we have but a very imperfect knowledge at the present day.

Yet it may be replied: "But they have long since disappeared as such; if they have not become extinct, they have at least become so closely amalgamated with the Spaniards that they must not be regarded as aborigines." But nothing can be more erroneous than this. It is true

* Democracy in America, vol. i., p. 31.

that in general they have adopted the Catholic religion, retaining, however, many of their ancient pagan rites and ceremonies. As to their ancient customs, it is acknowledged by all intelligent travellers, who have spent sufficient time among them to make themselves acquainted with their character, that they remain almost unchanged. But let us see whether they bear so large a proportion to the rest of the population as would make their influence felt, morally, socially, or politically. For this purpose we turn to a work on statistics published in 1857 by Prof. Condemarin, of the University of Lima, and in which he quotes from the census returns of 1853; in this we are told that the population is 2,500,000. All he can claim as of Spanish descent of this number is 900,000, including those whose parents, or ancestors intermarried with the natives, who form a very considerable proportion of the whole. The number of the descendants of the original inhabitants who have never intermarried with their conquerors is estimated at 1,400,000. If we add to these about 250,000 negroes, we may form some idea of the ethnological character of the modern Peruvians.

In Chili the preponderance of the aborigines is still greater; the proportion which they bear to the people of Spanish descent is very nearly as five to one. The average ratio in the ten republics of South America, between ten degrees north latitude and forty degrees south latitude, is at least four to one. By this, however, we do not mean any disparagement of the aborigines; nor would we have any of our readers suppose that they are savages like the Indians of North America. They have not been so at any period of their history which is known to the moderns; the ancient Peruvians especially had attained a high degree of civilization before the arrival of their conquerors. They undoubtedly possessed a literature; their Incas numbered among them many authors, poets, and scientific men, as well as historians; and they built causeways, aqueducts, and other structures, some of which still remain to attest their skill and taste.*

But their having had a literature, and attained a certain degree of civilization before the arrival of the Spaniards is no sufficient reason why they should succeed in self-government in connection with their conquerors. All who visit them and take pains to make themselves acquainted with their sentiments, tell us that even to the present day they are jealous and suspicious of the Spaniards. And were it

* Journal des Obs. faites en Amerique, vol i., 188.

otherwise should we not rather wonder? Here then we have explanation enough of the failure of the republics thus far; and it is but fair to admit that the same facts explain to us how it is that the empire of Brazil has succeeded much better, become much more stable, more influential, and more prosperous, than any of the seven republics by whose territories it is bounded on the west. Indeed, it is not too much to say that it is more important than all put together.

There is nothing strange in this—nothing that can be fairly used as an argument against republicanism, since the best friends of the latter wrote, centuries before the empire of Brazil was founded, that, under precisely such circumstances as we have mentioned, a monarchy would be much more likely to succeed than a republic. This was the opinion of Pericles and Phocian; of Demosthenes and Aristotle; that is. they thought that, when the people to be governed are heterogeneous and ignorant, a monarchy suits them much better than a republic; and their views have been adopted by the most eminent jurists and statesmen of modern times, including Grotius, Puffendorf, Vico, Burke, and Guizot.

But had no such opinion been ever given by author or orator, our own experience and observation would have pointed out the fact to us. We had only to glance at the empires of China, Russia, and Austria, and see how many different races live in comparative harmony with each other under a monarchy whose power they must all acknowledge. This, however, would not answer our purpose, except it were agreed that the same various races, with their antagonistic prejudices, would be incompetent to govern themselves as a whole. But what thoughtful person who has paid any attention to history doubts the fact? Who is so credulous as to believe, for example, that the Hungarians, the Croats, the Sclavonians, and the Germans, not to mention several minor races, could agree for one year on any system of self-government? The Hungarians would scarcely be satisfied with any law that was proposed by the Croats; the Poles, on the other hand, would oppose any law which emanated from the Hungarians. And was it not precisely on account of those antagonistic prejudices that we had ourselves to pass through the ordeal of the present rebellion, although in our case the combatants on both sides belonged to the same race? Now, when a people of a common origin and of common traditions find it thus difficult to accept the same laws, or to make laws in concert which will be satisfactory to all, how could it be

expected that races so radically different as the Spaniards and ancient Peruvians, Chilians, &c., would be more harmonious or more accommodating to each other.

Whatever may be the faults of Louis Napoleon, he is a shrewd and sagacious man—one who calmly and carefully reflects before he acts. There are many passages in his life of Napoleon which show that he is well aware of the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the two forms of government, according to the circumstances under which they are introduced, or according to the character of the people whom they are intended to govern. Besides the antagonism of races and want of general intelligence to which we have alluded as obstacles to republicanism, he took into account the fact that the greater part of Mexico was a monarchy before the arrival of the Spaniards. It is true that it was surrounded by republics, and that several of these republics were in a flourishing condition. But it would no more follow from this that the monarchy was in danger than it would now follow that the Brazilian Empire, which is bounded everywhere on the land side, all along its immense frontier, by the territories of republics, is in danger. Experience has shown that it is in less danger than any of the republics.

Let us not, however, draw a conclusion from all this which is unfavorable to republicanism, for the facts will not justify us in doing so. If we only consult those who have carefully and dispassionately investigated the subject, we should find that, wherever there was a kingdom or a monarchy in South America, the people consisted of different races which had very little in common with each other. In Mexico, there were the Tulteques and the Aztecs, besides two or three other types less strongly marked. The Peruvians were equally mixed. In general, the Incas are regarded as merely the imperial, or ruling family, the same as the Bourbons, the Guelphs, the Napoleon family, or the House of Hapsburg. But this is an error; it is much more correct to compare them to the Danes, or Normans, while either was the ruling race in England. The Incas, like the Normans, or the Danes, spoke a language entirely different from that of the people whom they had reduced to subjection.*

* " Si comme nous l'avons dit tout à l'heure, nous croyons que c'est un tort de faire du terme d'*Inca*, un pur synonyme de celui de *Quichua*, nous sommes, d'un autre côté, fort disposé à penser que le premier désigne

Now be it observed that, throughout the whole of South America, south of the tenth degree of north latitude, there was no kingdom or monarchy, but Peru; all the other states were republics, in which the people in general had more or less voice in the government. But the instructive and interesting fact is, that wherever there was a republic, there was no mixture of races, no diversity of languages,* no conflicting religious views, no antagonistic prejudices. Nor was this the only distinction observed between the republics and the monarchies. While the latter became an easy prey to the invaders, the former continued to resist for years. This was true, for example, of the Chilians. Pizarro could raise a large army in monarchical Peru with which to invade Chili; time after time he sent such an army, with the bravest of the Spaniards to encourage them, but as often did the Chilians drive all back. It was not until Valdicia raised the largest army which any Spaniard commanded in America up to this time that the Chilians could be induced to agree to any terms. But they refused to be conquered even then; the best he could do was to conclude a treaty of peace and alliance with them, which was duly signed in 1545. This enabled him to build several towns, including Santiago and Conception; but, thirteen years after (1553), when he was suspected of the design of subjugating the state, his whole army was expelled, and he was put to death himself. In short, the republican Chilians continued to resist the invaders for more than a century; even at the end of this period (1641) they only laid down their arms on condition that they could retain the possession of their lands; the ancient Chilians, or, as they were then called, the Araucans, only undertaking on their part not to allow any foreign enemy to land on their shores. Such was the course of the republicans wherever they had an organized government. Be it remembered that the Llascalians fought with equal bravery and resolution after the monarchists had entirely surrendered; nay, while the latter fought in thousands in the ranks of the common enemy.

quelque chose de plus qu'une famille, et que les Incas, qui, politiquement parlant, n'étaient au quinzième siècle que les membres de la famille régnante, representaient en même temps, *ethnologiquement parlant, une race originairement distincte de celle de la population sur laquelle ils exerçaient l'autorité.*"—*De l'Etat du Pérou avant la Conquête.*

* "Toutes parlaient la même langue, et se ressemblaient par la physionomie. Leur teint était d'un brun rousâtre ou cuivré; celle de la partie la plus méridionale, près du Cau.en, était absolument blanche. Les Chiliens étaient principalement agriculteurs; ils cultivaient le maïs et diverses espèces de légumes, la pomme de terre, des courges, le piment, la grande fraise et d'autres plantes indigènes."—*Ibid.*

It is necessary to bear in mind that in the French and Italian as well as the Spanish accounts of the conquest of South America whatever is creditable to the republicans is kept in the background as much as possible.* Nor are the early English writers altogether free from the same charge. Hence it is that we hear so little of the superior intelligence either of the Llascalians, or any other republicans. It cannot be denied that they fought like patriots, like men united by the strongest ties; not only by the ties of a common country, but also by those of a common faith and a common origin. Even in the monarchies the people enjoyed a certain degree of independence, and the intelligent enterprising spirit which generally accompanies it, in proportion as they belonged to the superior race. These characteristics were not so strongly marked either in Mexico or Peru, as they were in Guatemala; but there is sufficient reason for the difference. In Guatemala there was much less mixture of inferior races than in either of the other two monarchies, although more than in any of the principal republics. Accordingly we find that it differed but little from a republic; it certainly differed quite as little as to the amount of liberty possessed by the people, or to the extent of power given to them, as Sparta did from Greece. The difference was sufficient, however, to enable monarchical writers to do justice to the intelligence of the ancient Guatemalans, who, for example, are thus spoken of by Mr. Helps:

"The laws of Guatemala," he says, "appear to have been framed with considerable care. Though the government of the Guatemalans was a monarchy, they had a recognised power, if the king behaved very tyrannically, of calling together the principal men and judges of the kingdom and deposing him. Their laws with regard to theft were curious, and, in some respects, commendable. They made much distinction between great and small thefts; and they graduated their punishments with care, beginning from a pecuniary fine, and continuing, if the culprit showed himself to be a resolute offender, by hanging. Before, however, taking

* There are, however, some honorable exceptions: In speaking of the progress made by the Chilians in the arts and sciences, the Abbé de Molina makes some interesting remarks, from which we translate the following: "They had table utensils, principally earthen, sometimes made of hard wood, and even of marble; they varnished the earthenware with *colo*, a sort of mineral substance; some of their marble vessels were finely polished. They constructed houses of wood and plastered the walls with clay; they had some even of brick, and covered them with reeds. They lived in villages, each of which was governed by an *ulmen*, a hereditary chief, whose authority was limited: this name signifies rich man. They dug canals and built aqueducts: one may still see several of these works, one, especially, near the capital of the country; it is several miles long, and is remarkably substantial."—*Essai sur l'Histoire Civile et Naturelle du Chili.*

the final step, they proceeded to the thief's relations, and asked them whether they would pay all the penalties for him, which, no doubt, in this latter stage, were very considerable. If they would not do so, if—according to their expressive phrase—they had had enough of carrying their relative upon their shoulders, and would make no more satisfaction for him, the man was hanged. This may be thought a clumsy mode of proceeding; but any gradations in punishment and any thought for the offender are proofs of nascent civilization. Barbarism is always clear, uncompromising, cruel, and has not the time or the desire to enter into nice distinctions or limitations."—*Spanish Conquest.*

This is a correct account; but does it not show that the people were much more republican than monarchical? Their kings were quite as much like presidents as the Spartan kings, who had to be elected for limited periods, and who had less power in time of peace than any modern president of a republic, not excepting our own. The same writer who gives this estimate of the ancient Guatemalans and their civilization speaks of the Peruvians also in a manner entirely in accordance with our views, though evidently without any intention of favoring republicanism. He tells us that the people were entirely at the mercy of the Inca, who, calling himself the representative of the Sun, claimed implicit obedience in all things. Even their private property was at his disposal. He divided the land yearly as he thought proper; those who distinguished themselves by their loyalty got more than those who merely kept themselves quiet, or found no fault with his government; while those who gave any evidence of disloyalty got no land, but were either expelled from the country or put to death. In short, the government of the Incas presented an entire contrast to that of any of the republics, and to that of the nominal monarchy of Guatemala. "The whole country," says Mr. Helps, "under their dominion was ruled with the strictness of a Roman army. There were decurions (the word reminds us of a very similar system in Latium), each of whom ruled over ten men; ten of these decurions and their men were under a centurion; ten centurions and their men obeyed another official chief; and ten of these chiefs, with those under their command, formed a department under the sway of one ruler. In the several handicrafts the son succeeded the father."*

The Peruvians, especially, were too cruelly treated by the Spaniards ever to have any love for them. The Chilians were not treated so badly, because, as we have seen, they would not submit to it; the Spaniards were always afraid of

* Spanish Conquest.

them, and are so even at the present day. In either case there could be none of that harmony or sympathy between the inhabitants in general without which a republic could not exist. We must bear in mind that, even after the Peruvians submitted, they were mowed down with grape-shot in the streets of their ancient capital, for no better reason than that they might turn on their conquerors and expel them, if they were not thinned down in this way and inspired with wholesome terror. No people ever forgot such as this. When the Peruvians made no further resistance, they saw that their conquerors turned their bloody arms on each other. No sooner does Pizarro think he has completed the work of subjugation than he causes Almagro, who shared all his dangers with him from the beginning, to be imprisoned and put to death. Not long after (1541) he was assassinated himself, and the son of Almagro was proclaimed governor-general. The latter did not enjoy his power more than a few months, when he was opposed by Vaco de Castro; a battle was fought, and Almagro was killed. What could the Peruvians think of a people who treated each other in this shameful manner?

But their own condition grew worse and worse. The account which Las Casas gives of their sufferings at this time makes one's blood run cold; and be it remembered that he was an eye-witness to many of the atrocities which he describes, and that he went to Spain on purpose to implore Charles V. to afford some protection for the unfortunate people; and we are glad to add that he did not do so in vain. When he described to the emperor how the unfortunate natives were treated, boldly telling him that the only object of the Spaniards was to enrich themselves, and that, in order to do this as rapidly as possible, they pillaged the Peruvians, deprived them of their lands, reduced them to slavery, and made them work like cattle under the lash, the emperor pledged himself to put an end to this, and to punish the oppressors; and as far as possible he seems to have kept his word. He established a sort of local court called the *mita*; appointed a viceroy for Peru, and a court of appeal at Lima. The Spaniards, not wishing to abandon their prey so easily, rebelled against the governor, under the leadership of Gonzales Pizarro, but the attempt did not succeed. Pizarro was taken prisoner, tried as a traitor, and beheaded; and many of his adherents were also executed. For a time the natives experienced some relief; but only to be attacked

again, with, if possible, greater fury than ever. The *mita*, which was undoubtedly designed to ameliorate their condition, only proved a new source of oppression. A remark or two will explain this. First, the natives were habitually plundered, as we have seen, under pretence of taxing them. The object of the *mita* was to put an end to this by allowing the natives to do some work in the mines as an equivalent. But very soon it proved much worse than even the oppression for which it was substituted. Large conscriptions were made annually; every native had to work for periods ranging from ten to fifteen years in the mines. At least one-fifth of the thousands thus occupied perished annually from misery and overwork. It is estimated by the most unprejudiced and reliable historians that not fewer than eight millions of men perished in this way. Would it not be something miraculous if a people put to death at this rate still remained numerous? and would it not be a greater wonder, if possible, if they had any sympathy for the race that treated them so cruelly?

We will, however, note one other means by which the Peruvians were plundered. Even after the establishment of what the Spanish historians call a regular government, the governors of districts had the right to sell the natives all the necessaries of life at such prices as they chose to ask for them. The unfortunate people were left no choice of their own; whatever they were offered they were forced to take at the price laid on it, without any reference to its utility or uselessness. If they were refused, they had to spend double time in the mines or be subjected to the lash. This tried their patience more severely than even the horrible exterminating conscription; being unable to endure the so-called *repartimiento* any longer, they rose in rebellion against their oppressors in 1780, and slaughtered them in thousands without mercy. In the city of Sorata alone—after they had captured it from the Spaniards—they hanged, or otherwise strangled twenty thousand persons.

Still we should not hold the Spanish nation responsible for the horrible cruelties that brought on such a retribution as this; we should bear in mind that those who perpetrated them were, in general, persons who had to leave their country for their country's good. The colonial government as well as the home government generally did its best to repress the ruthless rapacity of the class alluded to. When the complaints referred to above were

made by Las Casas and others, a junta was formed by command of the emperor, which consisted partly of counsellors and partly of ecclesiastics. This body drew up certain regulations which are known in history as "The Laws of Burgos." That these would have relieved the wretched sufferers if carried out, will be readily admitted from the spirit of a clause which declared that "the Indians were free men; that they ought to be instructed in the Christian faith; that they might be ordered to work, but so that their working should not hinder their conversion, and should be such as they could endure; that they should have cottages and lands of their own, and time to work for themselves; that they should be made to hold communication with the Christians; and that they should receive wages, not paid in money, but in clothes and furniture for their cottages."*

Even the enemies of the Spanish nation—those who were best acquainted with the atrocities perpetrated on the Peruvians—have done them the justice to admit that, after all, their virtues were greater than their crimes. This was the opinion, for example, of Sir Walter Raleigh, who bears the following testimony:

"Here I cannot forbear to commend the patient virtue of the Spaniards; we seldom or never find that any nation has endured so many misadventures and miseries as the Spaniards have done in their Indian discoveries; yet, persisting in their enterprises with an invincible constancy, they have annexed to their kingdom so many goodly provinces as bury the remembrance of all dangers past. Tempest and shipwrecks, famine, overthrows, mutinies, heat and cold, pestilence, and all manner of diseases, both old and new, together with extreme poverty and want of all things needful, have been the enemies wherewith every one of their most noble discoverers, at one time or other, hath encountered. Surely they are worthily rewarded with these treasuries and paradises which they enjoy; and well they deserve to hold them quietly, if they hinder not the like virtue in others, which, perhaps, will not be found."—*Raleigh's History of the World.*

It is certain that the Spaniards did much mischief while meaning to do good. Their zeal for Christianity was not content with merely converting the Pagans; they wished to destroy everything, however valuable in itself, which was likely to remind the converts of the religion of their ancestors. Under this mistaken notion they not only destroyed books and manuscripts without number—in short, all they could lay their hands upon—but they made a similar havoc of paintings and sculptures, and even of buildings which should be regarded as fine specimens of architecture. That all this

* Laws of Burgos.

was done only by the ignorant, superstitious soldiery; that the Church, instead of advising any such course, did its best to prevent it, was no satisfaction to the natives; nor does it lessen the losses which science and art have sustained. It did good, however; it was creditable to religion, and contributed greatly to increase its power. Had the Church pursued a similar course to that of the politicians, the people could never have been converted as they were; for it was not in twos, threes or even scores, that they became Christians, while they utterly detested the Spaniards, but that in hundreds of thousands. The whole Christian world as well as the Spanish nation may thank the Dominican monks for this; it was they who forced the worst enemies of Christianity to admit that its influence in the conquest of South America was undoubtedly humane, and that it did much to mitigate the horrors of war.

Before the arrival of the Dominicans from Hispaniola, where they first commenced their mission of peace and goodwill, both the Peruvians and Mexicans regarded Christianity as the most intolerable evil that could be entailed upon them; and the Spaniards as worse, if possible, than the demons whom they described as the inhabitants of the nether world. The natives were astonished that, while the Dominicans were white men too, and came, like their oppressors, from beyond the great waters, they coveted neither land nor gold, ate nothing richer or more palatable than corn and herbs, and drank nothing stronger than water; and what seemed stranger than all was the fact that, instead of trying to do evil, they were disposed to do all the good they could. In a short time the Dominicans gained such an ascendency over the natives that they could induce them to do anything; but instead of advising them to do whatever their oppressors told them, as they were required to do, they informed them that the "Great Chief in the East" did not wish them to do anything but what was right; but, on the contrary, that he would punish those who did them wrong. This so much provoked the Spaniards that they sent special messengers to the court of Madrid to complain of the Dominicans; and they were so successful, too, that the latter had to send some of their number to vindicate their fraternity. Brother Antonio Montesimo appeared at the court as the deputy of the Dominicans, but was refused admission, the king having been persuaded that they had caused great scandal to the church by the seditious doctrines

they preached to the pagan Americans. After waiting in vain several days for an audience, without being able to prevail on any of the porters to admit him, he finally rushed in when he happened to find the door open. His straightforward simple statement soon convinced the king, who promised that, far from being expelled as was threatened, the Dominicans should be protected in their good work.

It was about this time (1535) that Las Casas, who also belonged to the obnoxious order, wrote his celebrated "De Unico Vocationis Modo." It was written in the Latin language, and not printed; but it was soon translated into Spanish, and distributed in manuscript among all who, from their position, had any direct interest in the treatment which it was proper to give the conquered people. Among the precepts which it inculcated were: first, that men were to be persuaded, not forced, to become Christians; and, secondly, that Christians had no right to make war on infidels merely because they were infidels. When one of the governors sneeringly told Las Casas to put his propositions to the test, his memorable reply was: "With God's help I will not only try, but succeed."

This proved no idle boast, as we shall see from an episode which we condense from one of the works before us. There was a province on the northern frontier of Guatemala called Tuzulutlan, which among the Spaniards was known by the name of *Tierra de Guerra*—the Land of War—because the people fought so much like demons that they found it impossible to subdue them. Las Casas was told that these people were not only reckless and blood-thirsty, ready to assail all white men who attempted to approach their habitations, but that "the ways were obstructed by mountains, intersected by rivers, or lost amid dense forests." But nothing daunted by all this, Las Casas undertook to penetrate the forbidden territory, and to change its name into *Tierra del Paz*—the Land of Peace.

He entered into a formal compact with the governor of Guatemala, the only provisions of which were that he and his Dominicans would convert and civilize the refractory district, and that the governor would stand aloof and allow no force to be used. On account of the very bad impression which the natives had received of Christianity from the conduct of the Spaniards, all of whom, from Cortez and Pizarro down to the commonest soldier, were in favor of their conversion, the Dominicans were obliged to have recourse to what

are called pious frauds. They saw that, if they marched openly under the banner of the Cross, they would meet with the fate of many others who had gone on the same errand, without being able to do any good. Their first care, therefore, was to translate into the native dialect some of the cardinal doctrines of the Church. In order to render it as attractive as possible, the translation was made in verse. Their next care was to secure the good will of four native merchants, who resorted several times a year to the Land of War; these were easily induced to commit the verses to memory, and sing them at convenient times within hearing of the cacique and the great lords of Tuzulutlan. They first offered their wares as usual. After having done a pretty good business in disposing of some Castilian novelties, they sang their verses in the cool of the evening, accompanying them by timbrels and drums. It did not take them long to gather a large audience in this way; many were attracted by the novelty of seeing merchants so suddenly turn minstrels; but their wonder was not a little increased by the burden of their song; "for," to use the words of the historian, "the good fathers had not hesitated to put into their verses the questionable assertion that idols were demons, and the certain fact that human sacrifices were abominable."

First the people hesitated; they seemed not to know whether they ought to hiss or do something worse, or applaud; but the merchants did their work so well that it was not long until they decided on the latter. The cacique was one of those who reflect before coming to any important conclusion; so he thought he would hear more. He asked the merchants would they expound to him some of their strange doctrines; but they adroitly declined the attempt with the reply that they merely sang what they heard; they added, however, that there were certain *padres* who could explain what the verses meant. "And who are these *padres?*" asked the chief. In reply the merchants painted pictures of the Dominicans in their robes of black and white with their tonsured heads. They then proceeded to describe the lives and habits of the monks; how they abstained from meat, and did not care for gold or silver, or feathers or cocoa; how they neither married nor associated with women; and how their chief work, day and night, was to sing praises to God. The cacique resolved to hear the strange beings who differed so much from the wicked men settled in Mexico and Guatemala, whose only care seemed to

be to murder and plunder the weak and defenceless. The merchants told him they felt sure the *padres* were quite willing to come, for they were as fond of teaching as they were of praying and singing. The Dominicans had now all the opportunity they wanted, and they were not slow in availing themselves of it. Two or three months after, Father Luis Cancer visited the cacique as the ambassador of the monks, and was most kindly received. The chief was in no hurry, however; he took some weeks to enquire into the nature of the new doctrines. The result was that he became a proselyte, and soon after a zealous preacher of the new doctrine. One historian tells us that "he was the first to pull down and burn his idols; and many of the chiefs, in imitation of their master, likewise became iconoclasts."*

The following year Las Casas took the place of Cancer, and although he had a good deal of opposition to contend against in the remote parts of the province, he fully executed his part of the compact, and Tuzulutlan became literally a "Land of Peace." Although this is but little of what Las Casas did to improve the condition of the natives, it is sufficient to show that he eminently deserved the title of Protector of the Indians, bestowed upon him by the king. We need only add that the cacique was a functionary who corresponded precisely with a modern president; he was elected for five years, and liable to be removed from office for certain specified acts. Thus we see that the republicans were not only the bravest and most patriotic of the ancient inhabitants, but that they were also the most easily accessible to reason, and the quickest to distinguish good from evil.

Having thus vindicated the republicanism of the ancient South Americans, and shown that it is not the principle that is defective in the modern republics, but that the circumstances in which they are placed are unfavorable, there is no reason why we should not consider the claims of monarchy with equal candor. In other words, if we prefer republicanism to monarchy, that gives us no right to misrepresent the latter, or deny that it is suited for any state of society. Those who write in this spirit cannot pretend to have much regard for truth, or, indeed, for common-sense, since there are scarcely any so ignorant as not to be aware that some of the greatest nations of both the ancient and modern world have attained their greatness under monarchies. This is no

* Mier's Travels in Chili and La Plata, vol. i., p. 102.

more a reflection on republicanism than it would be a reflection on Paris or Vienna to say that London is a great and flourishing city. We should bear in mind, then, that, if asked what other American government makes the nearest approach to the United States in stability, prosperity, and influence, at home and abroad, truth requires that we should assign that distinction to the empire of Brazil. We could not assign it to Mexico if she were again a republic to-morrow; nor could we have done so at any time within the last twenty years.

But it was very different when the country was first conquered. Then it had no superior in America. Among the various evidences of the comforts that civilization alone can secure, which surprised the Spaniards on entering Mexico, were its well-ordered market-place and the varied abundance with which it was supplied. Those most disposed to depreciate everything that was creditable to the inhabitants could not deny that the Mexican market compared favorably even with that of the Spanish capital. But if they did not deny this, they tried to rob the pagan Mexicans of the credit of it by representing that among the varieties exhibited to tempt their appetite were the bodies of men, women, and children. It is in vain that Las Casas and other lovers of truth and justice have denounced the statement as an unfounded calumny, for it is repeated to this day in all parts of the world. The latest work on the subject that we have seen is that of Mr. Helps, who evidently has no doubt that the ancient Mexicans were cannibals, although the facts which he states himself in the same page would entirely acquit them of the charge:

"In this vast area," speaking of the extent of the market, he says, "each kind of merchandise had its own quarter, and it would be difficult to specify any kind which was not to be seen there. To begin with the noblest and the most shameful merchandise, namely, that of human beings, there were as many to be found as the negroes whom the Portuguese bring from Guinea. Then every kind of eatable, every form of dress, medicines, perfumes, unguents, furniture, fruit, wrought gold and silver, lead, tin, brass, and copper adorned the porticoes and allured the passer-by. Paper, that great material of civilization, was to be obtained in this wonderful emporium; also every kind of earthenware, salt, wood, tobacco, razors made of obsidian, dressed and undressed skins, cotton of all colors in skeins, painters' colors, building materials, and manure; wine, honey, wax, charcoal, and little dogs. Convenience was well considered; porters were to be hired, and refreshments to be obtained. One curious thing which Cortez noticed was 'that every commodity was sold by number or by measure, and not by weight.' With regard to the regulations under which this vast bazaar was held, it

may be noticed that the Mexicans had arrived at that point of civilization where fraud is frequent in the sale of goods; but, superior even to ourselves in this day, they had a counterpoise in a body of officers called judges, who sat in a court-house on the spot, and before whom all causes and matters relating to the market were tried. There were also officers who went continually about the market-place, watching what was sold and the measures which were used. When they found a false one, they broke it. This market was so much frequented that the busy hum of all the buying and selling might be heard for a league off."—*Helps' Spanish Conquest in America*, vol. i. pp. 127, 128)

All this is in strict accordance with the principles we have laid down as to what renders one form of government more suitable than another. There were still more antagonistic races in Brazil when the present empire was established than in either Mexico or Peru; the former were also much more ignorant than the latter. Now we regret to say that the reverse is the case; the Brazilians are undoubtedly more intelligent than the masses of any of the republics, not excepting Chili, which has made considerable progress in this respect within the last ten years.

Now let us glance at the different states of South America, as they appear on the map, and see what relation they bear to each other in population and extent. That which first attracts our attention is Brazil, with its immense river, the Amazon, which is nearly as large as all Europe, embracing an area of 3,004,460 square miles, and containing a population, according to the census of 1858, of nearly eight millions, exclusive of slaves and savage tribes. Not only are excellent schools established in all the large towns, but also throughout the country, wherever there are pupils to attend them; while there are academies and colleges in the larger cities, which would bear comparison with the best similar institutions in the United States.

Turning to the states of New Granada, Venezuela, and Ecuador, we find that the three comprise an area of over a million of square miles, and contain a population of about 400,282,343. But very little more that is encouraging can be said of these states, admirably situated as they are, being bounded on the north by the Caribbean sea, and on the west by the Pacific, and watered by several noble rivers, including the Orinoco and the Magdalena. The Argentine Republic comes next in point of extent and importance. This too has undergone different changes, calling itself by different names according to the alliances formed by its component states; but at no time has its career been very brilliant. It embraces an area of nearly 800,000 square miles, but its population

scarcely exceeds a million and a half. Bolivia is less than half the extent of the Argentine Republic, but has as large if not a larger population. Having already spoken of Peru and Chili, we need not include them in this brief analysis; but though we also add the republics of Central America, we shall seek in vain for those evidences of intelligence, enterprise, and progress which would inspire us with much hope in the future of South American republicanism.

With these indisputable facts before our eyes, while Brazil so far surpasses the whole tribe of republics, how absurd it is to deny that monarchy has certain advantages in such circumstances as we have alluded to—that is, in countries the populations of which are composed of different races that are strongly antagonistic to each other, and in which education, if there be any, is confined to the dominant race; it is still more absurd, if possible, to maintain that we should not permit any monarchy to be established in this country lest its influence might prove injurious to republicanism. If our advice were asked, we might indeed recommend republicanism as superior to monarchy, but force we have a right to apply only within our own territories.

If the Peruvians or the Chilians wished to change their government into an empire to-morrow, that would be their affair, not ours. For us to attempt to prevent them would be nothing more rational than if a farmer would try to prevent his neighbor from building on his own farm the sort of house which he thought most suitable for his family, merely because the plan of it was different from that of the model house already built.

It is no proper reason to say that the objection is made only for the purpose of guarding against the exercise of European influence on this continent. If this was ever practicable, it would now be too late to prevent it. We should remember that European monarchy exercised power and influence here before our republic came into existence. If Brazil is now an independent American empire, having no more connection with any European power than we have ourselves, it commenced its existence as an off-shoot of the kingdom of Portugal, which was taken possession of by Napoleon. If it was proper to oppose the establishment of an empire at any time, it was proper then; but the American statesmen of the day knew better, and they confined themselves to their legitimate duties.

It is true that Spain has no longer any territory on the American continent; but in the West Indies she has Cuba,

Porto Rico, the Isle of Pines, and two of the Virgin Isles, which embrace an area of nearly forty-eight thousand square miles; France has Guadaloupe, Desirado, Martinique, &c., which comprise one thousand six hundred and ninety-one square miles; even Denmark and Sweden, as well as the Netherlands, have thus each a foot-hold in the immediate vicinity of the American continent. The American territory of England is nearly, if not quite, as extensive as our own; even the czar has his Russian America. Thus seven European powers have territories in America, three of which are powers of the first class; yet some of our politicians, who wish to be regarded as statesmen, affect to be very much disgusted because our government will not get up a quarrel with France or Austria, or both, in order to prevent the growth of European influence, and to encourage a sort of republicanism which has not the spirit to raise a hand in its own defence when one of its principal cities is attacked, after weeks and months of warning, by three or four European steamers.

The truth is, in a word, that the South American republics are republics only in name. They are military despotisms without a military prestige. Their presidents have themselves declared dictators; if they do not then become tyrants as unscrupulous and bloody as most of those who have worn crowns, they are very much misrepresented. Juan Manuel Rosas, of the Argentine Republic, may, we think, be taken as a pretty fair specimen of South American presidents; if he has not done better than others, he can hardly be said to have done worse upon the whole. He was dictator of Buenos Ayres from 1835 to 1852. During all the time that he ruled there was no meeting of the national congress or the constituent assembly. Whether right or wrong, his countrymen say that he murdered not only large numbers of his opponents, but also of the friends who had placed him in power. Be this as it may, his dictatorial powers were not sufficient to maintain peace among the people whose dictator he was, so that France and England had to interfere, in turn, in order to prevent the war raging for years from degenerating into one of mutual extermination. As for the nature of the troubles which have caused these almost constant wars between the different republics, which sometimes enter into confederations with each other, and then, again, attack each other,* even their secretaries-of-war do not seem to have a very clear conception of it

* Nay, at this moment, the Argentine and Oriental republics are in hostile league with the Emperor of Brazil against the republic of Paraguay.

on all occasions. Nor is the record of Peru much brighter or much more creditable to republicanism than that of the Argentine Republic.

In theory the president of Peru is elected by a majority of the people, but in reality he is elected by his money and by his influence with the army—chiefly by the latter. The term which he is supposed to serve is six years; but he may secure his election again and again, and if defeated he may take the field, or his opponent may do so if he succeeds, and in either case there is pretty sure to be more or less bloodshed. For the reasons already mentioned, Chili is not so revolutionary as its sister republics; but it is by no means free from the common failing. Among its most formidable attempts at revolution were those of April and September, 1851. The first was instigated by Colonel Uriola, who had been refused the office of secretary-of-war; and there was every reason to believe that he would have succeeded had he not been killed in a severe battle fought at Santiago between the insurgent forces and those of the government. The September revolt was of a more serious nature; its instigator and leader was General Cruz, the defeated candidate for the presidency. For nearly two months the insurgents were victorious in every battle. Finally, however, the government succeeded, although not by its cannon or musketry, but by its money. The funds of the insurgent leaders ran out, and they agreed to lay down their arms on condition that their personal finances should be improved and a general amnesty granted. There are not many statesmen or jurists who would recommend the acceptance of propositions like these at the hands of insurgent rebels; but the government of Chili had no such nice scruples, and accordingly the money and the amnesty were granted, and the war ceased.

Now, if, in addition to these facts, we bear in mind the condition of republican Mexico for the last twenty years—how it had to guard against attempts at revolution almost every year, and was almost always in a state bordering on anarchy; and how we ourselves, with all our love for republicanism, found it incumbent on us to invade its territories and capture several of its principal cities, including its capital—must it not seem rather absurd to ourselves, as well as to the rest of mankind, that we should make the change of government in any of those republics, but especially in Mexico, a *casus belli* with any nation? No statesman worthy of the name, who has any knowledge of the history of the South American

republics, would seriously entertain such a proposition on pain of being laughed at as a modern Don Quixote. Louis Napoleon understood this very well; fortunately, it is equally well understood by President Johnson. There is, therefore, no danger of a war on our part with France or any other nation in defence of Mexican republicanism, the Monroe doctrine, or any other doctrine that is half as absurd.

Art. VII.—1. *Dissertatio de Ingenio Sophocles.* (Dissertation on the Genius of Sophocles.) Erlangen. 1864.

2. *Opera Omnia, Sophocles.* (The Works of Sophocles.) Paris, 1865.

3. *Leben des Sophocles.* (Life of Sophocles.) Von Gott. Eph. Lessing. Berlin.

4. *The Antigone, with English Notes.* By T. D. Woolsey.

In order properly to appreciate the rank held by the plays of Sophocles, at their proper value, among the tragedies of ancient Greece, we must glance at the origin and gradual development of the Greek drama. Three epochs may be distinguished in the dramatic life of Greece, each well marked and each offering, respectively, phases of existence containing the germs of incipiency, maturity, and decay.

While admiring the exquisite art of Sophocles, the beautiful pictures of ideal life which he has sketched, the magnificent characters, instinct with life and nature, which he has handed down, we could scarcely believe that he is but the exponent of an art cradled amid the orgies of a Bacchic festival. Yet, such is the case; and though Homer had written drama within drama, in the Iliad song, had not the occasion of a dramatic actuation occurred in the Dionysiac festivals, we might now be without an Æschylus, a Sophocles, or a Euripides. The festivals of Bacchus offering the widest field for the display of coarse wit, jest, and personal raillery, those who had private piques to gratify, or resentments to indulge, availed themselves of those occasions; and stimulated by the double motive of promoting their private aims, and of currying favor with the populace, they combined intense sarcasm with broad farce, and even scurrility. Painted with vermilion, bedaubed with the lees of wine, and clad in goat-skins, those nurses of an infant art

danced, attitudinized, and roared out their coarse jests and broad jokes to the delight of a rude and boisterous audience. But the genius of the Greek mind wrought out of such chaos the fairest structure that the æsthetic eye can contemplate, and from licentious buffoonery produced an art higher in the scale of beauty than painting or sculpture.

Although the most commonly received opinion thus refers the origin of Greek tragedy to the festivals of Bacchus, in opposition to that of a few who pretend to find the incipient traces of the drama in the effusions of the old rhapsodists, yet it is not easy to describe the precise steps by which, leaving its larval condition, it received its full chrysalic development. It is certain that no actor appeared at the feasts of Bacchus, and that the proceedings consisted of coarse dithyrambics, uttered in praise of the god, and rendered piquant through hope of obtaining the goat (τράγος) awarded as a prize to the composer of the best song (ᾠδή); and the first recorded improvement was the substitution of an interlocutory personage for those wild narratives. The object of this substitution was to afford an opportunity to the chorus of making whatever changes they deemed proper, and preventing the interest of the audience from flagging in the meantime. But so far no advance towards the drama is perceptible; nor was it till Thespis, using the tailboard of his rough wagon or plaustrum as a stage, introduced an actor, who personated a particular character, that the drama sprang into existence. Here the first step was half the journey, and the subsequent improvements were as rapid as they were numerous. Now that the principal attention became fixed on the actor the chorus sank into secondary significance, and served but to assist the *dramatis personæ* in the evolution of the play. We next hear of Phrynicus, who substituted, for the dithyrambics, verses of a more flowing cadence, and consequently more suitable to tragedy.

But viewing the Greek drama in its positive aspects there can be no doubt that Æschylus is entitled to the appellation of its Father, for not to the rough hewer of stone is the guerdon due, but to him who has chiselled it into life and beauty. Æschylus not only lifted tragedy from its degraded state, but reformed the stage by erecting theatres and introducing theatrical costumes and machinery. Following the popular supposition concerning the lofty stature of heroes and demigods, he elevated his actors by buskins, and prescribed masks to conceal the irregularity or deformity

of their features. We shall afterwards see what a fatal mistake he committed in the introduction of the two last. Hitherto the praises of Bacchus had been the theme of tragic song, and long established custom forbade the intrusion of new subjects; nor was it till the strong objection made by the populace against the first attempts at innovation led to the establishment of separate exercises where Momus held undisputed sway, that tragedy began to soar unimpeded. After this, comedy and tragedy became distinct, and each proceeded in well-marked channels to its proper destination. At first the people missed the *pabulum* of excitement so abundantly supplied in the dithyrambic odes of the Bacchants, but an improved public taste soon sanctioned the change, and the representation of Æschylus' pieces drew constantly increasing crowds. Æschylus had been a close student and an ardent admirer of Homer, and no doubt it was the life-like reality of the personages in the Iliad which inspired him with the thought of bringing before the gaze of the bodily eye pictures which the mental vision so much delighted to contemplate. As most of his characters, therefore, are borrowed from Homer, he cannot be allowed the claim of originality, except in a few instances, where his bold genius has invented situations of startling power, or put into the mouths of his characters utterances of the highest sublimity.

Tragedy having taken its origin, as we mentioned, in the obscure feasts of Bacchus, some of the lowliness of its birth clung to it even in its maturity, and we find that no feature of its parentage so dimmed its lustre, so fettered its upward flight, as the law of the two "unities." The events related at the Bacchanalian feasts being supposed to transpire at the same time and place, it became an established canon in the dramatic art that the action of the play should be restricted in both those respects. Æschylus, as being the first to compose regular tragedies, was the first to feel the enthralling effect of this law, and though his genius constantly strove to burst the trammels thus imposed upon it, he nevertheless strictly abided by this Procrustean regulation. His action, therefore, is simple and without incident, and his characters are rather the impersonations of abstract qualities than flesh-and-blood personages. What his feelings lacked in interesting variety and abundance of incident he sought to supply by what was calculated to stir up deep emotion; in his tragedies he has, therefore, appealed with astonishing power to

the sentiments of fear and pity, and has created pictures whose grandeur inspired Aristotle with awe. But even the perfections of Æschylus attest the incipiency of the art, for his poetic excellence is of an epic rather than a dramatic character, and even those scenes in the Prometheus which challenge our admiration by their sublimity owed much of their power to the restricted appliances of the stage. Thus, while Prometheus is being chained to the rock by Vulcan and his associates, the hero utters not a word; he replies neither to the taunts of power nor to the pity of Vulcan, but maintains a silence which greatly heightens the effect of the scene; nor is it till his persecutors have withdrawn that he breaks forth into violent transports, and calls on the elements to witness his sufferings. This is highly artistic, but, as regards the playwright, unconsciously so, for, Æschylus never permitting more than two actors to speak, Prometheus preserved a mere stage silence. Though Gruppe and Bode offer a different reason for the silence of Prometheus, Geppert* and most commentators after him concur in the explanation given.

While the theatre rang with acclamations of applause during the representation of Æschylus' Prometheus, one among the audience listened in silence, for his polished taste had been shocked by the wild irregularities of this sublime creation, and his lofty but well-disciplined genius assured him that while he might emulate the greatness he might at the same time avoid the imperfections of the "Father of Tragedy."

Sophocles, therefore, determined to enter the lists with Æschylus, and, since it is our more direct aim to discuss the character of this poet as a dramatic writer, we will examine what qualities of mind and person he brought to the proposed task. Liberally endowed by nature with those qualities which constitute physical beauty, he was to the eye the beau ideal of a Greek. On his brow genius and grace sat enthroned, and seemed to woo the laurel leaf with which it was eighteen times crowned. His figure was lithe and elastic, well proportioned and full of symmetry, qualities which he developed to the utmost by a judicious system of physical education. He loved the graceful in everything, and it was this innate good taste which led him to the study of gracefulness, even in his movements, and rendered him passionately fond of music. Often, no doubt, while with lyre

* *Geppert Altgriechishe Bühne*, p. 58.

in hand he woke sweet echoes in the solitude of some sacred grove, did he catch inspirations of those beautiful choral odes which have made the rude Doric dialect of the South the vehicle of the most exquisite melody. During his youth he had cultivated lyric poetry with ardor and success; but the genius of the Greek, delighting in what pleased the eye and charmed the ear at the same time, led him to abandon this species of composition for the drama. With an ear attuned to the most delicate cadences in verse, a taste chastened by the exquisite models of eloquence, poetry, and sculpture which the age of Pericles produced, and a judgment ripened by close study and the observation of the springs of human action, he girded himself for the contest, and in his twenty-fifth year he wrested the prize from the veteran Æschylus, who went into exile humiliated by defeat.

This triumph left him undisputed master of the whole field of drama; nor did any author arise to supplant him in the love of those whose hearts he had won by the touching humanity of his plays. During eighty years he led a charmed life, respected by his fellow-citizens and favored by the gods, sheltered from the stinging shafts of calumny, unscathed by the sarcasm of Aristophanes, and even drawing from the single alloy to his happiness, caused by the undutifulness of his children, a purer gold in the verdict of his judges, which shed new radiance on his name, and brought dishonor to his persecutors. How gratifying to the old man must have been the applause elicited by this beautiful description of Colonus, an applause coupled with a withering rebuke to those sons who accused him of dotage:

"Wherever and aye through the greenest vale
Gush the wailing notes of the nightingale,
From her home where the dark-hued ivy weaves
With the grove of the god a night of leaves,
And the vines blossom out from the lonely glade,
And the suns of the summer are dim in the shade,
And the storms of the winter have never a breeze
That can shiver a leaf from the charmed trees.
For there, oh, ever there,
With that fair mountain throng
Who his sweet nurses were,
Wild Bacchus holds his court the conscious woods among.
Daintily, ever there,
Crown of the mighty goddesses of old,
Clustering Narcissus, with his glorious hues,
Springs from his bath of heaven's delicious dews,
And the gay crocus sheds his rays of gold,
And wandering there forever
The fountains are at play,

And Cephisus feeds his river:
From their sweet urns day by day
The river knows no dearth:
Adown the vale the lapsing waters glide,
And the pure rain of that pellucid tide
Calls the ripe beauty from the heart of earth."

To understand the hidden principle of the Sophoclean tragedies, that which rendered them characteristic of the age and of the poet, we must enquire what peculiarities of Greek education stamped them with their proper n tes, or *tesseræ*. If we read one of the trilogies, either Œdipus Tyrannus, Œdipus at Colonus, or Antigone, we shall be struck by the character of necessity which pervades it. Wretched Œdipus is the toy of circumstances, the very slave of necessity; though informed by the oracle that he will be the slayer of his father and the incestuous partner of his mother's bed, and though striving from earliest life to guard against this horrible doom, every step he takes brings him nearer to the vortex of destruction. The furies let loose hurry him to his fate, and if at times they seem to delay the c tastrophe it is but to render it more frightful. The notion of this bondage Sophocles derived from the doctrine of the ancients, who believed that the gods visited the sins of the parents on their children through many generations, and that, to show their power to men, they contrived to draw from the safeguards wherewith those descendants of guilty forefathers surrounded themselves the very instrument of their ruin. Thus, Œneus, King of the Ætolians, had neglected to offer sacrifice to Diana, who failed not to take vengeance for the omission by inflicting numberless woes on the members of the royal household, and exciting murderous dissensions, which resulted in the death of Meleager, son of Œneus.*

In like manner, a crime committed by Tantalus long caused the descendants of Pelops to be persecuted by the furies, and developed its effects in the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the murder of Agamemnon by Clytemnestra, of Clytemnestra by Orestes, and the persecution of Orestes till expiation had been made.†

As strict adherence to this principle had vitiated some of the plays of Æschylus, robbing them of the human interest which can attach only to those personages who suffer the consequences of their own misdeeds, and are not the mere innocent victims of necessity, Sophocles has departed

* Homer's Iliad, lib. ix., v. 529; Pausan., lib. x., cap. 31, p. 874.
† *Soph. in Electr.*, v. 570.

somewhat from the strict rigor of this principle, admitting just so much of free human agency into his plays as would relieve his characters from complete subjection to inexorable necessity, and would refer the misfortunes of a life to one error at least born of free will. But this requirement satisfied, the error granted, the accountability incurred, subsequent events assume all the characters of dread necessity. Thus the very *eclat* of Œdipus' reign, the love he had won from his subjects, the renown which had carried his name to the extremity of Greece are but links in the sad chain which leads to the termination of his wretched career.

Proceeding in this manner, Sophocles has, in his Œdipus Tyrannus, presented one of the finest conceptions of human life. Œdipus, the doomed victim of divine anger, slew his father, Laius, having encountered him in a mountain gorge, accompanied by a few attendants. This was the first step to ruin; and the rashness with which Œdipus attacked and slew a defenceless old man involved just enough criminality to exempt his after treatment from the charge of cruelty and injustice. After this the unhappy man is borne along on the irresistible current of events, which interlock with so much logical accuracy as to leave no escape possible. In vain does he struggle to free himself from the iron grasp of fate. We see him, an apparently free agent, mapping out the future in his thoughts, and yet encountered at every step by the *Δαῖμων*, who shapes those plans to his destruction. For awhile he stems the tide, but, like a straw caught in an eddy, he lingers for a moment only to be swept more fiercely onward. How wonderfully conformable is this to the analysis of every-day life. An event of slight importance often changes the destinies of a life, which, like a cannon ball glancing from a surface, never after resume their first direction.

In addition to this element of necessity, which is characteristic of the tragedies of Sophocles, we find another principle still more radical, as being of wider application. This consists in the evolution of some idea which is distinct from the plan or conception of the play, but to which the whole play attaches as an allegory to the truth it illustrates. We find this exemplified in the Antigone, the ethical purport of which is to exhibit the conflict between two obligations, one due to a heavenly and the other to an earthly power. Antigone violates the mandate of the royal Creon, and by so doing discharges a duty which a sister's love for a departed

brother imposed on her. Ismene, on the other hand, filled with reverence for the decrees of the ruling powers, refuses to join Antigone, and with true feminine weakness says:

> "Nature formed us women
> Weak and unfit to cope with mightier man."

Nature triumphs in the stronger character of Antigone, but yet the question is undecided whether she had done better by hearkening to the voice of nature or doing the royal bidding. But in this there was something wonderfully suited to the skeptical character of the Athenians, to whom a chronic state of doubt was natural. Long accustomed to the wordy combats of the sophists, they had learned to doubt everything, though they were exquisitely sensible to the beautiful side of truth. For this reason Sophocles abstained from an explicit decision of the question, but by investing the side of truth with all the attractiveness of his pen, he won over the sensitive, impressionable Athenians. For this reason he is praised by some critics, and blamed by others, who maintain that he has made art the exponent rather of Athenian than of universal human nature. In the Trachiniæ, also, we find the same hesitancy, the same reluctance, to decide in favor of either one of two given principles; but here the interest of the play is heightened, and thus, while Sophocles gratifies the wishes of the Athenians, he offers to our gaze a picture full of life, beauty, and truth. Dejanira tells the chorus of the properties imparted to a garment steeped in the blood of the hydra of Lerna:

> "Forever changeless, shall it bind to mine
> The soul of Hercules, that ne'er his love
> Shall burn to others as it burns to me;"

and though apprehensive that there may be some hidden snare in the fatal gift, she endeavors to stifle the small still voice by such special pleading as this:

> "Unhallowed arts I nevèr, never knew,
> Nor seek to know them; for I scorn such baseness:
> But by these spells could I transcend the charms
> Of this young beauty, and revive the love
> Of Hercules—the deed were well essayed,
> If ye approve my purpose—and if not,
> I will forbear the act."

The fatal garment is borne to Hercules, and not till the courier has sped on the way does remorse for some mysterious guilt invade the breast of Dejanira. How true to

nature is this self-chiding after the messenger has departed and recall is impossible!

> "I tremble, virgins, lest my late emprise
> Hath passed the bounds of wisdom and of right."

Here is exhibited a conflict between conjugal love and jealousy, but the unwillingness of the poet to excuse or condemn Dejanira, which is the general impression made on the reader's mind, is felt to have been the occasion of some delicate strokes of art.

But, to appreciate the genius of Sophocles as measured by his plays, our first duty is to enquire what conditions of time, place, and circumstance curbed the bent of that genius, and how far outside influences may account for the faults which are ascribed by some to defect of poetic fire, and by others to pernicious peculiarities of the time and place in which our poet lived. As we before mentioned, the lowliness of origin which marked the Greek drama adhered to many of its features, and therein we will discover many of those restraints on the free and full development of Sophocles' genius.

In the first place, the theatrical necessities of the time forbade the creation of scenes and situations the dramatic effect of which should depend on stage accessories. Indeed, the limited appliances of Greek theatres may be inferred from their having no roof, and being made portable like the canvas tents of travelling circuses. But it was especially in the establishment of arbitrary rules of art that Sophocles experienced the greatest hindrance to the exercise of his dramatic talent.

The mistaken notion entertained by Æschylus, that an elevated stature imparted dignity and grandeur to his personages operated slightly against the artistic success of Sophocles' plays. With Æschylus, whose imagination overleaped all the guards reason and taste imposed, and who sought rather to overawe us by the sublime than to awaken sympathy with what is human, such a mistake did not stand greatly in the way. But Sophocles, who painted men in human colors, at times somewhat heightened, yet always as men, not demigods, felt the restriction imposed by this anomalous theatrical regulation. The straining after a due proportion between the sentiments and the appearance of the actor created at times a stiffness which a strong desire to bring his character to the standard of humanity does not entirely conceal. Yet in most instances his love for the human triumphs; and

no doubt Sophocles was too much engrossed by the æsthetic side of his subject to pay much regard to stage effect. This regard, however, manifests itself in the opening interview between Theseus and Œdipus, in the tragedy of Œdipus at Colonus, but the stiffness vanishes readily, and the interview closes with an interchange of sentiments beautifully human and natural.

Another stage custom, that of wearing masks, proved a more serious impediment to the free exercise of our poet's genius. The unchanging expression of countenance which belongs to a mask calls for a corresponding uniformity in the sentiments expressed by the wearer, and thus is a check put to the kaleidoscopic play of passion we so much admire in Shakspeare, Schiller, and Racine; thus are forbidden those pleasing transitions from the gay to the grave, from the calm to the passionate—transitions so entirely human as to be dependent on the ever-varying causes which excite emotions in us.

But in Sophocles we remark a uniformity in the characters which is more than consistency, and necessarily limits the representation to the exhibition of one phase or aspect of character. Thus, Antigone is exhibited in the same frame of mind throughout. She is always moody, discontented, and defiant, scarcely giving utterance to a single sentiment not entirely consistent with the expression of the mask which she is supposed to wear.

And here by means of this principle we may solve a difficulty which has long embarrassed critics and commentators. It has appeared strange to all that a poet possessed of so much keen sensibility, so touchingly alive to the most delicate and tender influences of our nature, failed to give effect to the Antigone by the employment of that very powerful dramatic lever, love. Antigone, though betrothed to Creon's son, though deeply enamored of him, and though making a full sacrifice of that love through a sense of the duty she owes her brother, never once alludes to it; never in the course of those swan-like dirges, wherein she mourns her early separation from the light and life of the sun, and her untimely consignment to the cold grave, does she mention her love for Hæmon; nor does the poet give a scene where that love might assume all the tenderness and pathos belonging to it. No—Antigone is the same hard nature throughout; nor utters a sentiment in the least at variance with the stern character in which she first appears.

If we accept this as an explanation of the difficulty

alluded to, the fault is chargeable not to the genius of Sophocles, but to the irrational stage requirements he was compelled to satisfy; and no doubt he most acutely felt the cramping effect on his muse of those canons of an undeveloped art.

As time passed on, and the faults of Thespis', Æschylus', and Phrynicus' dramatic laws stood in bold relief, a practical disregard for them succeeded—a disregard especially noticeable in the tragedies of Euripides. Euripides displays greater versatility of manner in the portraiture of his characters, because he valued dramatic perfection more than the conditions of stage success. Therefore is Medea more human than Antigone, as presenting more phases of character, and a more rapid play of passionate changes. At one time she is the injured wife, burning with desire for revenge, and breathing threats of dire import against her husband, Jason, and the royal house of Creon; at another time, nature resumes sway in her bosom, and she laments the sad events which have driven her to such desperate acts; at one time jealous-minded, she swears to slay her own children because Jason loves them; again womanly feeling prevails, and she relinquishes her bloody resolve, but for a moment only, since at last she carries it into execution. In this there is a variety which is natural; for, since the motives of human actions are constantly changing, those actions should exhibit the same grades and shades of mutation.

But the stringent laws which public opinion had sanctioned debarred Sophocles from this source of dramatic power, and forced him to accomplish his results by intensifying the interest of his limited action. This, as we have already remarked, is especially evident in the Antigone, and is noticeable, also, in the Trachiniæ and Philoctetes, and should be considered as one of the chief causes that warped the genius of Sophocles and gave Euripides a wonderful advantage over him.

In many instances, however, Sophocles studied dramatic rather than scenic effect. Thus Œdipus Tyrannus is presented to us in very different colors towards the close of that beautiful tragedy, from those in which we first behold him. Indeed, there is almost the same versatile play of passion which Shakespeare has thrown into Macbeth, and we are disposed to grant the full meed of admiration to the power of the poet who has known how to reduce consistently the magnificent king, boastful, self-reliant, the conscious prop

of the state, to the abject, cowering slave of fate, who, to shun the light, plucks his eyes out with his own hands.

As we mentioned in the case of Æschylus, so also with Sophocles did the law of the unities operate perniciously. No doubt, had unlicensed freedom in respect of time and place been allowed to Sophocles, he would have exhibited the same charming variety in his scenes, the same powerful combination of causes resulting from a free choice of time and place, the same abundance of incidents, the same fertility of invention, the same rapid accumulation of interesting events which characterize the productions of Shakespeare.

Sophocles having composed at a time when public opinion had sanctioned the art-canons of Æschylus, and when public taste had been so trained as to admit of no departure from the established laws of unity, his adherence to unity of time and place is exceedingly strict. The whole action of his plays is comprised between sunrise and sun-down, and transpires on the spot where the scene opens. We find, however, unity of time violated in one instance in the Trachiniæ, where the voyage to Eubœa is performed during the representation, even in the short interval while the chorus are singing an ode; and unity of place is disregarded in the play of Ajax, the chorus separating into two parties, who go in quest of the missing hero. With these trifling exceptions, Sophocles adheres rigorously to the unities, and no greater merit has been achieved by him than the successful manner in which he has surmounted the intolerable restraints imposed on the free flights of genius by those laws. Startling situations, strongly contrasted pictures of life, quick succession of interesting events, variety, incident, and passion were sacrificed to the observance of those two galling conditions. Yet Sophocles' intimate knowledge of the human heart, his quick perception of the main-springs of action, wrought out of the scanty events of a day sufficient interest to awaken all the emotions of our nature.

One other circumstance will bring into full light the obstacles which beset Sophocles' path to poetic distinction, and that is the exceedingly repulsive character presented in the themes of his principal plays. The monstrous history of the Labdacidæ, with all its harrowing details of incest, suicide, and murder, has furnished materials for the celebrated trilogy Œdipus Tyrannus, Œdipus at Colonus, and Antigone; and none but the hand of a consummate artist and the genius of a true poet could have worked out of such

repulsive materials tragedies so much admired for tenderness, pathos, and humanity, and avoided the defœdations incident to the subject. "Never," has it been said, "was there a tale more affecting than that of Œdipus, and never was it told more pathetically than by Sophocles." * Few can concur with the former part of this panegyric, there being nothing less calculated to stir our affections than the history of a man doomed from his cradle to be a parricide and the incestuous partner of his mother's bed. "But the master-spirit of the great poet," says Dale, "has tempered the revolting details of his plot with so much pure human feeling, such pathetic and redeeming benevolence, that our sympathy is never checked for an instant by abhorrence, nor superseded by disgust. We forget the crimes of Œdipus in his misfortunes; nor do we so much regard the murderer, the parricide, the του πατρὸς ὀγοσποροϛ, as the dethroned monarch; the blind, self-devoted, and despairing outcast; the affectionate and miserable father, who, though his children survive, is yet worse than childless, for they only survive to misery, and of that misery he is the cause." †

We have thus far seen the influences which held in check the genius of our poet, and operated against the free exercise of his dramatic talent. We will now examine what beauties he has created, what magnificent conceptions he has shadowed out, what dramatic excellence he attained, and by what particular qualities of poetic spirit he succeeded. In speaking of the unities, we mentioned only two, for these are more essentially the *Greek* unities, as being distinct from unity of action, which, though enumerated among the unities of the Greeks, is a unity of nature rather than of art, and belongs to no time or people. As Sophocles evinced a scrupulous regard for unity of time and place, so did he prove a faithful observer of unity of action, and the logical progression of his plays; or, in other words, their wonderful unity of action, constitutes one of his strongest claims to our admiration.

If we look over the Œdipus Tyrannus, we will feel the full force of this truth. There not an incident occurs which does not bear directly on the final cause of the play, which does not tend to the projected catastrophe. With careful pruning away of every superfluous circumstance, with rejec-

* Knox's Essays, No. clxxvi.

† The Tragedies of Sophocles, translated into English verse by Rev. T Dale, p. 9.

tion of every impediment which might hamper the straightforward course of the narrative, the progress of the play rushes to the denouement like an arrow sped from the bow. "The denunciation of Œpidus against the criminal, so worded from the first as to apply peculiarly to himself; the ambiguous response brought by Creon from the oracle of Delphi; the reluctant compliance of Tiresias with the first summons of the monarch, as though he were constrained by some mighty and mysterious agency which he vainly struggled to control; his subsequent vehemence of prophetic indignation; the profane and arrogant exultation which bursts from Jocasta on the apparent confutation of the oracle by the death of Polybus; the faint solitary hope to which the shuddering monarch clings in that pause of agonizing suspense while he is awaiting the arrival of the Theban slave; the resistless and overwhelming conviction which flashes on his soul at the clear, unequivocal testimony of this last fatal witness;"*—all these are circumstances described with such thrilling power, so rapidly tending to the goal, so closely, so logically united, that the interest flags not for a single moment till, with bated breath, the crisis is reached.

"Nec requies nec mora."

It is in this regular progression of the incidents of his plays, in the consistency of his characters, and in the harmonious drifting of grave and gay life-scenes, of light and shade, of storm-cloud and sunshine, to one purpose constantly, that the conscious art of Sophocles reveals itself. He labored according to rule, and, hence unlike Æschylus, he curbed his imagination, and sought rather to present pictures in which the colors are toned by severe art, than wild and rugged scenes that appal the imagination by their grandeur, but offend taste by their irregularity. It is maintained by some critics that Sophocles departed from strict unity of action in one instance at least, that is, where, after the death of Ajax, it is discussed with much warmth whether funeral honors shall be accorded to the dead hero. But this is more an apparent than a real violation of the rule in question, since among the Greeks no less personal interest attached to the due performance of funeral rites than to the most important acts of life. For this reason, therefore, we must consider the interest depending on unity of action as still continuing in the Ajax

* Dale.

even after the death of the hero. Judging now from the highly artistic effect produced in the tragedies of Sophocles by the observance of the rational laws of composition, and the admirable result of the sacrifice of strong but irregular play of genius to true art, we cannot but regret that the poet's spirit should have been cramped by the more galling rule of the other unities, and that the sacrifice of genius to art should tend to sterility and flatness.

But the interest arising from that enchainment of dramatic incidents which constitutes unity of action is of a logical sort, and addresses itself to the understanding, being widely different from the interest that belongs to the incidents themselves, and appeals to the imagination and the feelings. Pathos in narrative, skilful and effective combination of characters, varied and interesting situations with a due relation between them, are features on which greatly depends the success of a tragedy, and these are features which start to light in almost every line of Sophocles. The Antigone alone will furnish abundant proofs of this, and will fully establish the verdict which ranks Sophocles among the most tender and human of the Grecian poets. Not the most human, perhaps, in the sense that he has probed all the secret springs of human actions more deeply than Euripides, nor that he has given more lifelike pictures of humanity, with its greatness and meanness, its inexplicable chameleon changes from good to bad, from bad to indifferent, and back again—the scale up and down, over and over, never ceasing, ever changing, irregular. But Sophocles is human in the sense that his personages, being always consistent, never uttering but what is entirely consonant with character and situation, win our sympathies from the first and hold them to the last. Thus, Antigone enlists every tender feeling of our nature, fills us with sympathy for her position as she looks with mournful eye on the scenes of beauty and fresh life, which she must quit forever. Here Sophocles pours forth the exquisite sense of life and life-feeling which possessed him with its grace and attractiveness, never descending below nature, never reaching, high on stilts, to thoughts too subtle, too refined, for the situation. Thus, in those melancholy dirges of Antigone, wherein she pours forth her soul in plaintive lamentation, mourning the beauty, grace, and life of the world, we encounter not a word nor a sentiment which does not breathe naturalness and simplicity, which does not excite our fullest sympathy and attune our soul to hers. Those

solemn wails strike our ears like the note of a funeral bell, and fill our hearts with sadness.

"Behold the princes of my native land
Treading the last sad path,
And gazing on the latest beam
Of yon resplendent sun,
To gaze no more forever! The stern hand
Of all entombing Death
Impels me, living still,
To Acheron's bleak shore, ungraced
By nuptial rites. No hymeneal strain
Hath hymned my hour of bliss,
And joyless Death will be my bridegroom now."*

* * * * *

Yes! I have heard by how severe a doom
The Phrygian stranger died
On Sipylus' bleak brow sublime;
Whom, in its cold embrace,
The creeping rock, like wreathing ivy, strained.
Her, in chill dews dissolved,
As antique legends tell,
Ne'er do th' exhaustless snows desert,
Nor from her eyes do buckling torrents cease
To gush. A doom like hers,
Alas, how like hath faith reserved for me!†

* * * * *

O my loved Thebes! and ye
Her lordly inhabitants!
O, ye Dircean streams!

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* Although there is deep pathos in this, it is meagre and feeble compared to the original. The very first line is entirely different from the language of Sophocles; very far from being so natural or tender, *πατρίας πολῖται does not* mean *princes*, but *fellow-citizens, who are likely to sympathise with us in our bereavements.* There is scarcely a line in which there is not a similar defect, yet the translation is one of the best. We make these remarks, not to find fault with it as such, but to show how impossible it is to do justice to the pathos of Sophocles in the English language. Knowing that there is no true Grecian who will not agree with us, we subjoin the original:

"Ορᾶτ' ἐμ, ὦ γᾶς πατρίας πολῖται, Στρ. β'.
τὰν νεάταν ὁδὸν
στείχουσαν, νέατον δὲ φέγγος
λεύσσουσαν ἀελίου,
κοὔποτ' αὖθις· ἀλλά μ' ὁ παγκοίτας Ἀΐδαρζῶσανἀγει
τὰν Ἀχέροντος
ἀκτὰν, οὐθ' ὑμεναίων
ἔγκληρον, οὐτ' ἐπινύμφειός πώ μέ τις ὕμνος
ὕμνησεν, ἀλλ' Ἀχέροντι νομφεύσω."—ΑΝΤΙΓΟΝΗ, 806–816.

† In this the translator succeeds very well, so far as rendering the sense is concerned; but the fine poetry of the original takes wing, though not without leaving a portion of the sublimity. Let the student judge for himself:

"Ἤκουσα δὴ λυγροτάταν ὀλέσθαι Ἀντιστρ. β.
τὰν φρυγίαν ξέναν
Ταντάλου Σιπύλῳ πρὸς ἄκρῳ,
τὰν κισσὸς ὡς ἀτενὴς
πετραία βλάστα δάμασεν, καί νιν ὄμβροι τακομεναν.
ὡς φάτις ἀνδρῶν,
χιὼν τ' οὐδαμὰ λείπει,
τέγγει δ' ὑπ' ὀφρύσι παγκλαύτοις δειρὰδας· ἁ με
δαίμων ὁμοιοτάταν κατευμάζει."—Ib., 824–833.

Thou sacred grove of ear-compelling Thebes!
I here invoke you to attest my wrongs,
How, by my friends unwept, and by what laws,
I sink into the caverned gloom
Of this untimely sepulchre.
Me miserable,
Outcast from earth and from the tomb,
I am not of the living or the dead."

Not alone, however, in delineating the gloomy characters of passion did Sophocles win the admiration of the Greeks. He has also painted in delicate colors the softer sentiments of the heart, and has analysed them with the quick penetration of genius. Thus, in the Antigone, a play usually considered as defective in the sentiment of love, we find a description of the power and achievements of that passion, which is true to life, and is strengthened by brevity and a happy choice of language:

"Love! unsubdued, unconquerable love,
On wealth descending, whose repose
Is in the virgin's cheeks of rose,
Alike o'er trackless ocean dost thou rove.
Or 'mid the lowly dwellings of the grove.
None of the immortals throned on high
From thy pervading power can fly,
Nor man, frail being of a fleeting day;
The heart that feels thee yields to frenzy's sway."

There can be little doubt, therefore, that those who impeached the tenderness of Sophocles' feelings and his deep insight into the capricious subtleties of love wholly misjudged him.

Though we must give our poet full credit for the cultivated taste which led him to the delicate perception of the passions good and bad, love, filial affection, jealousy, and hatred, which agitate the female breast, we cannot but agree with the French critics that he has also frequently violated good taste by the exhibition of mere physical suffering. Thus, in the Trachiniæ, Hercules is greatly lowered by being presented to us writhing in agony, and venting his excessive suffering in pitiful whines. How different is such a wretched object, a prey to cruel anguish, broken down, abject, a very Lazarus, from the demigod, the hero of untold battles, who made the whole land ring with the terror of his name; who slew the Nemean lion, swept the Augean stables, and strangled the hydra of Lerna. It must be acknowledged there is something shocking in this; nor would it be tolerated in the modern drama. Again, in the Philoctetes, we behold the same thing, and here the effect is still more offensive than in the pre-

vious play; for the admirable character with which Sophocles invests the venerable solitary wins our deepest sympathy, and we are unnecessarily pained seeing him, the high-hearted, magnanimous old warrior, more akin to Neoptolemus in child-like simplicity and freshness of feeling than to the astute and wily Ulysses, groaning in the bitterness of bodily suffering, and twisting in the pangs of agony. Therefore, it has taken many high beauties and many fine qualities of art to compensate for the foul blots which blemish this play, and to relieve it from utter condemnation.

The court perfume that spread itself in the train of the magnificent monarch formed too delicate an atmosphere for those exhibitions of genuine nature which involved an approach to violence that would jar on the delicately strung nerves of painted and powdered dames, or would ruffle the artificial feelings of the aristocracy.

The French claim the Greeks as their models, and, distinguishing the so-called classical from the romantic drama, they impute to the latter, to which school Shakespeare belongs, the faults of violence and excessive passion, which they with the Greeks have avoided. But English critics blame Sophocles for wounding us by the painful spectacle of Philoctetes wrung with bodily pain. In one instance, however, the physical degradation of the hero heightens by contrast the effect and power of the scene. This occurs in the Œdipus Colonus, where we behold Œdipus in the lowest state of destitution and misery, in rags, blindness, and beggary, but in heart a king, and by the gods invested with the majesty of one, for on him still depends the fate of the most powerful state of Greece.

There are scenes of a different nature which exhibit the tumultuous emotions of the mind on witnessing grand and awful phenomena, and these Sophocles portrays with the power of genius tempered by the skill of art. So well does he combine the features of awful power with the corresponding emotions of the mind, that Longinus has ranked the closing scene in Œdipus Colonus among the sublimest conceptions of poetry,* and none who read the passage in connection with the play will withhold assent from the judgment of this great critic. After Œdipus had ended his first interview with Theseus, he tells him that the doom which would bring happiness to Athens was now impending. Thereon

"The infernal Ione deep thundered from beneath,"

* *Περι υψους.—Sect. XV.*

and the old man unlooses his squalid garments, and bids his daughters bring him a pure libation; he is arrayed in funeral robes, awaiting the solemn moment. Again the deep-voiced thunder is heard; his daughters clasp the dying monarch's knees, and smite their breasts with wailings long and loud; he addresses them affectionately, and when their sobs are hushed,

> "Silence ensued,
> A silence, oh! how awful! From beneath
> With deep mysterious voice, called one unseen,
> While our damp hair in stiffening horror stood.
> Again, and yet again, the god exclaimed:
> 'Come, Œdipus, why pause we to depart?
> Come, Œdipus, for thou hast tarried long.'"

Thereupon the king calls Theseus, entrusts his children to him, bids them a fond farewell, and dismisses all, allowing Theseus alone to remain as a witness of the manner of his going out. All retire for an instant, and returning behold Œdipus no longer.

> "We marked the King alone with close-pressed hands,
> Shading his brow as if appalled by forms
> More terrible than human sight can bear.
> A few short moments, and we saw him bowed
> Prostrate, adoring in one prayer the earth,
> And high Olympus dwelling of the gods.
> But what the vanished stranger's wondrous fate,
> Save Royal Theseus, man can never tell,
> For neither red and angry bolts of Jove
> Consumed him as he stood, nor maddening storm
> Hath swept his relics to the rolling sea.
> Some god conveyed him hence o'er yawning earth,
> Oped a new passage through her pathless caves,
> A painless passage to the realms of peace."

There is in this the quiet of sublimity; the deep repose and hushed stillness; the overt intervention which mysterious power imposes is more sublime than even Milton's combat, with its uplifting of mountains and hurling of mighty hills, adown whose sides streamlets still flowed, as they were flung careering through space. The figure of the king, as he shades his brow,

> "As if appalled by forms
> More terrible than human sight could bear,"

is a picture so life-like that, in looking on it we can feel a thrill run through our veins, as if we contemplated the reality. But with these beauties so elevated, so exquisitely pure, and so severely classical, Sophocles has failed to elicit nature from the contrasted exhibition of human strength and human

weakness, vice and virtue, in their multiform shapes and numberless shades. Whatever genius he possessed was thus dwarfed in many instances by the requirements and laws of Athenian art.

Goethe in the prologue to Faust, remarks: "But most particularly let there be incident enough. People come to look; their greatest pleasure is to see. If much is spun off before their eyes, so that the many can gape with astonishment, you have then gained in breadth; immediately you are a great favorite. You can only subdue the mass by mass. Each eventually picks out something for himself. Who brings much will bring something to many a one, and all leave the house content." Though this is spoken in sarcasm, it embodies a great truth, a truth the observance of which has made poets the idols of the popular heart and ensured to them undying fame. Sophocles is then too much the child of art, greater by his art than Æschylus, yet rendered by his art inferior to Euripides. Æschylus was a poet of the epic sort, and his dramas have all the grandeur of the Epopee, its supernatural machinery and the constant *Deus intersit* to cut short difficulties and solve situations; he has impersonated the abstract qualities of the imagination; he has given to strength an intensity of force unsurpassed; he has embodied in towering personalities conceptions of terror, pity, and hate in such a manner as to give these passions full and unlimited sway over the natures they possess. Sophocles on the other hand, with less epic genius, had true dramatic power.

He had an adequate idea of the laws of probability; he knew where to seek for the materials of his works, not in the shadowy walks of mythology, but in the traditions of his country, those traditions which flitted between the dim realms of fable and the light of history; he sought to give reality and life to his characters by combining different phases of human nature in the same personage, thus elevating them above the abstract impersonations of Æschylus. Sophocles was an artist, conscious of the rules which guided him. Æschylus was the wild untutored child of nature; when an artist, unconsciously so, but endowed with a genius which could not brook restraint. Sophocles employed language severely simple, knowing that thus art approaches nearest to nature. Æschylus' words were "wedged like one who rends timber breathing with gigantic strength,"[a]

[a] Aristophan. Ran., 825.

yet because he is unconscious of effort he is constantly natural. Æschylus, enamored of bombastic and high-sounding words, uses them unsparingly and often shocks good taste. In fine, Æschylus is the type of art in its infancy when nature riots regardless of rule, and Sophocles is the type of art controlling nature, holding it in check, and yet often cramping and disabling it. The passions in Æschylus are dimly traced: they are simple and elementary, they do not vary in alternate risings and fallings. The passions in Sophocles are *dramatic:* they ebb and flow, they are subtle and contradictory, and yet are always natural.*

If we place Sophocles in contrast with Euripides, we will notice less difference; but yet a difference well marked. Sophocles is more artful than his successor, more studied, more classical; he, therefore, lacks the richness, breadth, and variety of Euripides, but far surpasses him in true dramatic power. Euripides tells the story of his play in the prologue, and leaves nothing but the evolution of the catastrophe for the body of the drama; moreover, he is prolix, even garrulous, subtle and refining, a mouth-piece for the doctrines of Anaxagoras. As we before remarked, Sophocles carefully excludes whatever tends not directly to the unfolding of the plot. He is too much of an artist to make his plays the vehicles of moral disquisition, and herein he is vastly superior to Euripides.

Aristophanes has assigned the first place in the drama to Æschylus, the second to Sophocles, and the third to Euripides, though the probability is that, had not Æschylus been the first, he would not have been considered the greatest of the three. The influence of Sophocles has been most felt in modern European drama, for he has been looked upon as the archetype of the Greek drama, the poet who filled Greece with the mid-day splendor of art. For this reason we find those poets who affect a love for the classical drama select Sophocles as their model, and appeal to his works as the standard of Grecian excellence. In England the influence of Shakespeare has been too potent to admit of a Greek rival, but in France, where Corneille disputes it with Racine, rival art has crept in, and for a long time it was debated whether the modern or antique classical school of art were the better entitled to the palm.

La Harpe, the great admirer of Voltaire, considers that author's Sophoclean plays superior to the original; but La

* Patin, p. 37.

Harpe is the organ of French taste, which is very different from the Grecian. Moreover, had not Voltaire discovered in the dramas of Sophocles beauties and merits which his own unaided genius could not reach, he would not have selected them as a model. Yet, with that unaccountable perversity of mind which distinguished him through life, he denies the artistic excellence of Sophocles, and claimed to have surpassed him in many points; less modest in this than the illustrious Racine, who sought to temper and guide his own genius by models of Grecian art. Voltaire considered the chaste simplicity of Sophocles, his classical taste and severe adherence to the rules of art, as lifelessness, as giving mere statuesque effect instead of the warmth and rich coloring of life. He, therefore, attempted, *en petit maître*, an improvement which was to result in the establishment of French taste and genius over Grecian, and in the overthrow of Attic ascendancy. But we will see whether Voltaire succeeded in his design. To mark more strongly the difference he conceived to exist between the ideal standard of dramatic excellence and that reached by Sophocles, he selected the story of Œdipus, a dramatization on which Sophocles had expended all the elegance of his exquisitely pure imagination, its brilliancy, warmth, and elevation, the utmost severity of art, and that polish which much toil and the frequent *kind labor* could bestow.

Let us now compare Sophocles' opening of the Œdipus Tyrannus with the manner in which Voltaire manages the same scene. The latter brings before us an interview between Philoctetes, whom he has substituted for Creon, and a Theban who relates all that had lately taken place within the walls of Thebes. How different this from the magnificent spectacle with which the Grecian poet opens the scene! The people, young and old, rich and poor, wise and foolish, flock with one accord to the royal house of Œdipus, whom they revered as children would a father, beseeching him to check the terrible scourge which was devastating their beloved Thebes. He consoles them, he cheers them, and assures them he will leave no means untried to lighten the weight of sorrow which oppresses them, and they, even amid the terrors which impend, burst into a hymn of thanksgiving to so wise and provident a king. When we contrast this with the accumulated horrors which so rapidly ensue, we recognise the deep art of the poet, the cunning weaving together of incidents apparently disconnected, and their

swift concurrence to a most terrible catastrophe. When we contrast it with the sudden arrival of Creon crowned with laurel, the bearer of the Delphic oracle, with the deep emotion and religious gravity of the choral ode which follows Creon's recital, we are impressed by the deeply tragical nature of the scene and the wondrous art displayed in its construction. Instead of this, Voltaire is flippant in speech and common-place in sentiment in the interview between the Theban and Philoctetes. Jocasta, who is a frivolous character, selfish and irreverent, is a frequent interlocutor in the Œdipus of Voltaire, whereas Sophocles used her sparingly, and only towards the end, where her presence heightens the tragical effect of the play, and gives force to the impending catastrophe. Sophocles permits a messenger to relate the death of Jocasta. Voltaire, with affected philosophy, puts these words into the mouth of the dying queen:

"Au milieu des horreurs dont le destin m'opprime,
J'ai fait rougir les dieux qui m'ont forcée au crime."

Very like the subtlety of Lucan, but entirely removed from the simplicity of Grecian genius. We find another consequence of tampering with faultless models in the scene between Jocasta and Œdipus—a scene which, in the Greek poet, much resembles that between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth after the murder was done, regarded as a most truthful exhibition of the powers of remorse, as this is of intense anxiety. When Œdipus began to suspect the fearful truth, he plies Jocasta with serried questions, fast and frequent, about Laius, his age, appearance, and the circumstances of his setting forth from home, and Jocasta answers with a brevity and pointedness entirely in keeping with the anxiety of the monarch

"*Jo.* My Œdipus, what means this wild dismay?
Œd. Oh! ask not, ask not, tell me of this Laius:
What was his aspect, what his age? Or speak!
Jo. His port was lofty, the first snows of age
Had tinged his locks, his form resembled thine.
Œd. Wretch that I am, on mine own head, it seems,
Have I called down this dread destroying curse.
Jo. How says't thou, king? I tremble to behold thee.
Œd. I fear the prophet saw, alas! too clearly.
One question more, and all will be disclosed.
Jo. I tremble, but will truly tell thee all.
Œd. Went the king private, or with many guards
Encompassed, as became his regal sway?
Jo. His followers were but five—a herald one,
Sole rode the monarch in a single car."

Here we have a scene which, for nature and simplicity, cannot be surpassed; but contrast with it the cold declamation of Voltaire:

"Dépeignez-moi du moins ce prince malheureux.
Jo. Puisque vous rappelez un souvenir fâcheux,
Malgré le froid des ans, dans sa mâle vieillesse,
Les yeux brillaient encore du feu de la jeunesse,
Son front cicatrisé sous ses cheveux blanches,
Imprimait le respect aux mortels interdits,
Et si j'ose, seigneur, dire ce que je pense,
Laïus ait avec vous assez de ressemblance,
Et je m'applaudissais de retrouver en vous,
Ainsi que les vertus les traits de mon époux."

Voltaire had dramatic genius, but he was not sufficiently imbued with the spirit of the antique to attempt an imitation of Sophocles, and he has, therefore, given a philosophical polish instead of Grecian simplicity; he has given warmth and rich coloring instead of the energy and rapid action of Sophocles. Yet Voltaire is the champion of modern art, whom La Harpe opposes to the poets of the ancient Greek school, and especially to Sophocles; but herein even his compatriots differ from the most laborious French critic of the eighteenth century; and however he may admire Racine, they withhold the fame from Voltaire. In Germany, where the romantic school prevails, the beauties of Sophocles are not appreciated, for the German mind condemns too strongly, and in denouncing what it calls the straight-laced art of Sophocles it neglects or fails to discern those beauties which are hidden from unsympathetic souls. Hence the labors of German critics in the department of the Grecian drama are mostly commentatorial, as shown by the deep studies and laborious researches of Brunck in regard to Sophocles.

The style of Shakespeare is too dominant in England and in Germany, where Goethe and Schiller are modelled after Shakespeare, to admit the hope of a revival of the Grecian drama, for even Antigone, the best adapted of all Sophocles' plays to modern histrionic power, never met with encouraging success in either country. Nor, indeed, is it to be wished that an exotic should ever supplant the healthy indigenous art that belongs to each; but the rules of art are immutable, and there is no doubt that a strict adherence to them, such as was rendered imperative in Greece, would lift our modern drama high out of the slough into which it is rapidly sinking. It was this art which made Sophocles the bee of Attica and not a hornet; with a sting sharp indeed,

but not fatal; it was it that curbed the restless imagination which made Æschylus run wildly riot; it was it that imparted that vein of humanity which runs constantly through Sophocles' plays, and relieves the grim character of necessity, which would otherwise have entirely darkened them.

Considered in a moral point of view, no poet could have contributed more effectually to elevate the moral sentiment of his countrymen than Sophocles. Cicero called him the *divine poet*, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus cannot too highly praise the dignity of his characters, their magnanimity and their utter contempt of meanness. Perhaps there is no feature in the creations of Sophocles' imagination we more admire than the evenness of mind and temper with which he endues his principal personages—qualities of character which are the surest safeguard to virtue and the shortest course to wisdom. Indeed, philosophy presents us no more admirable spectacle than a man who bears with undaunted courage the ills of fortune, and knows how to temper his joy in prosperity. If this were apathy or the result of an abnormal constitution of mind, it would not interest us; but when we see a strong will guide the passions, and sometimes reel in the struggle, we recognise a nature that is human, and at once our keenest sympathy is awakened. Thus Sophocles, in his Œdipi, exhibits the mind at first overwhelmed and paralysed by sudden calamity, but, as it recovers from the shock, rising gradually above the vicissitudes of fortune, and at last reaching that calm elevation where the tempest of passion never rages.

In him we notice the mild philosophy which places happiness in the faithful discharge of duty, and offers as the sweetest reward to well-doers the consciousness of having pleased the gods. No matter how dreadful the calamities which thicken around us through life, and leave no moment free from retributive fate, there always remains, according to Sophocles' philosophy, the sweet hope that virtue will receive its reward, and this, like a mild ray, lightens the gloomiest hour of life. Iron necessity hurries wretched Œdipus through every degree of misery down to its lowest depths yet he is not utterly abandoned and destitute of hope; for his good actions, like a bright chain, link him to heaven, and at last lift him to its brightness and bliss. On the other hand, Creon is punished for his duplicity and cruelty, by seeing all his hopes blasted, his son and wife fallen by suicidal hands, and himself gnawed by remorse. How admirable,

too, are not the lessons of virtue, and the sentiments of elevated morality inculcated in the choral hymns? The choir composed of venerable sages, whose hairs had grown blanched in the study of wisdom and the service of the state, sets forth in brilliant verse the charms of a virtuous life, the favors bestowed by the gods on those who do their behests, and the happiness in store for them hereafter. This is the *rôle* assigned, indeed, specially to the choir, as Horace says, the *officium virile*, and hence we find them the undeviating friends of virtue and wisdom, even at the risk of incurring the displeasure of their sovereigns, nor could Sophocles have aimed a more keenly cutting thrust at the Thebans, the constant enemies of Athens, and whom Demosthenes always delights to call stupid and barbarous, than by rendering their chorus in the Antigone, the pliant tool of the tyrant Creon. If the beautiful thoughts and sentiments glowing with sound morality, which adorn the choral effusions of Sophocles, were placed in one setting, they would sparkle with a brighter effulgence of philosophy and truth than all the tedious rhetorical dissertations of Euripides. Having written in the halcyon days of Grecian literature and art, Sophocles had within reach all that could charm the eye and ear, delight the imagination, or enrich the intellect; he was in hourly converse with the men who made the glory of Pericles' reign, for whose companionship he forfeited the favors of kings; he had contemplated the divine works of Xerxes, and the sculptured marbles of Phidias; he had communed with the divine Plato, whose philosophy sparkles in his tragedies like gems; he had marked with a seer's eye the speedy downfall of his country, and he strove by his genius to intensify that flame of intellect which made Greece the beacon light to all nations, but which was at the same time the certain forerunner of her decadence.

ART. VIII.—*Report of the Congressional Committee on Reconstruction.* Washington, June 8, 1866.

WE have carefully examined this document, and have failed to find in it any statesmanlike views. It breathes a partisan spirit throughout, and exhibits much more passion than reason. We certainly do not take it up with any disposition to find fault; on the contrary, we should rather commend than censure it, if we could do so conscientiously. But our impression of it is that it is decidedly mischievous;

we think that a more injudicious state paper could hardly have been issued at the present moment.

By this we mean no justification of the South in its attempt to dismember the nation; not one of the gentlemen who sign the Report was more opposed to the rebellion than we, or was more pleased at its suppression; for we have always felt that it was the interest of the South, as well as of the North, that the Union should be maintained in its integrity. The Federal Government proved itself able to maintain it accordingly; but as soon as the rebels laid down their arms, and agreed, through their leaders and representatives, to return to their allegiance, the only true policy towards them was one of conciliation.

The experience of the world sustains us in this view. Even despots find it their interest to be as gentle as possible to those whom they have conquered; and when they do otherwise, they not unfrequently acknowledge their error when it is too late. If it be admitted that a foreign people who have been conquered ought to be treated mildly, in order that their addition to the nation may increase its strength—and such is the opinion of all statesmen and jurists of any eminence—can it be pretended that it would be right to treat former subjects or citizens in the opposite spirit?

Nothing could be more illogical or more unjust; and yet this is precisely what the document before us advocates. There is really no parallel in the history of any constitutional government for the course which the Committee would pursue towards the states lately in rebellion, if its members had their own way. We have instances enough of large sections of country rebelling against the existing government; rebellions have occurred in almost every country in Europe, not excepting England, the Netherlands, or even Switzerland; but in not a single instance have the rebellious districts been treated in a vindictive spirit as conquered states. In nine cases out of ten a general amnesty has been granted—none being punished except, perhaps, the leaders—and from a careful examination of the facts, we are enabled to say that it is in those few cases in which the vindictive or "precautionary" policy was pursued, that subsequent revolts have most frequently occurred.

For our present purpose we need not go beyond the revolt of the seven Cantons of Switzerland, which took place some fifteen years since. In this case, too, the rebels fought as well as they could; they did all in their power to

destroy the federal army sent to subdue them. When they saw they could not do so, but were in much more danger of being destroyed themselves, they laid down their arms precisely as our rebels did, the only difference being that the former were not able to hold out as long as the latter. For the rest, the conquered Swiss talked precisely as we are told the conquered Southerners have done; that is, they said to the federal government something like this: "We have submitted because you are stronger than we; not because we think you are right and ourselves wrong. Nay, we dislike you now more than we ever did before, and we freely admit that, if we felt strong enough to-morrow to accomplish our purpose, we would rebel again."

In the document before us great stress is laid on language of this kind; and lest this might not be sufficient to excite our indignation and our fears to the proper pitch, we are also informed that the Southern rebels sometimes speak offensively of our flag as well as of our freedmen. The rebel Swiss had, indeed, no manumitted slaves to insult, but they certainly spoke offensively of the flag under which they were forced to return. At the same time many rebel officers went into exile, proclaiming to the world that they preferred doing so rather than render any allegiance, even under compulsion, to the oppressive federal government. Still the Diet issued no report boasting of the great conquest it had made, and detailing every fact and incident calculated to degrade and irritate the conquered. If it did issue a public document, it was a proclamation announcing to the rebels that they had only to be peaceable and orderly citizens in future, in order to secure the same rights and privileges enjoyed by those who had not rebelled at all. The leaders of the rebellion were excluded from office for a time; but, with one or two exceptions, even they were fully pardoned before the end of the second year.

Well, what has been the result? Have the Swiss rebels taken advantage of the mildness and generosity with which they have been treated? Have they embraced the earliest opportunity to rebel again? The reverse is true. In two years after the battles which subdued them were fought they were as loyal as the most zealous of those who fought against them.

Were there not so much anarchy in the South American republics, we might quote several of them, too, in illustration of the same principle. But suffice it to refer to the Chilian

rebellion of 1861. In this case, also, the rebels did immense damage to life and property, and they fought until they were completely overpowered. Yet there was no attempt to make aliens of them; as soon as they surrendered to the government, expressed their willingness to return to their allegiance, and promised not to disturb the peace of their common country in future, all their former rights and privileges were restored to them. The Chilian rebels, too, be it remembered, were by no means pleased at being overpowered; they were, perhaps, as much displeased as our rebels, and said as "disloyal" things. They even insinuated that, if Chili should be engaged in a war with Spain or Brazil, or any other power, the probability was they would avail themselves of the opportunity thus presented to be revenged of the Chilian government. Instead, however, of seeking to do any mischief to the republic, none have been more loyal to its flag from the time this ebullition of anger passed away to the present moment.

But before we make any further remarks on the Report of the Committee, we will let those who issue it speak for themselves. Although our extracts must necessarily be brief, while the Report is enormously long for a document of its kind, none who do not see the whole need complain of this brevity, for we extract the pith of the whole paper—indeed every paragraph which contains a single fact or observation which any one need care to read; more than nine-tenths of the whole six closely printed newspaper columns being filled with the dullest platitudes and driest details that are familiar to everybody. While it is true that it omits nothing which might be supposed to irritate all classes of Southerners, with the sole exception of the negroes, it is not difficult to see that its chief burden is opposition to the President. The Committee do not avow this opposition, or anything of the kind; on the contrary, they sometimes quote his language against the rebels; but they do so in order that they may seem the more impartial and fair when they insinuate that he has been guilty of usurpation, and has proved himself wanting in judgment and understanding. Referring to his appointment of provisional governors, the Report proceeds as follows:

"They had no power known to organize civil governments nor to exercise any authority, except that which inhered in their own persons under their commissions. *Neither had the President or Commander-in-Chief* any other than military authority. It was for him to decide how far he would exercise it, when, how far he would relax it, when and on

what terms he would withdraw it. He might properly permit the people to assemble and to initiate local governments, and to execute such laws as they might choose to frame, not inconsistent with nor in opposition to the laws of the United States. And, if satisfied that they might safely be left to themselves, he might withdraw the military forces altogether, and leave the people of any or all of those States to govern themselves without his interference. In the language of the Secretary of State, in his telegram to the Provisional Governor of Georgia, dated October 28, 1865, he might 'recognise the people of any State as having resumed the relations of loyalty to the Union,' and act, in his military capacity, on this hypothesis. All this was within his own discretion as military commander. *But it was not for him to decide upon the nature or effect of any system of government* which the people of these States might see fit to adopt. This power is lodged by the Constitution in the Congress of the United States, that branch of the government in which is vested the authority to fix the political relations of the States to the Union, and to protect each and all of them against foreign or domestic violence, and against each other."

In this we have the animus of the whole document; it shows plainly enough that, in making all those elaborate investigations of which we have been hearing so much for six months, the Committee have been much more intent on making preparations for the election of a new President than on the reconstruction of the Union—vastly more intent, we fear, on their own interests than on those of their country. But if there are any who doubt this let them hear a little more in the same strain:

"When Congress assembled in December last, the people of most of the States lately in rebellion had, under the advice of the President, organized local governments, and some of them had acceded to the terms proposed by him. In his annual message he stated, in general terms, what had been done, but he did not see fit to communicate the details for the information of Congress. While in this and in a subsequent message, the President *urged the speedy restoration of these States*, and expressed the opinion *that their condition was such as to justify their restoration*, yet it is quite obvious that Congress must either have *acted blindly on that opinion of the President*, or proceeded to obtain the information requisite *for intelligent action* on the subject. The *impropriety* of proceeding wholly on the judgment of any one man, however exalted his station, in a matter involving the welfare of the Republic in all future time, or of adopting any plan, coming from any source, without fully understanding all its bearings and comprehending its full effect, *was apparent*. The first step, therefore, was to obtain the required information. A call was accordingly made on the President for the information in his possession as to what had been done, in order that Congress might judge for itself as to the grounds of the belief expressed by him in the fitness of the States recently in rebellion to participate fully in the conduct of national affairs. This information *was not immediately communicated*. When the response *was finally made, some six weeks after your Committee had been in actual session*, it was found that the evidence upon which the President had based his suggestions was incomplete *and unsatisfactory*."

The object of this is to show what a blunderer the Presi-

dent was; if, indeed, he was not something worse; that is, if he was not disposed to exercise his official influence to restore to the rebels such power as would enable them to carry out their worst designs against the integrity of the nation. Further than that Mr. Johnson has, in our opinion, proved himself a very different man, both as Governor of Tennessee and President of the United States, we have no interest in seeking to vindicate him from the charges thus covertly but plainly made against him; for we have never seen the gentleman, nor had any communication with him; and the gentlemen who make this report are, one and all, equally strangers to us. We take the liberty of making some criticisms upon the paper before us, through no other motive than that it is unwise and unjust; unwise in exciting new strife instead of attempting to allay the old, and unjust in imputing dishonorable motives to one whose proclamations and official acts generally have elicited the approbation of every unprejudiced mind, at home and abroad, who is competent to form an intelligent opinion on true statesmanship. Again and again they recur to the conduct of the President, finding something wrong and reprehensible in everything he does; if he cannot furnish information as soon as they want it, the clear inference is that he desires to conceal his own stupidity, or, what is worse, his evil designs:

"Failing to obtain the desired information, and left to *grope for light* whereon it might be found, your Committee did not deem it *advisable or safe to adopt*, without further examination, *his suggestions*, more especially as he had not deemed it expedient to remove the military force, to suspend martial law, or to restore the writ of habeas corpus, but still thought it necessary to exercise over the people of the rebellious States his military power and jurisdiction. This conclusion derived still greater force from the fact, undisputed, that, in all these states, except Tennessee, and perhaps Arkansas, the elections which were held for state officers and members of Congress had resulted almost universally in the defeat of candidates who had been true to the Union, and in the election of notorious and unpardoned rebels, some who could not take the prescribed oath of office, and who made no secret of their hostility to the Government and people of the United States. Under these circumstances anything like hasty action would have *been as dangerous as it was obviously unwise.*"

That is, the course of the President was as "dangerous as it was unwise." After a few paragraphs of this kind, the Committee indulge in fears, very much like those entertained by old ladies who have once been greatly frightened; after they have relieved themselves to some extent in this way, they return to the President and give him another scratch, or two. As a specimen of these little episodes we quote the following:

"They continued this war for four years with the most determined and malignant spirit, *killing in battle, and otherwise, large numbers of loyal people*, destroying the property of loyal citizens on the sea and on the land, and entailing on the Government an enormous debt, incurred to sustain its rightful authority. Whether legally and constitutionally or not, they did in fact withdraw from the Union, and made themselves subjects of another Government of their own creation, and they *only yielded* when, after a long and bloody and wasting war, they were compelled by utter exhaustion to lay down their arms; and this they did, *not willingly*, but declaring that they yielded because they could no longer resist, affording *no evidence whatever of repentance of their crime, and expressing no regret* except that they had no longer the power to continue the desperate struggle. It cannot, we think, be denied by any one having a tolerable acquaintance with public laws, that the war thus waged was a civil war of the greatest magnitude. The people waging it were necessarily subject to all the rules which, by the law of nations, control a contest of that character, and to all the legitimate consequences following it. One of these consequences was that, within the limits prescribed by humanity, the conquered rebels were at *the mercy of the conquerors*. That a government thus outraged had a *most perfect* right to exact indemnity for the injuries done and security against the recurrence of such outrages in the future would seem too clear for dispute."

It is very common for those who engage in a rebellion "to kill in battle and otherwise large numbers of loyal people;" at least there is nothing very extraordinary in it. Nay, is it not very much like what our ancestors did when they rebelled against England? And they, too, "destroyed the property of loyal citizens on the sea and on the land," &c. Nor were our rebels peculiar in yielding only when they could fight no longer; and we think the same will apply to their laying down their arms "not willingly." Another serious charge against the late rebels is that they have not repented as they should; they have not even expressed their regret. What naughty rebels! They should have gone on their knees and begged five thousand pardons, taking care to chant the seven penitential psalms at intervals. Since they have not done any of those things, but used saucy language to their conquerors, the proper way is to treat them like school-boys; keeping them in after school hours, without allowing them to eat their pies, and finally permitting them to join the rest of the urchins only after they have solemnly promised, caps in hand, that they will be good in future, and display a particular fondness for all the negroes of their acquaintance.

Every intelligent person is aware that there is no more odious precept in international law than that rebels should be considered as "at the mercy of the conquerors." It has been considered as barbarous by every respectable jurist from Grotius to Wheaton; in a word, it is one of those

which have associated the name of Machiavelli with the most atrocious forms of tyranny and oppression. But our government had a "most perfect" right, we are told, to exact indemnities, &c. A perfect right would not be sufficient—it should be *most* perfect. But the English language receives as little mercy at the hands of our Committee as the Southern rebels; if we are not right in this, we must regard the following passage, which we copy from the orthodox columns of the *Tribune*, as a new idiom beyond our comprehension. After making some characteristic comments on "flagrant rebellion," as a *pastime* which any state may play at "under certain circumstances," the Committee of Fifteen proceed to say:

"It is *more than idle, it is a mockery*, to contend that a people who have thrown off their allegiance, destroyed the local government which bound their States to the Union as members thereof, defied its authority, refused to execute its laws, and abrogated all that gave them political rights within the Union, still retain, through all, the perfect and entire right to resume at their own will and pleasure all their privileges in the Union, and especially to participate in its government and to control the conduct of its affairs. To admit such a principle for one moment would be to declare that treason is always master and loyalty a blunder. *Such a principle is void by its very nature and essence*, because inconsistent with the theory of government, and fatal to its very existence."

A mockery, it seems, is something "more than idle;" and yet we confess we cannot see how. All we can understand from it is that mockery is not an idle thing, but something not only tangible but *serious*. But we have many samples of the same dialect in the Report. We need not go beyond this very paragraph for one that is sufficiently characteristic; instance the concluding sentence. Can a "principle" be said to be "void," seeing that to be void is to have no real existence? or can what is void be said to have a "nature and essence?" The truth is that such language means nothing; it only shows that, however much noise the Committee of Fifteen make in and out of Congress, they have no ideas to express. But when they get bewildered in this way they return to the President, and try to show that he is either a knave or a fool. Passing over another column of such rhetoric as that we have last quoted, we come to the following:

"Your Committee have been unable to find in the evidence submitted to Congress by the President, under date of March 6, 1866, in compliance with the resolutions of January 5 and February 27, 1866, any satisfactory proof that either of the insurrectionary States, except, perhaps, the State of Tennessee, has placed itself in a condition to resume its political relations to the Union: the first step towards that end would necessarily be the establishment of a republican form of government by the people.

It has been before remarked that the provisional governors appointed by the President, in the exercise of his military authority, could do nothing by virtue of the power thus conferred towards the establishment of a state government."

Thus, President Johnson is introduced every four or five minutes, or so, like the refrain of a song. He, as well as the rebels, is held responsible, to a certain extent, even for what the newspapers say. We must make room for one extract more of this kind. It will be seen that it is the old story still; the words are slightly transposed, but the ideas are the same:

"Hardly has the war closed, before the people of these insurrectionary States come forward and haughtily claim, as a right, the privilege of participating at once in that government which they had for four years been fighting to destroy. *Allowed and encouraged by the Executive* to organize state governments, they at once place in power leading rebels, *unrepentant and unpardoned*, excluding with contempt those who had manifested an attachment to the Union, and preferring, in many instances, those who had rendered themselves most obnoxious. In the face of the law requiring an oath of office which would necessarily exclude all such from Federal offices, they elect, with very few exceptions, as senators and representatives to Congress, men who had actively participated in the rebellion, insultingly denouncing the laws as unconstitutional. It is only necessary to instance the election to the Senate of the late Vice-President of the Confederacy, a man who lent his own declared great ability and his influence as a most prominent public man to the cause of the rebellion, and who, unpardoned rebel that he is, with that oath staring him in the face, had the assurance to lay his credentials on the table of the Senate.

"Other rebels, of scarcely less note or notoriety, were selected from other quarters—*professing no repentance*, glorying *apparently* in the crime they had committed, avowing still, as the uncontradicted testimony of Mr. Stephens and others prove, an adherence to the pernicious doctrine of secession, and declaring that they only yielded to necessity. They insist, with unanimous voice, upon their rights as States, and proclaim that they will submit to no conditions whatever as preliminary to their resumption of power under that Constitution which they still claim the right to repudiate.

"Examining the evidence taken by your Committee, still further in connection with facts too notorious to be disputed, it appears that the Southern press, with few exceptions, and those mainly of newspapers recently established by Northern men, abounds with weekly and daily abuse of the institutions of the people of the loyal States, defends the men who led and the principles which incited the rebellion, denounces and reviles Southern men who adhered to the Union, *and strives, constantly and unscrupulously*, by any means in its power, to keep alive the fire of hate and discord between the two sections; *calling upon the President to violate his oath of office and overturn the Government by force of arms, and drive the representatives of the people from their seats in Congress.*"

According to this the rebels must not expect even the privilege of thinking until it becomes evident to their conquerors that they have learned to think in the right way. And the first evidence of this must consist of that sort of

unmistakable repentance to which we have already alluded. When they have thus repented to the satisfaction of the Committee of Fifteen, then they may vote for governors, members of Congress, &c.; but only for such as may be approved of in the proper quarter. That the voters have been rebels themselves, and have fought against the Union with all their might, is nothing, provided they will reject those who fought with them, and select as their representatives those who fought against them; that is, we must insist on their acting the part of hypocrites and knaves. We offer them a representative government and tell them they can have no other; but their representatives must be our choice, not theirs. The President, it is true, told them they might organize their state governments in their own way, and elect for the national Congress such men as they thought best; but this was all wrong; he did so only because he did not understand his duty, or because he had not the honesty to perform his duty. In either case the republicanism of rebels must be peculiar; loyal people may, indeed, vote as they like, but disloyal people must vote as they are told, or their voting is null and void!

But let them vote as they will, and repent, too, even in sackcloth and ashes, they must still be regarded as "disloyal" if they do not gag their newspapers and prevent their editors from being "unscrupulous;" especially must they prevent them from "calling upon the President to violate his oath," &c., because there is danger that one who knows so little about ethnology may take their advice. We may seem to do the Committee injustice in representing that they are unwilling to allow the late rebels the privilege of thinking in any way but one—that is, in the way they are required to think. Yet such is the fact; they will not allow them to entertain an opinion merely as such if it is not an orthodox one; even their belief is a crime, although it is admitted that there is no danger they will act upon it. This, we are aware, may well seem incredible; but let the Committee speak for themselves:

"While there is scarcely any hope *or desire* among leading men to renew the attempt at secession *at any future time*, there is still, according to a large number of witnesses, including A. H. Stephens, who may be regarded as good authority on that point, a generally *prevailing opinion* which defends the legal right of secession, and upholds the doctrine that the first allegiance of the people is due to the States, and not to the United States. This *belief* evidently prevails *among leading and prominent men as well as among the masses* everywhere, except in some of the northern counties of Alabama and the eastern counties of Tennessee.

"The evidence of an intense hostility to the Federal Union and an equally intense love of the late Confederacy, *nurtured by the war*, is decisive. While it appears that *nearly all are willing to submit*, at least for the time being, to Federal authority, it is equally clear that the *ruling motive is a desire to obtain the advantages* which will be derived *from a representation in Congress.*"

Now, in the name of common-sense, if "there is scarcely any hope or desire among leading men to renew the attempt at secession *at any future time*," why is all this fuss made? Why do we hear so much about "guarantees" and "precautionary measures"? In any case, is it judicious or dignified for us to have the world believe that we are so terribly afraid of the late rebels? Is it wise for us to give the rebels themselves such an impression of us?

Why, it is precisely such preaching that caused the late war. Our politicians were so much in the habit of speaking of the Southerners as if they were the Titans, and we the Liliputians, whom they could crush out of existence whenever they thought proper, that they finally took it to be true and acted accordingly. It was precisely such pusillanimity which caused the boast that one Southerner could beat five Northerners. The Northerners have now proved entirely to the satisfaction of the Southerners that this was a mistake; but it is obvious that the tendency of such documents as that before us is to revive the old feeling.

We have as little to fear as any nation that ever granted a general amnesty to its subjects or citizens, because no nation has raised a stronger army in so short a time, or an army that did its work better. It is beyond question that the rebels fought well, and proved a formidable enemy; but since we conquered them after all, notwithstanding the fact that they took us entirely by surprise, why should we not be able to do so again if they make a similar attempt? They understand this, too, and have, therefore, more cogent reasons than they ever had before to refrain from rebellion, and regard us rather as friends than as enemies.

Were it otherwise, nothing could be gained by whining like that of our Committee. If people are disposed to rebel they will not be prevented by any such guarantees as those proposed; much less will they be prevented by threats, or abuse. In any case the latter are unworthy of a great nation, but when applied to a fallen foe they become base.

Most of those conquerors whom we call despots and tyrants have treated the conquered with generosity; neither Alexander, nor Cæsar, nor Napoleon ever issued threatening

or abusive proclamations to those whom they had subdued. And who believes that Washington would have done so in similar circumstances? We do not believe that General Grant would; nay, we are satisfied that not one of the generals to whose bravery and skill we are chiefly indebted for the suppression of the rebellion and the restoration of the Union would have given public utterance to such language as that which forms the staple of this document.

But as already intimated, the Southerners need take no offence at it, since it is directed not against them, but against the President. We have shown how they attack the latter in every form, though always in a clumsy, harmless manner; and finally, after they have duly relieved their feelings in this way, they recommend what is substantially the same as that for which they have so judiciously and patriotically condemned him. It will be remembered that only a few months ago the same gentlemen would be pleased with nothing less than securing the franchise to the negroes at once, while it was their opinion that the rebels should have no franchise before the Fourth of July, 1870. Now, their views are considerably modified, as shown by their proposed joint resolution, a copy of which we subjoin here:

JOINT RESOLUTION PROPOSING AN AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

"*Resolved*, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of both houses concurring), That the following article be proposed to the legislatures of the several states as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said legislatures, shall be valid as part of the Constitution, namely:

"ARTICLE — SECTION 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside; no State shall make or enforce any laws which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

"SEC. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed; but whenever the right to vote at any election for electors of President and Vice-President, or for United States representatives in Congress, executive and judicial officers, or the members of the legislatures thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such state.

"SEC. 3. No person shall be a senator or representative in Congress,

or elector of President and Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof; but Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each house, remove such disability.

"SEC. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for the payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned; but neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void."

This is undoubtedly the most sensible part of the work of the Committee of Fifteen. It is sufficiently evident that they have not taken it out of their own brains; but if it answers the purpose it is nothing the worse for being borrowed. We do not see that there can be any serious objection to it as it now stands; we hope, therefore, that it will be viewed in a proper spirit both by Congress and the different state legislatures, so that the present bad feeling among certain classes North and South may gradually, if not immediately, give way to one of mutual good-will and *national* patriotism.

ART. IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards MISTRESS MILTON. 16mo. pp., 271. New York: M. W. Dodd.

WE are glad to see this volume reprinted, but we confess that the imprint on it rather surprises us, for it is one which we had never met before on so attractive a book. However we are not the less disposed to appreciate this on that account, but are glad to see our publishers improve in taste and understanding. If the repast is to our liking, we do not care who dishes it up. At the same time, it is not for its literary merit we value Mary Powell's narrative, and yet it is by no means a stupid affair, even considered merely as an intellectual effort.

But it is as the wife of John Milton, author of Paradise Lost, that the lady interests us. This, be it remembered, was the wife who left him before the honeymoon was quite over. Her journal was evidently designed to vindicate herself; but no thoughtful, unprejudiced person can read it without coming to the conclusion that, after all, it was she, and not Milton, who was to blame. It may be said, indeed, that the poet acted injudi-

ciously in marying a young frolicsome girl of sixteen when he himself had attained the mature age of thirty-five; but that he acted the part of a kind and affectionate husband towards her as long as she lived with him is placed beyond question by herself; although she avails herself of every little fact and circumstance which might imply that, to say the least, it was not strange she left him.

It was not her fault, however, so much as her father's. The latter was a zealous royalist magistrate, whereas the poet was so much a republican and puritan that he was in favor of the execution of the unfortunate Charles. It is but justice toMilton to remember that however obsequious he was to Cromwell, and however ready to laud some of his worst acts, he never evinced any prejudice either against his wife, or father-in-law on account of their opinions, whether political or religious; whereas we have evidence in every part of this book that both had their prejudices against him.

But Milton acted like a man of spirit when his wife left him and refused to return, preferring to obey her father rather than her husband. Finding that she persisted in setting his wishes at defiance, he became incensed against her, considered her conduct as a violation of the nuptial contract, and resolved to punish it by repudiation. Accordingly he published "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce" in 1644—scarcely a year after his marriage; and it was soon followed by his "Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce." These two pamphlets excited the fury of the Presbyterian divines quite as much as they did that of his father-in-law; but Milton was not to be deterred from the expression of his opinions by friends or foes. The more he was opposed, the stronger became his arguments in favor of divorce; nor have they been surpassed in logical force or persuasiveness to this day. Well as he could reason himself, he did not ask his readers to rely exclusively on his own views; but appealed to the whole tenor of the Scriptures, to the New as well as the Old Testament—and showed not only that the laws of the first Christian emperors were in accordance with the Scripture doctrine, but that the early fathers of the Church recognised those laws as just and rational. Not one of his poems was so much read as these pamphlets; and such was their influence that the Presbyterian divines caused him to be summoned before the House of Lords in order that he might be duly punished as a warning to others. Their lordships examined the pamphlets in due form; but the result was that they found in them far too much truth and reason to render it just or fair on their part to "inflict any punishment on the author." Up to this time cases of divorce were very rare in England; even when they occurred they were regarded as improper. But from Milton's time to the present all Christian denominations, with the sole exception of the Catholics, have held pretty much the same views of divorce which Milton did.

The reader who remembers these facts, will be the better able to understand the extracts which we are about to give from the journal of "Mistress Milton." The manner in which she was introduced to the poet by her cousin, who was a great admirer of him, is highly characteristic of all concerned. It shows, in the first place, as will readily be admitted, that the young lady was but ill-calculated to appreciate a man like Milton:

"As we went alonge, I told *Rose* I had seene her Guest once before, and thought him a comely, pleasant Gentleman. She laught and sayd, 'Pleasant? why he is one of the greatest Scholars of our Time, and knows more Languages than you or I ever hearde of.' I made Answer, 'That may be, and yet might not ensure his being pleasant, but rather the contrary, for I cannot reade *Greeke* and *Latin*, *Rose*, like you.' Quoth *Rose*, 'but you can reade *English*, and he hath writ some of the loveliest *English* Verses you ever hearde, and hath brought us a new Composure this Morning, which *Roger*, being his olde College Friend, was discussing with him, to my greate Pleasure, when you came. After we have eaten the Junkett, he shall beginne it again.' 'By no Means,' sayd I, 'for I love Talking more than Reading.' However, it was not soe to be, for *Rose* would not be foyled; and as it would not have been good manners to decline the Hearinge in Presence of the Poet, I was constrained to suppresse a secret Yawne, and feign Attention, though, Truth to say, it soone wandered; and, during the last halfe Hour, I sat in a comple at Dreame, tho' not unpleasant one." pp. 10–12.

This feigning was good enough as a matter of politeness, for there is nothing more ill-bred than obvious inattention to those who are reading or speaking to us. But a stronger feeling than mere courtesy should subsist between those who intend to marry each other; each should be frank and honest; neither should make any false pretension. Those who do will repent it sooner or later; for it is but rarely we can deceive others without injuring ourselves. The mother of the young lady understood this, and was, therefore, entirely opposed to the match. Her father did not think they were quite suitable to each other, but he thought the match would be a convenient one for various reasons—the most important of which was, that while it appeared Milton could support a wife comfortably enough, it was easy to satisfy him in regard to fortune. In short, he liked Miss Powell, and was, therefore, willing to marry her for her own sake, whether she got money or not; in the mind of the Oxfordshire squire this made amends for all that would have rendered Milton highly objectionable under other circumstances, and accordingly the objections of his wife only made him more and more determined that he would not allow so good an opportunity to slip. Mrs. Powell leaves home for a few days; on her return she finds Milton decided upon as the husband of her daughter. As a visitor she liked him well, and had much respect fo him; but let the Journal tell us the rest. The old lady had gone to borrow some money, but failed:

"'I have done what I can, and can doe no more.' 'Well then, 'tis lucky Matters stand as they do,' says *Father*. 'Mr. *Milton* has been much here in your Absence, my Dear, and has taken a Liking to our *Moll*; soe, believing him, as you say, to be an honourable Man, I have promised he shall have her.'

'Nonsense,' cries *Mother*, turning red and then pale. 'Never farther from Nonsense,' says *Father*, 'for 'tis to be, and by the Ende of the Month too.' 'You are bantering me, Mr. *Powell*,' says *Mother*. 'How can you suppose soe, my Deare?' says *Father*, 'you doe me Injustice.' 'Why, *Moll!*' cries *Mother*, turning sharplie towards me, as I sate mute and fearfull'e, 'what is alle this, Child? You cannot, you dare not, think of wedding this round headed Puritan.' 'Not round-headed,' sayd I, trembling; 'his Haire is as long and curled as mine.' 'Dont bandy Words with me, Girl,' says *Mother*, passionately, 'see how unfit you are to have a house of your owne, who cannot be left in Charge of your *Father's* for a Fortnight, without falling into Mischiefe!' 'I won't have *Moll* chidden in that Way,' says *Father*, 'she has fallen into noe Mischiefe, and has been a discreete and dutifull Child.' 'Then it has been alle your doing,' says *Mother*, 'and you have forced the Child into this Match.' 'Noe Forcing whatever,' says *Father*, 'they like one another, and I am very glad of it, for it happens to be very convenient.' 'Convenient, indeed,' repeats *Mother*, and falls a-weeping. Thereon I must needs weepe too, but she says, 'Begone to Bed; there is noe Neede that you should sit by to heare your owne *Father* confess what a Fool he has beene.' To my Bedroom I have come, but cannot yet seek my Bed; the more as I still heare theire Voices in Contention below' —pp. 54–56.

This was rather ominous; but there were several other quarrels before the wedding day. Mary Powell describes a part of another scene as follows: "Soe soone as alle had dispersed to theire customed Taskes and I was loitering at the Window, *Father* calls aloud to me from his Studdy. Thither I go and find him and *Mother*, she sitting with her Back to both. '*Moll*,' says *Father*, with great Determination, 'you have accepted Mr. *Milton* to please yourself, you will marry him *out of Hand* to please me.' 'Spare me, spare me, Mr. Powell,' interrupts *Mother*, 'if the engagement may not be broken off, at the least precipitate it not with this indecent haste." (p. 58.)

But the old gentleman would have his own way, and they were married accordingly much sooner than even Milton had calculated upon; it was in vain the old lady exclaimed after all her efforts had proved fruitless: "I prophecie evil of this match." Not much is said of the wedding in the journal; there is sufficient, however, to show that the bride had sad misgivings, and that if she had any love for Milton, it was not much. Indeed, we see no evidence of anything further on her part, than that she had a vague wish to get married. It is not strange, then, that her first care, after marriage, is to criticise the lodgings of her husband. Milton was residing in London at the time, and it seems that he had but one room, and nothing to depend on for his support but whatever he got for giving tuition to the sons of two or three relatives. He was as cheerful, however, as if he owned a whole square in London, and liked his wife so well, as we have seen, that, poor as his situation was, he took no account of the money to which she was entitled. But, instead of sympathising with him in this generous feeling, or evincing any appreciation of his self-denying devotion to her, she writes home to her friends to exaggerate whatever she thought would make him seem incapable of giving her any such support as she had a right to expect. Her conduct in this respect was most unworthy; indeed, no other evidence should be required that

she did not marry him with proper motives. But her description of his room is wonderfully graphic; those who read it will hardly wonder that it has exercised the talents of many artists, foreign as well as native:

"Oh me! is this my new Home? my Heart sinkes alreadie. After the sweet fresh Ayre of *Sheepscote*, and the Cleanliness, and the Quiet, and the pleasant Smells, Lightes, and Soundes, alle whereof Mr. *Milton* enjoyed to the Full as keenlie as I, saying how they minded him of *Paradise*,—how would *Rose* pitie me, could she view me in this close Chamber, the Floor whereof of dark, uneven Boards, must have been laid, methinks, three hundred Years ago; the oaken Pannells, utterlie destitute of Polish, and with sundrie Chinks; the Bed with dull brown Hangings, lined with as dull a greene, occupying Half the Space; and Half the Remainder being filled with dusty Bookes, whereof there are Store in every other Place. This Mirror, I should thinke, belonged to faire *Rosamond*. And this Arm-chair to King *Lear*. Over the Chimnie hangs a ruefull Portrait,—maybe of *Grotius*, but I shoulde sooner deeme it of some Worthie before the Flood. Onlie one Quarter of the Casèment will open, and that upon a Prospect, oh dolefulle! of the Churchyarde!"—pp. 68, 69.

Although Mary Powell remained but one month with her husband, as we have said, it must be admitted that, in one sense at least, she turned her time to good account; for she gives us many glimpses at the habits and views of Milton which we might never have obtained by any other means. Thus, for example, it is only from her journal we know that he was in the habit of inflicting severe corporal punishment on his pupils. Much as she was opposed to this, and strongly prejudiced against the general habits of her husband, it is evident from her account that, if he sometimes seemed cruel, he was not influenced by anger or any other passion than the desire to make good scholars of those intrusted to his care. It is but justice to him to bear this in mind, because there are those who adduce his treatment of his pupils as an evidence of bad temper, by which they want to prove that he was expelled from the University for his intemperate conduct towards one of the professors. But let us hear his wife's account of one of the scenes which she represents as rather common in his study:

"Coming back, the door of my Husband's Studdy being ajar, I was avised to look in; and saw him, with awfulle Brow, raising his Hand in the very Act to strike the youngest *Phillips*. I could never endure to see a Child struck, soe hastilie cryed out, 'Oh, don't!'—whereon he rose, and, as if not seeing me, gently closed the Door, and before I reached my Chamber, I heard so loud a Crying that I began to cry too. Soon, alle was quiet; and my Husband, coming in, stept gently up to me, and putting his Arm about my Neck, sayed, 'My dearest Life, never agayn, I beseech you, interfere betweene me and the Boys: 'tis as unseemlie as tho' I should interfere between you and your Maids,—when you have any,—and will weaken my Hands, dear Moll, more than you have any Suspicion of.'

"I replied, kissing that same offending Member as I spoke, 'Poor *Jack* would have been glad, just now, if I *had* weakened them.'—'But that is not the Question,' he returned, 'for we woulde all be glad to escape necessary Punishment; whereas, it is the Power, not the Penalty of our bad Habits, that we should seek to be delivered from.'—'These may,' I said, 'be necessary, but need not be corporal Punishment.' 'That is as may be,' returned he, 'and hath already been settled by an Authoritie to which I submit, and hardlie think you will dispute, and that is, the Word of *God*. Pain of Body is in Realitie, or

ought to be, sooner over and more safelie borne than Pain of an ingenuous Mind; and, as to the Shame,—why, as *Lorenzo de' Medici* sayed to *Soccini*, 'The Shame is in the Offence rather than in the Punishment.'

"I replied, 'Our *Robin* had never been beaten for his Studdies;' to which he said, with a smile,' that even I must admit *Robin* to be noe grata Scholar. And so in good Humour left me; but I was in no good Humour, and hoped Heaven might never make me the Mother of a Son, for if I shoulde see Mr. *Milton* strike him, I should learn to hate the Father."—pp. 86–88.

It was not very hard to teach her at least to dislike her husband, as the sequel showed; it is but justice to her, however, to say that there is no evidence, either in her journal or elsewhere, that she was of a violent temper; or that she was at all prone to use offensive language for the purpose of giving offence. The correct impression of her seems to be that she was a cold, selfish, frivolous woman, but not a Xantippe; that she would think ill of her husband without much cause, and sometimes do what would displease him without much concern, but that she never would deliberately insult him to his face. Indeed we have Milton's own testimony in support of this view; he tells us that whatever were her faults, "she was no scold, but in this respect, rather mild and timid;" and to this he adds that finally when she threw herself at his feet and begged his pardon, he forgave her, "for this gentleness alone." At the same time it does not appear that his former affection for her ever returned; for she must not be confounded with his second wife, Catherine, whom he married after he became blind, but who died within a year in child-bed. It is the latter, and not Mary, whom he has immortalized, as follows:

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint
* * * * *
Come vested all in white pure as her mind;
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked;—she fled, and day brought back my night."

It is the same lady, and not Mary, who is believed to have inspired his fine description of Eve in Paradise; although Mary was undoubtedly a more beautiful woman than Catherine, but far from being so amiable, or so good a wife. We are not yet done, however, with the former. We have remarked that she made good use of her time, or rather of her pen, during the honey-moon. Milton took her about to his friends wherever he had any; they treated her kindly upon the whole; but when they meant to be most friendly towards her, she thought they meant to offend her, or were at least impertinent. This indeed is a very common failing with those brought up in the country; when they come to town they are too apt to think that all who address them are disposed either to mock them or do them some injury. But let us turn back to the account which Mary Powell gives of one of her honey-moon visits:

"Afterwards, when the Doctor came in and engaged my Husband in Discourse, Mistress *Mildred* devoted herself to me, and askt what Progresse I had

made with *Bernardo Tasso*. I tolde her, none at all, for I was equallie faultie at *Italiques* and *Italian*, and only knew his best work thro' Mr. *Fairfax's* Translation; whereat she fell laughing, and sayd she begged my Forgiveneese, but I was confounding the Father with the Sonne; thea laught agayn, but pretended 'twas not at me but at a Lady I minded her of, who never coulde remember to distinguish betwixt *Leonardo da Vinci* and *Lorenzo de' Medici*. That last Name brought up the Recollection of my Morning's Debate with my Husband, which made me feel sad; and then, Mrs. *Mildred*, seeminge anxious to make me forget her Unmannerliness, commenced, 'Can you paint?'—'Can you sing?'—'Can you play the lute?'—and, at the last, 'What *can* you do?' I mighte have sayd I coulde comb out my curls smoother than she could hers, but did not. Other Guests came in, and talked so much agaynst Prelacy and the Right divine of Kings that I woulde fain we had remained at Astronomie and Poetry."—pp. 91–92.

This is not the only interesting evidence we find in the Journal of the attention paid by the daughters even of the country gentlemen to foreign languages, as well as music and painting. The author tells us elsewhere herself, that so generally did the ladies of her acquaintance understand Latin, that she often felt ashamed at being obliged to confess her ignorance of that language. Finally she resolved to learn it, though she tells us that she was induced to do so in order that she might be able to render herself the more agreeable to her husband. But be this as it may, it is worthy of remark that her best tutor proved to be her cousin Rose, the wife of Mr. Agnew.

It is time now that we come to the separation. Having written to her friends such accounts as those we have alluded to, it was natural enough that her father would wish to have her home, at least for a while. She feigned surprise, however, on seeing the messengers come for her; nor does she admit in her journal that she had any understanding with her father on the subject. Whether she had or not, her conduct on the arrival of her friends was by no means what it ought to have been; but it was otherwise with that of Milton. No one could have acted more kindly under the circumstances than the author of Paradise Lost. But let Mary Powell tell the story in her own words:

"How surprised was I to see *Dick* enter! My Arms were soe fast about his Neck, and my Face presst soe close to his Shoulder, that I did not for a While perceive the grave Looke he had put on. At the last, I was avised to ask him what brought him soe unexpectedlie to *London*; and then he hemmed and looked at *Ralph*, and *Ralph* looked at *Dick*, and then *Dick* sayd bluntly, he hoped Mr. *Milton* would spare me to go Home till after Michaelmasse, and *Father* had sent him on Purpose to say soe. Mr. *Milton* lookt surprised and hurte, and sayd, how could he be expected to part soe soone with me, a Month's Bride? it must be some other Time: he had intended to take me himselfe to *Forest Hill* the following Spring, but coulde not spare Time now, nor liked me to goe without him, nor thought I should like it myself. But my Eyes said *I shoulde*, and then he gazed earnestlie at me and lookt hurte; and there was a dead Silence. Then *Dick*, hesitating a little, sayd he was sorrie to tell us my *Father* was ill; on which I clasped my Hands and beganne to weepe; and Mr. *Milton*, changing Countenance, asks sundrie Questions, which *Dick* answered well enough; and then said he woulde not be soe cruel as to keepe me from a Father I soe dearlie loved, if he were sick, though he liked not my travelling in such unsettled Times with so young a convoy."—pp. 109–111.

The truth proved to be that the sickness of her father was a mere pretence; for he was really not sick at all. When she returned to her father, she was as gay as ever; her only trouble was that the month's leave of absence allowed her by her husband, rather than seem cruel or tyrannical, would pass away before she could enjoy herself half as much as she wished. But, even in acting thus unwisely, there was one redeeming feature in her conduct; she scrupulously avoided the company of all men save that of her own brothers, and one or two young cousins who were the same as brothers to her. The country gentlemen of the party to which her father belonged were then famed for their jovial hospitality; and, as he resided near Oxford, which was at that time an important military post, he had frolicsome young officers among his guests almost daily. But she would go any distance rather than keep company with them; she frequently went to her cousin's, a distance of several miles, rather than meet any of them; and this was really what saved her at last. Her father was opposed to her returning, because, in one or two of his letters requiring her to do so, Milton spoke somewhat sharply. She notes some of her father's remarks on the subject from time to time. "Surely," she says, "he will come soone, I sayd to *Father* last night, I wanted to hear from Home. He sayd 'Home! Dost call yon Taylor's shop your home,' soe ironicalle that I was ashamed to say noe." But the conduct of her cousin, Mr. Agnew, and that of his wife were very different; these two persons always advised her for her good; and it was they who finally induced her to throw herself at her husband's feet, and implore his forgiveness. Their conversations with her on various occasions are full of interest. She relates one as follows, alluding to a wish she had expressed that her husband had lived in the country and not in the city:

"Chancing to make the above Remark to Rose, she cried, 'And why not be happy with him in *Alderegate Street*?' I briefly replied that he must get the House first, before it were possible to tell whether I coulde be happy there or not. Rose stared, and exclaimed, 'Why, where do you suppose him to be now?' 'Where, but at the Taylor's in *Bride's Churchyard*,' I replied. She claspt her Hands with a Look I shall never forget, and exclaimed in a sort of vehement Passion, 'Oh, *Cousin, Cousin*, how you throw your own Happinesse away! How awfulle a Pause must have taken place in your Intercourse with the Man whom you promised to abide by till Death, since you know not that he has long since taken Possession of his new Home; that he strove to have it ready for you at *Michaelmasse!*'

"Doubtlesse I looked noe less surprised than I felt; a suddain Prick at the Heart prevented Speech; but it shot across my Heart that I had made out the words, '*Alderegate*' and 'new Home,' in the fragments of the Letter my Father had torn. *Rose*, misjudging my Silence, burst forth anew, 'Oh, *Cousin! Cousin!* coulde anie Home, however dull and noisome, drive me from *Roger Agnew?* Onlie think what you are doing, of what you are leaving undone! of what you are preparing against yourself! To put the wickedness of a selfish Course out of the Account, onlie think of its Melancholie, its Miserie, destitute of alle the sweet, bright, fresh Wellsprings of Happinesse, unblest by *God!*'

"Here *Rose* wept passionatelie, and claspt her arms about me; but when I

began to speak and to tell her of much that had made me miserable, she hearkened in motionlesse Silence, till I told her that Father had torn the Letter and beaten the Messenger."—pp. 137–139.

This shows what father as well as cousin was; but it shows also that Mary Powell was quite unworthy of being the wife of John Milton. Indeed, we have but too much evidence in her own journal that she was one of those weak-minded persons, who are always of the opinion of those who have last presented them anything in the shape of an argument; whereas, her father was one of those headstrong, obstinate men, who never admit that they are wrong, and are guided more by passion than by reason. Fortunately she had a cousin who had the honesty and manliness to tell her so. "But remember, Mistress Milton, remember, dear Cousin," says Mr. Agnew, "when you married, your Father's Guardianship of you passed into the hands of your Husband; your Husband's house was thenceforth your Home; and in quitting it you committed a fault you may yet repaire, though this offensive Act (the conduct of her father in beating Milton's messenger) made the difficulty much greater." When she hears about his seeking a divorce she becomes incensed, but her cousin addresses her as follows:

"'Mrs. *Milton*, can you wonder that your Husband should be angry? How can you wonder at anie Evil that may result from the Provocation you have given him? What Marvell, that since you cast him off, all the sweet Fountains of his Affections would be embittered, and that he should retaliate by seeking a Separation, and even a Divorce?"—There I stopt him with an Outcry of 'Divorce?' 'Even soe," he most mournfully replyed, 'and I seeke not to excuse him, since two Wrongs make not a Right.' 'But,' I cried, passionately weeping, 'I have given him noe Cause; my Heart has never for a Moment strayed to another, nor does he, I am sure, expect it.' 'Ne'ertheless,' enjoyned Mr. *Agnew*, "he is soe aggrieved and chafed that he has followed up what he considers your Breach of the Marriage Contract by writing and publishing a Book on Divorce; the Tenor of which coming to your Father's ears, has violently incensed him. And now, dear *Cousin*, having, by your waywardnesse, kindled this Flame, what remains for you but to—nay, hear me, hear me, *Moll*, for *Dick* is coming in, and I may not let him hear me urge you to the onlie Course that can regayn your Peace—Mr. *Milton* is still your Husband; each of you have now something to forgive; do you be the first; nay, seek *his* Forgiveness, and you shall be happier than you have been yet.' But I was weeping without Controule, and *Dick* coming in, and with *Dick* the Dinner, I askt to be excused, and soe sought my Chamber, to weep there without Restraynt or Witnesse.'"—pp. 147–149.

A few conversations more like this had the desired effect. Her cousins not only caused her to resolve on imploring her husband's pardon, but they induced her father to consent to her going to London for that purpose, and then gave her money to pay her expenses. There is deep pathos in her account of the result. First she tells us of her arrival in London, "trembling, weeping, hopefulle, dismaied," with no friend but her aunt, "a slow, timid, uncertain Soule, who proved but a broken Reed to lean upon." She sends the aunt, however, to seek her husband; and nothing could do more honor to the author of Paradise Lost than his kindness and magnanimity on this occasion, as described by his erring, but now truly penitent wife.

"Enters mine Aunt, alle flurried, and hushing her Voice, 'Oh, *Nrice*, he whom you wot of is here. but knoweth not you are at Hand, nor in *London*. Shall I tell him?' But I gasped, and held her back by her Skirts; then with a suddain secret Prayer, or Cry, or maybe, Wish, as 'twere, darted up into Heaven for assistance. I took no Thought what I shoulde speak when confronted with him, but opening the Door between us, he then standing with his Back towards it, rushed forth and to his Feet—there sank, in a Gush of Tears; for not one Word could I proffer. nor soe much as look up. A quick Hand was laid on my head, on my shoulder—as quicklie removed....and I was aware of the Door being hurridlie opened and shut, and a Man hasting forth; but 'twas only my Uncle. Meantime, my Husband, who had at first uttered a suddian Cry or Exclamation, had now left me, sunk on the Ground as I was, and retired a Space, I know not whither. but methinks he walked hastilie to and fro. Thus I remained, agonized in Tears, unable to recal one Word of the humble appeal I had pondered in my Journey. or to have spoken it, though I had known everie Syl.able by Rote; yet not wishing myself, even in that Suspense, Shame and Anguish elsewhere than where I was cast, at mine Husband's feet. Or ever I was aware, he had come up, and caught me to his Breast; then, holding me back so as to look me in the Face. sayd, in Accents I shall never forget, 'Much I could say to reproach, but will not! Henceforth let us onlie recall this dark Passage of our deeplie sinful lives, to quicken us to *God's* Mercy in affording us this Re-union. Let it deepen our Penitence, enhance our Gratitude."

Then, suddainlie covering up his Face with his Hands, he gave two or three Sobs; and for some few Minutes could not refrain himself; but, when at length he uncovered his Eyes and looked down on me with Goodnes and Sweetness, 'twas like the Sun's cleare shining after Raine."—Pp. 246, 249.

Not only did Milton forgive his wife thus generously and sincerely; he also forgave her father and mother, and afterwards supported the whole family on their being driven from home by the success of the republican arms. Yet his case is one of those referred to as evidence that poets and literary men make disagreeable, if not cruel husbands. Such men, we are told, are too much absorbed in books and in their own thoughts to devote those attentions to their wives which the latter have a right to expect. But since Milton had three wives, none of whom made any complaint against him but the first; and that she acknowledged in the end, nay proved to the world that it was she, and not he, who was to blame, should we not rather regard his conduct as an illustration of his own fine precepts on the cultivation of the intellect?

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

BELLES-LETTRES.

The Queen Mother and Rosamond. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, Author of "Atalanta in Calydon," &c. 16mo., pp. 232. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1866.

It is easy enough to write in a tragical manner; there is good authority for the opinion that it may be done so as to make not only men, but angels weep, without any genius, and with but little talent; and

yet, perhaps, there is nothing more difficult than to produce a good tragedy. Sufficient proof of this may be found in the fact that not more than a dozen, including ancients and moderns, have entirely succeeded in doing so. But shall we rank Mr. Swinburne among this dozen? By no means. Shall we rank him in the second class which numbers some two dozen? The answer to this too must be a negative; so would the third and fourth question: but the fifth might be an affirmative. That, is we might rank our author among the five hundred who have written some very passable performances which they have called tragedies.

By this we may seem disposed to depreciate his merits, but such is not the case; nor do we mean by it that either "The Queen Mother," or "Rosamond" is destitute of merit, or not worth reading. If we said so, we should neither do him nor ourselves justice. We have read several passages in each piece with pleasure; and we have no doubt that our readers will give a similar verdict. But is this anything inconsistent with the theory that Mr. Swinburne is but a fifth-rate tragic dramatist? In our opinion, if he were but sure of that grade, he might well congratulate himself.

Here and there, in "The Queen Mother," there are some fine thoughts; nay, sometimes we meet with passages which, if they are not true poetry, may easily be mistaken for it even by connoisseurs who do not happen to be in a critical mood. More passages are at least pleasing to the general reader; nor are they wanting in interest, or unworthy of comparison with some to be found in the productions of dramatists who enjoy a world-wide fame. But these are too isolated; they do not strike us as belonging to the piece in which they occur as a whole. In short, neither "The Queen Mother" nor Rosamond" can be regarded as a consistent whole.

For the present we will confine ourselves to the former; and our general impression of it is that while it contains, as we have said, some good thoughts, it neither begins nor ends in a natural manner. Where there is most room for pathos there is least of it to be had; and if we occasionally meet with a pathetic strain, something near what we might expect, it is pretty sure to be spoiled by some untoward expression. Love, when well managed, is a very good thing in a tragedy, as well as elsewhere; but Mr. Swinburne expects too much from it, and yet handles it so awkwardly as to prevent it from performing its legitimate duty in an appropriate or natural manner.

So much for general impressions; now let us come to particulars, and see how far we shall be borne out by such specimens of the performance itself as we can conveniently make room for and find time to select. "The Queen Mother" is a tragedy in five acts, founded on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's day; the scene is laid in Paris, and the time is from the 22d to the 24th of August, 1572. In the very first scene the king is introduced making love to one of the

maids of honor, and there are very few scenes in the whole tragedy in which that does not seem to be his principal business. Sometimes he is made to talk rather foolishly, but at other times much more wisely than is consistent with his general character; and his mistress occasionally changes her character in a manner equally unaccountable. Yet, as we have intimated, each hits on a happy train of thought now and then, and gives expression to some good sentiments, stale though they may be in the main.

Thus, for example, when Charles commences his attempt at the seduction of Denise de Maulévrier, in the first scene of the first act, asking, "Why did you break from me?" &c., she answers him as follows, showing what a bad thing it would have been to have done otherwise:

> "Because I would not have a touch of you
> Upon me somewhere; or a word of yours
> To make all music stupid in my ear.
> The least kiss ever put upon your lips
> Would throw me this side heaven, to live there. What,
> Am I to lose my better place i' the world,
> Be stripped of my girdled maiden's gown
> And clad loose for the winter's tooth to hurt,
> Because the man's a king, and I—— see now,
> There's no good in me, I have no wit at all;
> I pray you by your mother's eyes, my lord,
> Forbear me, let the foolish maiden go
> That will not love you; masterdom of us
> Gets no man praise: we are so more than poor,
> The dear'st of all our spoil would profit you
> Less than mere losing; so most more than weak,
> It were but shame for one to smite us, who
> Could but weep louder."—p. 11.

The king, in reply to this fine speech, swears very gallantly, but under the circumstances, rather unroyally,

> "By God's head
> I'd give you half my blood to wash your *feet*."—p. 12.

Henry and Margaret of Navarre have a colloquy in the second scene, which is of a somewhat different character; for they speak principally of hate instead of love. But the speech of the lady is rather long, royal though she be. It contains some good thoughts, but becomes rather equivocal towards the close. As it is, however, a pretty fair specimen, upon the whole, of our author's tragic vein, we transcribe it in full:

> "*Mar.* I never saw yet how you love and hate.
> Are you turned bitter to me? all old words
> Buried past reach for grief to feed upon
> As on dead friends? nay, but if this be, too,
> Stand you my friend; there is no crown i' the world
> So good as patience; neither is any peace
> That God puts in our lips to drink as wine,
> More honey-pure, more worthy love's own praise,
> Than that sweet-souled endurance which makes clean

The iron hands of anger. A man being smitten
That washes his abused cheek with blood,
Purges it nothing, gets no good at all,
But is twice punished, and his insult wears
A double color; for where but one red was
Another blots it over. Such mere heat
I' the brain and hand, even for a little stain,
A summer insolence and waspish wound,
Hurts honor to the heart, and makes that rent
That none so gracious medicine made of earth
Can heal and shut like patience. The gentle God
That made us out of pain endurable
And childbirth comforts, willed but mark therein
How life, being perfect, should keep even hand
Between a suffering and a flattered sense,
Not fill for either."—pp. 20, 21.

It must be admitted that the thoughts on patience are not only good in themselves, but forcibly and poetically expressed. But we have not time to linger here; we pass hurriedly to the fourth scene, which is laid in Admiral Coligny's house. The hero is made to speak of his wound in rather an unheroic manner, and La Rochefaucauld replies in a way rather suggestive of Job's comforters, but without the solemn, graceful dignity and appropriate imagery of the latter. La Rochefaucauld, indeed, uses imagery, too, but it savors too much of the aviary and the stable.

"*La R.* Take better thoughts to you;
The king is steady; and the Guise wears eyes
Of such green anger and suspicious light
As cows his followers; even the queen-mother
Walks slower than her wont, with mouth drawn up,
And pinches whiter her thin face; Tavannes
Goes chewing either lip's hair with his teeth,
Churning his bearded spite, and wears the red
Set on his cheek more steady; the whole court
Flutters like birds before the rain begin;
Salcède, who hates no place in hell so much
As he loathes Guise, lets out his spleen at him,
And wags his head more than its use was; yea,
The main set draws our way now the steel bit
Keeps hard inside their mouths; yea, they pull straight."—p. 33.

Finally, when the massacre commences, the tragic expression grows feeble rather than strong, although there is no lack of tragic words. Indeed, there is enough of these to melt the most obdurate; but the difficulty is that they are put together in an unskilful way. The catastrophe is the worst, however; in spite of all the bloodshed it makes a nearer approach to the ridiculous than to the sublime, since it turns on the accidental shooting of the king's mistress by his majesty's own hand:

"Why, I have slain
The chiefest pearl o' the world, the perfect rule
To measure all sweet things; now even *to unseat God*
Were a slight work.

Den. Was it your aim, indeed?
Ca. O no; no aim. Get me some help all you
That gape and shiver on this act *enstaged*,
You are all parts of murder.
* * * * *
Is she yet warm? I'll give
That man that will *put an hour in her*
My better part of kingdom."—p. 170.

The wounded lady revives and delivers a pretty long speech; but there is not much tenderness or pathos in it, although she dies advising her lover to pretend what is not true in order to vindicate himself.

"Say I have slain myself,
And the thought clears you; be not moved thereat;
For though I slew a something that you loved,
I did it lovingly."—p. 171.

The last who speaks is Catherine de' Medici; nor is there anything very characteristic in what she says. In order that our readers may judge for themselves whether we are right or not in the opinion that the tragedy ends rather farcically, we transcribe Catherine's closing speech *in extenso*.

"*Ca.* (*to Tav.*) Come hither, sir; as you respect my grace,
Lay your good care on him, that in waste words
His mood gall not himself. For this girl slain,
Her funeral privacy of rite shall be
Our personal care; though her deserts were such
As crave no large observance, yet our pity
Shall almost cover the default in them
With all smooth grace that grace may do to her.
You to my son, and you, this way with me;
The weight of this harsh dawn doth bruise my sense,
That I am sick for sleep. Have care of him."—p. 172.

There is nothing instructive in this; nothing that excites either horror or pity; neither a good example, nor a good precept is presented to us. It seems to us that if the author was unable to hit on a more suitable catastrophe than the death of Denise, he ought to have committed her funeral oration to somebody else rather than to Catherine. Under all the circumstances it would have been natural enough for the king to mourn her death; but even he would not have been justified in giving it this prominence. In short, Mr. Swinburne "o'ersteps the modesty of nature." Had Denise been the cause of the massacre there might have been some reason—at least poetical justice—in ending the tragedy with her death; but instead of that she was opposed to it from the beginning. We feel bound to repeat, however, that although "The Queen Mother" is a failure, considered as a tragedy, it is well worth reading as an historical poem, in which much accuracy of statement, or fidelity of portraiture is not expected; far, therefore, from discouraging anybody from examining it, we would advise all to do so, assuring them, that if they have sometimes

to make a long search for beauties, they will find quite sufficient to requite them for their labor and patience.

"Rosamond" is not so ambitious a piece as "The Queen Mother" but it is far more natural. The vindictive and implacable jealousy of Queen Eleanor, the gentleness and affection of Rosamond, and her resignation to her cruel fate, and the frantic remorse of King Henry, are very finely portrayed by our author. One passage, fragment though it be, will fully justify us in this estimate.

"*Ros.* Madam, be merciful,
You hurt me, pinching in my throat so hard.
Alas! ah God, will not one speak for me?

Qu. El. Yea; then choose this.

Ros. I will not choose; God help
I will not choose; I have no eyes to choose;
I will be blind and save the sight of choice.
So shall my death, not looking on itself,
Fall like a chance.

Qu. El. Put me not past mine oath;
I am sworn deep to lay no stroke on you.

Ros. I will not drink; so shall I make defeat
On death's own bitter will. Do not look hard;
I know you are more sweet at heart than so.
Make me the servant of your meanest house,
And let your girls smite me some thrice a day,
I will bear that; yea, I will serve and be
Stricken for wage, and bruised; give me two days
A poor man puts away for idleness,
Lest my soul ache with you,—nay, but, sweet God,
Is there no thing will say a word for me,
A little sad word said inside her ears
To make them burn for piteous shame? you see
How I weep, yea, fear wrings my body round;
You know not hardly how afraid I am,
But my throat sickens with pure fear, my blood
Falls marred in me; and God should love you so,
Being found his friend and made compassionate—

Qu. El. I have a mind to pluck thee with my hands,
Tear thy hair backward, tread on thee. By God,
I thought no sin so sick and lame a fool
As this lust is.

Ros. But I will drink indeed,
I will not yet; give me the sword to see
How that must hurt."—pp. 224-226.

Rosamond makes a much more natural speech, when dying, than Denise. The heroism with which she takes the fatal draft, and the tenderness she evinces towards her lover in trying to persuade him that she will recover, are each so true to nature, as to convince us that the author is capable of a much higher effort than "The Queen Mother;" although we can assure him that he will never attain a high rank as a tragic writer.

The Fire-Fiend, and Other Poems. By CHARLES D. GARDETTE. 8vo., pp. 104. New York: Bunce & Huntington.

As a general rule nine out of every ten volumes of juvenile poetry exhibit the aspiration rather than the ability of the respective writers: It is thus that, budding into authorship, a young person endeavors to

> "Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart."

In after-days, when the printed proof of his folly accidentally meets his eye, he may grimly smile over its inflated or common-place language, its echo of what others had written long before, and wish that he could recall every copy, to destroy the evidence of his ambition and his weakness. Needless wish! the thing is as much forgotten, in its feebleness, as if it never had been cast before the world.

The volume before us, handsomely printed on tinted paper, and bound in green and gold, is not much below the average of such productions. One of the poemlets, entitled "Claire: a Spirit Memory," opens thus:

> "Claire was my Soul-Twin!
> One-hearted—
> O'er her tomb we were Death-wed,
> Not parted!
> Claire was my Soul-Twin—
> My Bride!
> The Sun-rays that nestled
> Among the gold floss
> Of her hair;—
> The passionate Words that wrestled
> The fragrance to share
> That distilled from her hair—
> Ay! were wanton to share
> The incense that breathed
> From invisible censers that swayed through her hair,
> And floated and wreathed
> Round the aureous hair
> Of my Sun-caressed Claire:—
> Oh! I envied them, cursed them!
> With mad hand dispersed them!
> But, ah! vainly
> Insanely,
> Alas thus I strove
> To avert Heaven's love
> From my Bride!.
> The Angels grew jealous;
> And so—it befell us,
> She died!
> Oh! God! in the hour
> Of impious sorrow
> I cursed Thee, denied Thee,
> Reviled Thee, defied Thee,"

and so on, in a flatulent rhodomontade; prose run mad, in which *horror* is made to rhyme, cockneyishly, with *sorrow*; a careful imitation of

Poe, without Poe's genius; "the contortions of the Sibyl, without her inspiration." This is a fair example of Mr. Gardette's verse-making.

We should dismiss him with the accustomed caution to young persons of his class, not to offend in this manner again; but he has done something far less pardonable than publish the foolish rhymes which he had written. He has deliberately attempted to injure the memory of Edgar A. Poe—a great poet, if an erring, feeble, unfortunate man. The verses called the "Fire-Fiend" give a title to the volume, and the author thus introduces them:

"The 'Fire-Fiend' was written some six years ago, in consequence of a literary discussion, wherein it was asserted that the marked originality of style, both as to conception and expression, in the poems of the late Edgar Allen Poe, rendered a successful imitation difficult, even to impossibility. The author was challenged to produce a poem, in the manner of '*The Raven*,' which should be accepted by the general critic as the genuine composition of Mr. Poe, and the 'Fire-Fiend' was the result. This poem was printed as 'from an unpublished MS. of the late Edgar A. Poe,' and the hoax proved sufficiently successful to deceive a number of critics in this country, and also in England, where it was afterwards republished by Mr. Macready, the tragedian, in the *London Star*, as an undoubted production of its *soi-disant* author."

"This", Mr. Gardette says, is "the true history of the poem." In the first place, it is not a *poem*, but an unsuccessful attempt to imitate or forge the mannerism of Poe. Is it possible that, not "a number of critics," but even one, could have read this verse, and do Poe the injustice of thinking that *he* ever wrote such trash?—

"I am Monarch of the Fire! I am Vassal-King of Death!
World encircling, with the shadow of its Doom upon my breath!
With the symbol of Hereafter flaming from my fatal face!
I command the Eternal Fire! Higher! higher! higher! higher!
Leap my ministering Demons, like Phantasmagoric lemans
Hugging Universal Nature in their hideous embrace!"

Surely, since poor Nat Lee wrote his mad tragedies in Bedlam, there never was such insane rhyming as this!

The "Fire-Fiend" appeared in newspapers endorsed as "From an unpublished manuscript of the late Edgar A. Poe, in the possession of Charles D. Gardette, Esq.," and the New York paper which first published it affixed a letter from C. D. Gardette, dated November 6, 1859, as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—The following fantastic poem was written by Mr. Poe while experimenting towards the production of that wondrous mechanism 'The Raven;' but considering it incomplete he threw it aside. Some time afterwards, finding it among his papers, he enclosed it in a letter to his particular friend, labelled facetiously, 'To be read by firelight at midnight, after thirty drops of laudanum!' How it finally came into the possession of the undersigned he is not at present at liberty to tell. The poem is copied, *verbatim, literatum et punctuatim*, from the original MSS. Yours, &c., C. D. GARDETTE."

It is now palpable, on the boasting confession in his own preface, that every statement Mr. Gardette made in that letter is *utterly false*. In a contrary belief, American editors republished the "Fire-Fiend." Not

thinking that it was a forgery, backed up by falsehoods, some critics simply asked how Poe's manuscript came into Mr. Gardette's hands, and asked him to produce it. He had vouched for it as the veritable production (we use Mr. Gardette's exquisite lingo) "of its *soi-disant* author." Of course what had no existence could not be produced, and then comes Mr. Gardette's boast that it was a *hoax*. Now, in addition, Mr. Gardette declares in his preface, already quoted, that its publication in England was "by Mr. Macready, *the tragedian*." On the contrary, it is extremely doubtful whether that gentleman ever saw, ever heard of it. Some years ago Mrs. Macready, no relation to the tragedian, went to England from this country as a public reader. The "Fire-Fiend" fell into her hands, and believing that it really was by Poe, though far inferior to his poetry in general, she sent it to the *London Morning Star*, wherein it was printed. So it was republished in London, as Mr. Gardette well knows, by Mrs. Macready, the elocutionist, and *not* by "Mr. Macready, the tragedian"—by the American lady, not by the English dramatic artist.

After this, we recommend Mr. Gardette, should he publish another volume, to have the statements in his preface corroborated by affidavits from reliable persons. His own word will scarcely obtain belief, after the exposition we have been compelled to make here.

A Manual for the Sick. Compiled by E. H. W. New York: General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society. E. M. Duncan, Agent. 16mo., pp. 60. New York, 1866.

THIS is a slender, unpretending volume; but it is such as no Christian would fail to derive consolation from in time of sickness, let him belong to what sect he may. Most of the precepts which it inculcates are as old as those good times when Christianity exhibited no divisions, but one brotherhood that was really such. In addition to pious thoughts and aspirations of this character, the "Manual" contains appropriate extracts from the Litany of the Episcopal Church, scripture passages, &c. It is printed in large handsome type, on good white paper.

HISTORY.

A History of the Gipsies; with Specimens of the Gipsy Language. By WALTER SIMSON. Edited with preface, notes, &c., by James Simson. Large 12mo. pp. 575. New York: M. Doolady. London: Sampson Low, Son & Marston, 1866.

THE title of this work gives a correct idea of its character; the matter fully justifies it. Even in its original form it was the most interesting and reliable history of the Gipsies with which we were acquainted. But it is now much enlarged and brought down to the present time. The

disquisition on the past, present, and future of that singular race, added by the editor, greatly enhances the value of the work, for it embodies the results of extensive research and careful investigation.

The chapters on the marriage and divorce ceremonies of the Gipsies show how barbarism may exhibit its proclivities in the midst of a high civilization. Those gentlemen of our own time and country, who so ostentatiously vindicate their jealousy or their honor, by assassinating the seducer of mistress or sister, with the pistol or the knife, would not, perhaps, think themselves very high-spirited, or honorable, after all, if aware that they were merely executing an ancient gipsy law*, and complying with a dogma of the gipsy religion, which even at the present day is a very different creed from that of Christ.

The chapter on the Gipsy language should be read by all who take any interest either in comparative philology or ethnology; for it is much more curious and instructive than most people would expect from the nature of the subject. The volume is well printed and neatly bound, and has the advantage of a copious alphabetical index.

JURISPRUDENCE.

The Opening and Closing Arguments of Hon. Thomas M. Hayes and Hon. Francis O. J. Smith, before the Superior Court of Suffolk Co., Mass., Mr. Justice Putnam presiding, February, 1866, *on a Motion for a New Trial in the Case of the State* vs. *Smith.* Exposing the conspiracy of D. H. Craig, the private Prosecutor, and the Corruptions and Perjuries of his witnesses. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 62. Portland, 1866.

The pamphlet bearing this title fell into our hands a week or two since, and we were not a little surprised in its perusal. We have never seen either the defendant or the private prosecutor to our knowledge. On enquiry, we learn that the former is a gentleman of wealth and influence residing near Portland, Maine, who a few years since contributed ten thousand dollars, or its equivalent in land, we forget which, towards the endowment of a charitable institution near his residence, entitled "Home for Indigent Mothers;" and that the latter is the New York manager of the American Telegraph Company. The litigation between the parties is so complicated that it is difficult to see what its origin was. If we understand it aright, it arose from a business competition between the gentlemen mentioned. It seems that Mr. Smith established, or tried to establish, a telegraph line which Mr. Craig regarded as somewhat in conflict with his interests. This awakened an unfriendly feeling in the latter which may, or may not, have been reciprocated by the former. All

* See p. 257.

we know from the documents before us is, that Mr. Craig got up a charge of subornation of perjury against Mr. Smith, and got men and women of rather questionable character to establish it by their oaths.

From the attention we have devoted to the subject, we cannot think it strange that the defendant was taken by surprise, and that the verdict of the jury was against him. It was but natural that he should endeavor to ascertain, as soon as he could, what were the motives of the witnesses who testified against him. His researches in this direction placed in his hands an amount of documentary and other evidence which he thought would enable him to procure a new trial and prove that a conspiracy had been gotten up against him.

It seems that the Judge who tried the original issue, regarded the case in the same light, for he granted a new trial in May last. An extract or two from the decision of the Judge, which is quite elaborate, will give a more satisfactory view of the nature of the case than any statement we could undertake to give of it without seeming to be partial to the defendant:

"In this case the defendant is indicted for procuring Charles C. Northrup to commit the crime of perjury. The indictment sets forth the alleged fact of the offence of perjury committed by Northrup, and then the alleged facts which make the defendant guilty of the offence of procuring Northrup to commit such perjury. It alleges that Northrup committed the perjury in his answers to three interrogatories made while giving his deposition for defendant, to be used in the civil action—*Craig* v. *Smith*. At the trial, the government offered evidence tending to show that the offence of perjury had been committed by Northrup in these particulars: (1.) In answering that Mrs. Northrup (the wife of Northrup) had not lived with defendant as his mistress, before he (Northrup) married her. (2.) In answering that he (Northrup) had not had any conversation or correspondence with the defendant, or with any persons whatever, in relation to the facts stated by him upon his previous examination, or his testimony to be given thereon, or in relation to his then present testimony. (3.) In answering that he had seen no copy of the interogatories which he was then answering, and that no one had read them to him. The other assignments were either abandoned, or it was conceded that the evidence did not support any other.

"Now it was for the government of course to prove two propositions, (1) the perjury by Northrup, and (2) that the defendant procured the particular perjuries to be committed. Upon the first proposition, the rule is, that the perjury must be proved by something more than the testimony of a single witness, the testimony of one witness simply balancing the testimony of the other. The oath of the opposing witness must be supported by independent corroborating testimony of such a character as shall fairly turn the scale, and overcome the oath of the alleged perjured witness. This would be the rule if Northrup himself was on trial for the offence. In this case the alleged perjurer is the witness testifying to his perjury, and the rule, therefore, should be very rigidly applied.

"The corroborating evidence as to the assignmentof perjury, in reference to Mrs. Northrup's living with Smith as his mistress, etc., was the testimony of Mrs. Northrup, and a letter written by the defendant to her in 1851, just before his marriage to his second wife. The evidence as to Northrup's knowledge of this fact rested on his own testimony, and that of Mrs. Northrup. The corroborating evidence as the assignments of perjury, in reference to correspondence, conversations, and seeing copies of the interrogatories, came substantially from Mrs. Northrup.

"Then as to the other proposition, that the defendant procured these particular perjuries to be committed, it was incumbent on the government to prove

that the defendant procured Northrup to give such false testimony, knowing at the time that Northrup would thus commit the perjury, that is, would wilfully swear falsely to what he knew to be untrue. To sustain this burden, the government relied, first, upon Northrup's testimony. It was claimed at the trial that the testimony of Northrup ought not to be believed on this point, unless corroborated by other evidence, as he was the person who, by his own confession, had perjured himself, and the court, in instructing the jury on this point, gave them, substantially, the instructions which are usually given in reference to the testimony of accomplices.

"To corroborate Northrup, therefore, the government offered the testimony of Mrs. Northrup, which tended to sustain the theory of the government, and the letters written by the defendant to Mrs. Northrup, one bearing date December 31, 1861, and the other bearing date January 5, 1862.

"I have thus stated the position of the case at the former trial, in order that the bearing and effect of the newly-discovered testimony may be better understood. It will be seen that the case for the government rested substantially upon the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Northrup."

The Judge then proceeds to review the character of the testimony adduced against Smith, at the first trial, and the impression we derive from his doing so is, that no respectable person was ever convicted, even by a packed jury, on more corrupt evidence. Referring to certain letters which were made the chief instruments in securing a verdict against the defendant, the Judge observes:

"There is no evidence that he ever saw them, or that their contents were ever communicated to him, except from his own statements and that of his wife. Granting that the letters show a strong desire on the part of the defendant that Northrup should testify as the defendant stated in his letter, such desire, if he testified voluntarily, and without any inducement from defendant, does not constitute the offense. Defendant must have procured him by some improper influence, to give a false answer, knowing, at the time, that he would wilfully perjure himself in that particular. There must be a procuring, instigating, or inciting of the witness.' (Commonwealth *vs.* Douglass, 5 Met., 241.) No inducements or promises are held out in any way in the letters. The fact that the defendant expressed a wish that he should testify in a certain way, and the fact that Northrup did testify in that way, cannot, of themselves, in the absence of evidence that Northrup ever saw the letters, or knew of defendant's wish, afford any presumption of fact upon which a jury can find that defendant procured him so to testify, knowing that he would perjure himself by wilfully testifying falsely in those particulars. They may afford ground for surmise or suspicion, but nothing more."

When the judge who first tried the case feels it incumbent on him to state these facts in justice to the accused, regarding the evidence against him as unworthy of belief, and accordingly granting a new trial, what may we expect from the defendant's counsel? In the pamphlet before us there are two able speeches; one by Mr. Hayes, and the other by the defendant himself. The analysis of the whole case by the latter; his criticisms on the character and motives of the witnesses brought against him; his comments on the letters of Craig to those witnesses, and the inducements he offers them to make out a good case, leave no doubt on our mind (especially in view of Craig's printed letters, of whose genuineness there seems to be no question) that he has been the victim of one of the basest conspiracies ever concocted. From the extracts quoted in the pamphlet before us from letters alleged to have been written to his

witnesses by Mr. Craig, while getting up the case against Smith, we select the following as sufficient, in our opinion, to give a pretty accurate idea of the character of the whole:

"FRIEND ROWE—Prescott advises me that the Chicago package reached him this morning and that it will reach Blanchard's hands this P. M. It contains documents of importance *for our military friend to read and digest, before he undertakes to give his formal testimony in regard to the letters*, &c. The letters are good as far as they go, but by *themselves nearly valueless.*"

"In regard to money matters, I really wish I was able to be *generous* to N., as I certainly fully appreciate the disagreeable task he is kindly undertaking in my behalf, as well as in behalf of truth and justice."

"You, of course, will pay N. *the one hundred dollars which is his due, now* that he came forward to expose Smith's villainy, verbally, *so as to give the letters a degree of vitality which, in the absence of what N. can explain*, THEY DID NOT POSSESS; and after he has testified to the facts *we desire to bring out*, you will please call upon Blanchard, 83 State street; he will give you *a hundred dollars more, which you may hand to N.*, to enable him to take a little recreation during the balance of his furlough. And you will also please convey to him my best thanks for his kindness, and tell him if hereafter he should want a friend, he may confidently rely upon me, and I shall take real pleasure in serving him in any way in my power. *The question may be put to N. if I have offered him any pecuniary inducement to come to Boston to testify against Smith, and therefore it will be best not to give him the extra hundred dollars till after he has testified.*"

"FRIEND ROWE—I prevailed upon Mrs. N.'s brother to come here, and *through him* I have had a pleasant *interview with her*, and she has gone to Illinois to see N., and try to have a perfect reconciliation with him; and if she succeeds, I have little doubt she will go as far as N. has gone in dealing out justice to Smith. All *now* looks well.

"It will be my duty to find some respectable employment for Northrup *as soon as I can get him released from the army*; and I wish you would keep your eyes open for business for him until I can see him in a position to support his family in a respectable way. *I shall feel bound to assist him or his family, pecuniarily, to the extent of my ability, or to the extent of their necessities.*"

We do not know whether Mr. Craig is still the chief operator of the American Telegraph Company; at all events, we trust that his present operations are somewhat more straightforward than those in which he seems to have been engaged some three years ago, when he penned the above. We suppose it was not the same gentleman who was the agent of the Associated Press about the same time; but if it was, we can now see how difficult it was for him to avoid the complaints made against him by some of his employers; for the trouble he took to have the law vindicated in the case of Smith would seem quite enough for any one man of ordinary capacity and enterprise. It will be bad enough if all his virtuous labors prove of no avail after all; still worse if he is proved a conspirator instead of a philanthropist; and it must be admitted that present appearances are rather unfavorable. Is there any reason why the Associated Press would not help him out of the scrape? In the meantime, the unrighteous Smith, whom it would have been so good a thing to crush, had he only submitted in a decent manner to be crushed, asks some questions which it is rather difficult to answer. We transcribe the conclusion of his speech in support of his motion for a new trial.

"Was ever a case, in the annals of criminal courts, so studded with rascality and falsehoods to accomplish a wicked and malicious persecution of a man?

"Can the District Attorney feel proud of such a cordon of supporters? At all events, can he feel his case to be longer worthy, and appropriate to his duties? Would it not be, may it please your Honor, A REPROACH TO THE GREAT COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, if a verdict, obtained under such circumstances, with a cordon of witnesses whose corrupting price is feretted out and proved in every instance, beyond the possibility of doubt, *is allowed to stand?* And if there is no other testimony in the case than that of Northrup's and his wife's, (and it is upon their testimony, you will recollect, may it please your Honor, that this false version, also, of my letters wholly depends), can the government of Massachusetts look with pride upon a verdict sustained upon such hired and perjured characters, or upon such characters as we have demonstrated from the facts in this case? And if it can, I ask your honor, who in Massachusetts is safe? Who from another State, coming into Massachusetts, is safe? What is the guarantee that he will not have to pay the price of *black mail* every time that he comes within its jurisdiction, or suffer, perhaps, perpetual imprisonment? It cannot be so! This cannot be the record made up by Massachusetts. It cannot accord with the sense of honor of the prosecuting officer. He cannot but feel, that he has been the instrument of private *malice, perjury, conspiracy, and corruption.*

"May it please your Honor, I have withstood this matter, and have met it at every turn, as a man should meet it, feeling conscious of his innocence, and confident that the truth would in time be proved, as I believe in this case it has been now, incontestibly proved.

"I have gone thoroughly through all the phases with firmness and without evasion, and without unjustifiable recrimination of this, to me, painful case. If severe, I have been just to each actor in the conspiracy against me. It has been a work of time, of labor, of expense—but a work of duty to my family, to myself, to my confiding and abiding friends, and to the cause of public justice. I have submitted to no *black-mailing* compromises to avoid the responsibilities of the issues tendered, grave as they have been. And no intimation of that kind stands against me. I have neither perverted the truth, nor submitted to falsehood, supinely. And whatever griefs this conspiracy has caused me, I have kept them as nearly to myself as possible. I have sought no commiseration, no implication of others in my sufferings. Conscious from the start of none but correct motives, and a total exemption from crime, my labor and perils have been to avert the consequences, by ferretting out the crimes of others against me."

Smith has evidently proved much more difficult to be operated upon than had been supposed by those who took him in hand. We suspect that if some of his prosecutors had been as wise three years ago as they are now, they would have allowed him to carry on his amours in peace, assuming that he is so amorous as they would have us believe. Indeed, the danger is, at present, that they will put themselves into the pit which they dug for him; but if they do, we think there are not many acquainted with the circumstances, who will not say that they deserve their fate.

INSURANCE.

1. *Annual Report of the Superintendent of Insurance for the State of New York.* Albany: 1866.
2. *Eleventh Annual Report of the Insurance Commissioners of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.* Part II., Life Insurance. Boston: 1866.

It seems to us that, if all who have any official control over the business of insurance would discharge their duties so carefully and faithfully as our State Superintendent does, the public would have no cause for any

serious apprehensions. This impression we derive solely from his reports, and the salutary influence which they exercise, for we have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Barnes. We make this remark because there are a certain class who, judging others by themselves, think that if a journalist expresses his approbation of the services of a public man, it follows that he has some selfish interest in doing so; as the same class pretend that if he criticises or censures, he is actuated by malice or a still worse motive, if such were possible. We have certainly no disposition to give needless pain, or to speak of any one more harshly than his conduct seems to deserve; whatever may seem to imply the contrary we are much more disposed to indulge in the language of approbation than that of censure.

Yet we praise no one until we are satisfied that he deserves it; nor does Mr. Barnes form an exception. For the five or six years we have been in the habit of examining his reports, he has always seemed to us to mean well; but whatever he meant we have never shrunk from criticising any views of his that seemed erroneous or inaccurate. We have taken the liberty to differ with him more than once in his estimates of different companies; we have regarded him as too lenient and too appreciative in some instances, and have not hesitated to say so. But in every succeeding report he has exhibited a decided improvement, and we have spoken of him accordingly. If he was ever loath to put the public on its guard against insolvent or dishonest companies, he is not so any longer; no one is more in favor of publicity; no one evinces more cheerful willingness to let the public know whatever has come to his knowledge that concerns its interests. In short, the only other public officer belonging to the Empire State who evinces equal vigilance, intelligence, and integrity in the discharge of his duties, is the Comptroller of New York city. Just as fearlessly as Mr. Brennan has exposed the machinations of our Gas Monopolies, and defeated their designs, Mr. Barnes has exposed and defeated those of certain insurance companies.

The Report whose proof-sheets are now before us, should be read by all who are interested in insurance; but that is not possible, since there is scarcely any one now who is not interested in insurance of some kind. In one form or other, its benefits are within the reach of the day-laborer and the servant-maid, for if they cannot secure a life-policy, they can at least get an accident-policy, and if the latter is of the right kind—that is, if obtained from a reliable source—it may enable the possessor to procure the former without any very serious detriment to health, as we may take occasion to show before we conclude these remarks. We now proceed to extract such passages from the Report as we think will be most interesting to our readers, when they bear in mind that Mr. Barnes makes no sinecure of his position, but evidently devotes his undivided energies to its duties. Speaking of the experience of last year, he justly says:

"It has been a year of sad and persistent disaster to both our Fire and Marine Insurance Companies, unrelieved by any features of consolation except those which always accompany affliction—the way of wisdom is rendered plainer and broader for the entrance of all within its portals. Low rates of premium, high commissions to brokers and agents, large expenses and heavy losses have, even with small or no dividends, made the gross expenditures exceed the gross income, and rendered the companies less strong in assets as compared with liabilities than at the end of the preceding year 1864. The hard and severe labors of a whole year can show only as its fruits an enlarged and costly experience, which, however, if properly studied and used, will hereafter constitute practical capital, although unknown as an asset in a company's balance-sheet or in our courts of judicature."

Before any official report of the losses sustained last year was made, every intelligent person was aware that they must have been very great; but probably those who anticipated most trouble were not prepared to learn what the Superintendent tells us in this Report, namely: that "the capitals of thirty-five New York Joint Stock Fire Insurance Companies were, on the 31st day of December, 1865, impaired" in certain amounts and percentages. Some are impaired to the extent of 23, 25, and even 28.89 per cent. respectively. This seems discouraging; but we are bound to remember that a year so disastrous to fire underwriters as 1865, does not come more than once in a decade—nay, probably not more than once in a quarter of a century.

The Superintendent is not of those who, although seemingly very friendly to one as long as he seems prosperous, and not in need of friendship, are always ready to give him a kick when they find him down. The Morris company had a good many of such friends while it was supposed to have plenty of money, and to be willing to spend a liberal portion of it in patronage; but the moment they found it was no longer able to pay they were the first to assail it. We did not fail to denounce such baseness at the time, reminding our readers that it does not follow that underwriters, more than other business men, are dishonest because they are unsuccessful and unable to pay their liabilities. We tried to show that, upon the contrary, none are more liable to failure than men of the most generous and honorable impulses, since it is such who are most easily imposed upon, and induced to part with their money without receiving any equivalent for it. We are glad to see that the State Superintendent takes the same view of the case, and fully agrees in the opinion we expressed three months ago of the Morris Company:

"While condemning the irregularities and faults in the conduct of the Morris, the Superintendent considers it *no more than just to its founders* to state that *by their energy, zeal and activity in establishing and managing* extensive agencies *an example has been given to enterprising underwriters worthy of imitation*, and notwithstanding the failure of this Company it still remains an established axiom of Insurance Economics, that volume of premium contributes largely to the stability of a Company. It should not be forgotten, however, that other laws of business are still unrepealed and have concurrent jurisdiction, one of which is, that no risk should ever be taken without an adequate premium, and that the larger the extent of non-paying business the nearer is the approach of the final catastrophe of ruin and disgrace."—Ins. Rep., p. xxxv.

It has been seen that the Superintendent gives this credit to the *founders;* so did we. We gave no credit to those in whose hands the affairs of the company were when it failed; neither has he. Our reason was that we did not think they deserved any; and we suspect that he is of the same opinion. We were not, indeed, surprised to learn that there was not much left of the reputation of the Morris when it received a president from the office of the Metropolitan; nor can we say we were much surprised to learn, a few days since, that the same gentleman was taken back by the Metropolitan as if nothing had happened. As we may have been misinformed as to this fact, we do not vouch for its accuracy; although we believe it is strictly true. We do not mean that the gentleman alluded to is now the vice-president of the Metropolitan, as he was before; for that position, as well as every other available one, is occupied by a son of the president. In one sense this is all right enough, in our opinion; we think that Mr. Stansbury has suffered more from the moral influence of the Metropolitan than the Metropolitan can suffer from his.

Be this as it may, we cannot help believing that had he graduated at the Mercantile Mutual in Wall street, rather than in the dark basement at the corner of Broadway and Pine street, he would have made a much better president than he did for the Morris, although in shipping matters the latter confined itself exclusively to inland risks. In fact, we humbly think hat either Mr. Walter or Mr. Newcomb would have given him better lessons on the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, than those which he seems to have received from the brigadier-general of the Home Guards. Nay, he could have got much safer instructions from the International, or the Security, although neither has any pretensions to that wisdom which results from age and long experience, and which, according to some who are old themselves, is the only true wisdom.

Those alluded to above are not the only points on which the report before us proves our views to have been correct, before any official action had been taken in regard to those to whom they related. Thus, for example, we spoke of the Croton Fire more than a year ago, remarking that its president was utterly unable to make anything better of it than a wreck, and advising that gentleman to cast off false pride, and take a lesson or two from the officers of the Washington or the Hope. When his resignation was accepted not long after, we expressed our fears that it was too late. Now the Superintendent alludes to the Company as follows:

"The impairment in the capital of the Croton Fire Insurance Company *has increased* since the 31st day of December last, the date of its Annual Statement, and a requisition will probably be made upon its stockholders to supply the existing deficiency."—p. xxxvii.

This will not be easy, seeing that the deficiency in December last amounted to $31,676.95, and that the total amount of capital claimed by the company, is only $200,000. If the increase in impairment has been much

since December, it is to be feared that the company will have to imitate the example of the Brevoort Fire, which, on being called upon for an official statement by the Superintendent, in March last, "as preliminary to a special examination," resolved to die at its own hands, rather than await the official execution which would have been pretty sure to take place before many months.

The record of Life Insurance for the past year is much more encouraging than that of either Fire or Marine; the business done has been unusually large, and it is rapidly increasing. It is not strange, then, that new Life companies are springing up almost weekly, and that those who fail in Fire or Marine Insurance, without having rendered much benefit to themselves or others, devote themselves to the thriving business with an air of as much importance and reliability as if the widow and the orphan had none to depend on before their time. Companies of this kind generally give themselves very comprehensive names, as if they had learned from experience that there is a large proportion of the public with whom the shadow is just as good as the substance. There are companies of all sorts of names, however, that are good, as well as bad and indifferent, so that we would no more judge a company by its name than we would a book by its cover, since one may be an excellent underwriter, and yet be very stupid in the science of christening.

We are glad to see that in this department also the State Superintendent is becoming considerably more outspoken than he used to be; but we can assure him that there is still considerable room for improvement in that direction; and we do so in no censorious spirit, but because we think that, if he only knew certain parties better than he does, we should sometimes see their names mentioned in his reports in no very appreciatory manner. But in most of the views of this character which he has given us, we entirely concur. Thus, for example, our readers will remember that on several occasions, within the last three years, we have felt it our duty to make some criticisms on the course pursued by the North America Life of this city. In his present Report, Mr. Barnes makes the following remark:

"The Superintendent has noticed with regret that the North America Life Insurance Company has engaged in the business of insuring against travelling accidents; thus *periling its Life policy-holders by experiments* in a new and comparatively untried field of Insurance *not within the scope of their contracts*. It is the duty of this department to *warn the public* that any Life Insurance Company which engages in Fire, Marine, Casualty, Accident, or any other branch of Insurance, adds new elements of hazard to its engagements, the extent or danger of which it is impossible to calculate with certainty, and which are entirely foreign and repugnant to a legitimate and safe system of Life underwriting. The main object of Life Insurance *is thus practically nullified* by exposing the policy-holders to those perils of business and speculation, the avoidance of which furnishes the main incentive for procuring a policy."—p. lxx.

This, though but a mild hint, ought to be enough. For our part our faith in the North America would not be much altered if it engaged at once,

as far as it could, in all conceivable kinds of insurance, for what one never had can no more be altered than lost. The Superintendent also alludes to some of the contrivances by which certain companies contrive to magnify their figures on paper. The following extract will serve as an instance:

"The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of Newark *erroneously included accrued interest*, also deferred and unpaid premiums, as part of its income; this practice is not allowed by our form for Life Statements, which calls for income *actually received* during the year, not for what might, could, or should have been received. The headings of Income and Expenditures call only for hard, solid, and *actual facts*—what money has been in fact received and expended during the year."

The Commissioners of Massachusetts allude to similar operations, thus: "The book-keeping *device, which substitutes four or five falsehoods* for one disagreeable truth, does not help the matter."* It is but right that the public should be aware that it is by processes of this kind that certain third or fourth rate life companies are made to seem to command more confidence than institutions like the New York Life, the New England Mutual, the Knickerbocker, the Equitable, and the Ætna. There is not one of these on whose policy we would not set a much higher value than we do on that of the New Jersey corporation; although, perhaps, if we were gifted with more perception and understanding than has fallen to our lot, or could see further into dark places, we should have a higher appreciation of the Mutual Benefit.

If the Insurance journals would imitate the example of Mr. Barnes there would be much less insurance quackery than there is; but unhappily it is notorious that they have no criticisms to make on any company from which patronage may be expected until it has had to give up the ghost. We can assure their conductors that this remark is made in a friendly spirit. We are well aware that they would lose patronage if they attempted to criticise; but equally sure that they would gain more than they lost. This we know from our own experience, and we can illustrate it by facts which cannot be denied: In the very first number of our journal—published in June, 1860—we had an advertisement of four pages from the Mutual Life; the same appeared in the second number and was duly paid for; but the worthy president would not insert it the third time except we would not say of himself and his company what we did not believe to be true, but what we now are sure was not true but false.

Another insurance nabob, who thought to make us his humble servant in a similar manner, first advertising with us very freely, and then withdrawing because we would not puff him, was Mr. Martin, president of the Home Fire; but what he also received, and has continued to receive from us, for his pains, was scorn and contempt.

* Eleventh Ann. Rep. of the Ins. Commissioners of Mass., p. vii.

Let either deny this if he can. Well, what have we ever lost by presenting faithful though ludicrous portraits of both Winston and Martin to our readers in all parts of the world? One at least sought revenge in every petty form, but his boasted millions failed to do us the least harm. Instead of the patronage thus withdrawn by persons whose charlatanism cast that of the quack doctors into the shade, we received that of underwriters who would dissolve their companies at once, and forever, rather than have recourse to such contemptible means of making money; in short, for our criticisms we got scientific underwriters; men of education and social position in favor of investigation, as patrons, in exchange for the Messrs. Winston and Martin, who, no doubt, are very wealthy, but very shabby—less thought of in this community, by those whose good opinion is of any value, than many underwriters who do not pretend to have one-tenth as much money at their command.

If the insurance editors, instead of publishing the most fulsome adulation, in execrable English, of underwriters who value themselves, not according to their integrity, or the course which they pursued towards those who trusted them when engaged in other kinds of business, but according to the show they can make of figures, under the head of assets, &c., they, too, could afford to despise the class who hate critics as much as they do their old creditors. But if, after all, they must praise in order to live, let them at least have the thing in their own language; for although we cannot compliment them very highly on their style, it is in general as far superior to that of the parties who are most fond of puffing themselves as the style of Sallust is to that of Barnum. We would also advise them not to use "Esq." more than about one-tenth as often as they do, bearing in mind that the most distinguished men who have no special titles or academical prefixes, are spoken of in print in the English language as "Mr."

It is but fair to add that we have met with one or two exceptions among the Insurance journals. When the Baltimore Underwriter was first published, our attention was called to its peculiar character, by a gentleman in whose intelligence and judgment we had implicit confidence. Yet we preferred to express no opinion of it, which a reasonable number of specimens might not justify. Now it has had time enough to develop its character; and we cheerfully confess, that when we compare it with the general class of Insurance journals, we are surprised at its manly fearlessness, as well as at the decided ability with which it is conducted. The New England Insurance Gazette used to take courage sometimes and laugh at charlatans, and tell some unpalatable truths; but lately it has seemed, like others, to prefer the salve, or rather the *soap*, to the scalpel.

But it seems the legislators of Massachusetts are rather averse to criticism, and this may account for the altered tone of the Gazette. At all

events, they have once more done a foolish act—we mean the abolition of the Insurance Commission, the duties of which have hitherto been discharged by Mr. Elizur Wright and Mr. Geo. W. Sargent. To use the language of our most intelligent insurance correspondent, "Mr. Wright is a thorough mathematician, but radical in his views; he does not hesitate to step on the toes of anybody who puts his foot in his way. He does not hesitate to call a *spade* a *spade*; hence in his official position he has touched up parties who have now paid him off. The legislature has abolished the present commission, and provided for the appointment of one commissioner at $2,000, with a clerk at $1,000, to do all the work, which Messrs. Wright and Sargent have heretofore done. The present commission expires July 1, and it is somewhat doubtful if the governor reappoints Mr. Wright, who is, by the way, the best man for the office. By law, the life insurance companies doing business in Massachusetts pay for the valuation of their policies, one cent for each $1,000. The amount of tax thus paid is $5,650, which, also by law, was allowed to the the commissioners for clerk hire, in doing their laborious work. Thus, for example, the New England Mutual Life has paid as its share $320, on $32,000,000; and who will say that $320, paid for actuarial services on such an amount, showing exactly the standing of that company, was not cheap? But in future the rate of valuation is to go into the treasury, and not to the commissioners' assistants." Such is the spirit of progress exhibited by the legislature of Massachusetts. Perhaps this is not strange after all, since the only really good substantial life company belonging to the state—the only one that compares favorably with the best elsewhere—is the New England Mutual.

Referring to mutual companies reminds us that the Globe Mutual, of this city, continues to make rapid progress. It seems it was but two years in existence on the 10th of June, inst., but during that time it had issued 5,190 policies, and insured to the amount of $10,898,787. We see it has also declared a dividend of 50 per cent. on the first year's business, the amount to be applied in reduction of premiums after 1869, or in reversionary addition to policies. What say the managers of the Security and those of the North America to this? The National Life is another new company which has an excellent prestige. All its officers are experienced underwriters; and among its directors are several whose names would be a sufficient guarantee by themselves that what it undertakes it will faithfully perform.

Hartford is made a wonderful little city by the amount of insurance business transacted in it. It is a remarkable fact that the Ætna Fire alone does more than all the Boston fire companies put together; and we think that a similar comparison could be made between Hartford and Philadelphia, although the Ætna is not half so great a boaster as the Franklin Fire, nor is its system of arithmetic one-tenth so defective. The

Hartford institution has now been in existence nearly half a century, and has paid losses during that time amounting to $19,127,410, leaving assets for future losses which amount in cash to over $4,000,000.

The Phœnix Fire used to be a pretty good company, but somehow or other it does not thrive under its new president. We are assured that in one sense, at least, it fully justifies its name at present; the Phœnix, as most intelligent people are aware, being a *fabulous* bird, while the assets of the Phœnix Fire are said to partake somewhat of the fabulous also. But let us hope that when it gets more business its figures will be more accurate than they are now represented to be. The Connecticut Fire has quite a handsome record. It seems that its present surplus fund amounts to $80,000, of which $17,397.92 is in bank, ready for any loss that may require it, not to mention the amount in the hands of agents.

But there is another Ætna company in Hartford—the Ætna Life—which is worthy of comparison in strength and prosperity with its Fire Insurance namesake. It seems that only one other Life company issued so large a number of policies in 1865; and that it is pretty well prepared to redeem its policies, may be inferred from the fact that its capital stock and surplus now exceed $3,000,000. The New England Fire is not quite so prosperous as its policy-holders might wish; but we are assured that the fault does not lie with its president, who always means well, and would have the company well too, if its secretary understood his business half so well as he does himself, or had one-fifth as much general intelligence. This may not be strictly correct; we merely note what seems to be the general opinion among those who know both best.

There are several other Hartford companies of whose operations we have notes from reliable sources; but for the present we can only mention one more, namely, The Travelers. This is undoubtedly the best Accident company in the United States, and we believe it is now the only accident company that issues life policies. It seems that up to the first of June, inst., it paid over two thousand losses for non-fatal injuries, in sums varying from $5 to $650 each—the total amount of this class being $80,000. Up to the 15th inst. it lost $150,500 by death, for which it had received only $854.40 in premiums, but we believe that except in a very few recent instances, the whole amount has been paid to the heirs of the insured; yet its assets amounted on the first of June to $700,641.64.

We have a mass of other statistics relative to the same company, which have been furnished us by a reliable correspondent, but we must examine them more closely before we deduce any conclusions from them, further than to remark, in general terms, that we only remember one European Life and Accident Company that has presented a record equally encouraging and wonderful.

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SEPTEMBER, 1866.

ART. I.—*Histoire de Jules César.* Par S. M. I. NAPOLEON III. Premier et deuxieme tomes. Paris : Henry Plon, 1865-6.

THERE are at least a hundred Frenchmen who could have given us a better history of Cæsar than this; yet it is by no means destitute of merit. It is neither a crude nor a shallow performance, but one that would have had many readers altogether independently of the prestige of its author. This, indeed, is the reason why we take up the book, not because it has been written by an emperor; and we will give our impressions of it in the same spirit. If courtiers are expected to praise whatever their sovereign does, that is no reason why those who owe him no allegiance, or over whom he can exercise no control, should pursue the same course; it would be still more absurd, however, to be harsh or hypercritical towards him, merely because he is a sovereign whose power cannot reach us. In our opinion, if the position of the author should have any influence on the estimate given of his work, it ought to be in his favor so far as to give him credit for what he most probably would have done had his opportunities been equal to those of others.

No intelligent person who reflects for a moment will say that the chief of a nation like France has much time for literary labor; it will rather be admitted by all that it is only by the exercise of great self-denial he can devote any time to it. Yet there is nothing flippant in the volumes before us; we only wish that one-tenth of our professional writers, who make it their mission to instruct the public, would exhibit one-tenth the research of Napoleon III., for there is no writer of any authority on Cæsar, ancient or modern, whom he does not quote in a manner that can leave no doubt of his having studied him to a greater or less extent.

The amount of knowledge, both historical and biographical, which he has thus embodied would have rendered his work valuable had every statement he has made about Cæsar been erroneous; and we would have recommended its perusal accordingly, feeling that, if the reader failed to find a true portrait of the illustrious Roman, he would find many other good things, which, if they are not new in themselves are in new combinations, and afford us that sort of pleasure which we derive from revived recollections of old and familiar friends.

It is but justice to Napoleon III. to award him this credit, and that it should be awarded him is the interest of humanity; for certain it is that, if they are not the best sovereigns who occupy their leisure hours in discussing the great problems of the past, and showing how human progress has been promoted, or retarded, it must at least be admitted that they are not the worst. Had they been bad men before they commenced such a task, its obvious tendency would have been to reform them; since it would have impressed them with the uncertainty of all human power, especially of that which is obtained by violent or unjust means. The lessons taught by the history of Cæsar alone, to all who study them, are capable of subduing the heart of the proudest tyrant. In order to realize this it is sufficient to remember that on the day Cæsar was slain he was the most powerful sovereign in the world; nor had any warrior a nobler prestige than the conqueror of the Gauls. Hundreds of thousands of the bravest and best-disciplined troops loved him as a father, and were not only ready but anxious to obey any order he chose to give them. Still he was but a man; and as a man he fell by the hand of the assassin, after having won so many glorious battles and rendered his name a synonym throughout the earth with irresistible power.

We need assign no further reasons for entertaining the opinion that those in power ought to be encouraged to devote themselves to history rather than attacked as if it were a crime for them not to equal or even excel professional historians. The editor mentions, in a note at the beginning of the second volume, "the names of sovereigns and princes who have occupied themselves with the same subject." Those given are Charles VIII. of France, the Emperor Charles V., Sultan Soliman II., Henry IV. of France, Louis XIV., the great Condé, Queen Christiana of Sweden, Louis Philippe, Joseph of Orleans, and Napoleon. Many more great names

might have been added, including the Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was the patron of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland. The editor might also have told us that more than a dozen of the Persian kings have written histories and biographies of greater or less extent, and that not one of those who did so has the reputation of a tyrant, but the contrary. The best of the Moorish kings of Cordova have distinguished themselves in a similar manner, and their works are still extant.

But there was scarcely one of all these who was not a liberal patron of literary and scientific men. Perhaps this is the reason why the editor has given so few royal and imperial authors who have distinguished themselves by their liberality, bearing in mind that, whatever may be the virtues of Napoleon III., friendly encouragement to the thinkers of his reign is not among them. Yet, if this was his motive in mentioning so few, he ought also to have omitted the name of Louis XIV., for it is suggestive of a striking contrast. We do not learn that the patron and friend of Corneille, Racine, and Molière banished any of the authors of his time, or shut them up in prison, for expressing their opinions, even when they were most severe on himself. In the time of Le Grand Monarque there were no journals to suppress; but there were coteries quite as dangerous that issued their daily bulletins from their salons or their hotels. Instead of fettering genius himself, or issuing decrees warning it against turning its satire against him or the state, he was the first to take its part when it was accused by others. The same is true of the great Condé, so far as he was able to give any encouragement to the votaries of literature and the sciences; and it is but partially true of Napoleon I. The latter was, indeed, the friend of Goethe and Sir Humphrey Davy; he made Laplace the astronomer a cabinet minister, and contributed millions to the improvement of the Jardin des Plantes and the Museum; but he banished Madame de Stäel, and many others, because they ventured to find fault with himself or his government. We think it would have been just as well, therefore, if the editor had kept his "note" to himself. Napoleon III. is certainly no ordinary sovereign; of all the rulers of France since the time of Charlemagne probably none have surpassed him, save Louis XIV., and the uncle of whom he is so justly, though sometimes rather indiscreetly, proud. But further than that he has written these two volumes he has hitherto given little

encouragement to literature, science, or the arts; more than one of the petty princes of Germany have contributed more within their own comparatively narrow sphere to the development of the human mind.

This will show that, if we are willing to do full justice to the merits of the *Histoire de Jules César*, it does not follow that we are disposed to bestow undue praise on its author, or to conceal his errors. But there will be still clearer evidence of these facts before we close; and yet, when we feel it our duty to find most fault we shall not be the less willing to recommend the book for the multifarious information which it contains. Having now spoken in general terms of the merits of the work, intending to illustrate our views as we proceed, we would note one or two of its faults, but without any wish to be harsh or hypercritical.

The most prominent of these is its egotism. The greatest men are egotistical, it is true; it is a weakness from which men of genius are by no means exempt; although it is not a characteristic of the highest class. There is no egotism in Homer, or Virgil, or Shakespeare, or Thucydides, or Livy; but there is much of it in Cornelius Nepos, Marcellinus, and others, who may be ranked rather among men of talent than men of genius. Kings and emperors are in general more egotistic than other men, because they are used to praise and unused to censure and criticism. But even among conquerors, those of the highest order prefer to allow others to glorify them rather than do so themselves.

This was the case with both Alexander and Cyrus as well as with Napoleon I.; but it is decidedly not the case with Napoleon III., for it is to glorify himself and his family that he writes the present work. Nothing is clearer than this; it is apparent in the discussion of every proposition introduced in each volume. Cæsar is made a hero of everywhere, but only in proportion as his conduct is supposed to resemble that of Napoleon I., and the reader is left to draw his own conclusions as to the resemblance between the uncle and the nephew. Even in the preface of the first volume this vanity is but too apparent; indeed, this was one of the principal reasons why we did not review it when it first appeared, somewhat more than a year ago. We concluded to wait for the second volume, doubting much whether the first could be regarded as affording a fair specimen of the author's taste and judgment. We now find that we were not altogether mistaken in this.

There is, indeed, sufficient vanity and egotism in the second volume; it is abundantly Napoleonistic throughout, but not so openly so as the first. A slight veil is used in the second, as if the author had overheard an occasional sneer at the vainglorious boasts of the first, which would have Napoleon I. recognized as one of the very few whose mission it was to ameliorate the condition of the human race. It might seem incredible that a man of the mature age of Napoleon III. would speak as he does—one who, far from being born with a crown on his head, or even with a silver spoon in his mouth, spent the best part of his life in adversity's school; the exile, now wandering in England and then in America, sometimes wanting even the necessaries of life, and exchanging his wandering life only for solitary confinement in the fortress of Ham—might be supposed to have learned enough of the ways of the world to guard him against exposing himself to ridicule even on so popular a subject as the character and destiny of his uncle. But he speaks as unguardedly as if he had never gone beyond the precincts of the Tuileries, and had never heard more ungentle language than the praises of courtiers.

Thus, for example, in telling us what was his object in writing the present work, he says that it "is to prove that when Providence raises up such men as Charlemagne, Cæsar, and Napoleon, it is to indicate to the people the *way they should follow*, to mark *with the seal of their genius a new era, and to accomplish in a few years the labor of several centuries.* Happy the people who comprehend and *follow them!* misfortune to those who misunderstand and *combat them!* They *are like the Jews who crucified their Messiah.* They are blind and culpable," &c.* This, it will be admitted, is speaking in a pretty high strain. The comparison between Jesus Christ and Napoleon is not very obvious, since the former shed no blood, plundered no churches, robbed no art galleries, murdered no Duke d'Enghien in violation of all law, &c. But let us hear our author a little further in this strain, only premising that, for fear of breaking the *entente cordiale* with England, he casts the blame of Napoleon's captivity not on "la perfide Angle-

* "Ce but est de prouver que, lorsque la Providence suscite des hommes tels que César, Charlemagne, Napoléon, c'est pour tracer aux peuples la voie qu'ils doivent suivre, marquer du sceau de leur génie une ère nouvelle, et accomplir en quelques années le travail de plusieurs siècles. Heureux les peuples qui les comprennent et les suivent! malheur à ceux qui les méconnaissent et les combattent! Ils sont comme les Juifs, ils crucifient leur Messie. Ils sont aveugles et coupables."—*Histoire de Jules César, Préface*, p. 10.

terre," but on all Europe. "In effect," says his Imperial Majesty, "neither the murder of Cæsar nor the captivity of St. Helena has been able to destroy beyond return two popular causes overthrown by a league covering itself with the mask of liberty. Brutus, in killing Cæsar, plunged Rome into the horrors of civil war; he did not prevent the reign of Augustus, but he rendered possible those of Nero and Caligula. The ostracism of Napoleon by combined Europe has not any more *prevented the empire from being resuscitated*." &c.*

The meaning of this is sufficiently plain. Cæsar was the true friend of liberty, Brutus only its pretended friend. Napoleon was the true friend of liberty; those who sent him to St. Helena were its enemies, if for no other reason than that they terminated the career of so great a benefactor of the human race. As Julius Cæsar was the prototype of Napoleon I., so was Augustus the prototype of Napoleon III. At least this is what our imperial author would have us to believe; although we confess we cannot see the resemblance. Our author also reminds his readers what incalculable evils may result from the killing of a great ruler; how it may not only plunge the country into the horrors of civil war, but produce tyrants like Nero and Caligula. This is but to say in other words: "Woe to those that raise their impious hands against the Lord's anointed!"

We are certainly not in favor of assassinating even tyrants; we have never sympathized with those who counselled violence to Napoleon III., but the contrary. We have never regarded him as a tyrant, but rather thought him, upon the whole, the best ruler France could have at the present day. At the same time we cannot approve of his addressing the public as if it were a baby ready to believe anything however absurd; and in what other light can we consider his comparing his uncle to the Messiah and himself to Augustus, the illustrious patron of Virgil and Horace, to whose generosity we owe the Æneid, one of the noblest poems ever written, as well as the finest odes of the latter poet? We are not aware that Napoleon III. has inspired any poem

* "En effet, ni le meurtre de César, ni la captivité de Sainte-Hélène, n'ont pu détruire sans retour deux causes populaire renversées par une ligue se couvrant du masque de la liberté. Brutus, en tuant César, a plongé Rome dans les horreurs de la guerre civile; il n'a pas empêché le règne d'Auguste, mais il a rendu possibles ceux de Néron et de Caligula. L'ostracisme de Napoleon par l'Europe conjurée n'a pas non plus empêché l'empire de ressusciter, et, cependant, que nous sommes loin des grandes questions résolues, des passions apaisées, des satisfactions légitimes données aux peuples par le premier empire!"—*Préface*, p. 11.

worthy of the name, except a satire of which he is himself the subject—such, for example, as the well-known effusion of Victor Hugo, which has condemned the poet to perpetual exile.

Even Napoleon I. has inspired nothing worthy of the Augustan age, or, indeed, of a much more vulgar one. His achievements, great as they undoubtedly were, have yet been recorded in no epic strains. Even the prose writers who have devoted themselves to the subject are only those of the third rank; no such historians as Sismondi, Thierry, or Guizot; yet we are gravely informed that Napoleon I. was a prophet, a character never claimed by either Cæsar or Alexander. "Thus has been daily verified, since 1815," says our author, "that prophecy of the captive of St. Helena: 'How many struggles, how many years, how much blood will still be necessary to realize the good which I wished to do for humanity!'"*

The preface concludes with this prophecy; and its truthfulness is still further attested in a note at the bottom of the page, although we do not think the facts will strike many others in the same light.

We have been thus careful in glancing at the preface, because, so far as the motives and mode of reasoning of the author are concerned, it gives a pretty accurate idea of the character of the whole work. A reference or two to the matter in the body of the first volume will serve to illustrate this. Thus, in speaking of the elements of dissolution, our author attributes to electoral corruption the chief agency in bringing about that catastrophe. This, indeed, is an opinion which any statesman would be fully justified in entertaining; but what we object to is the view which our author takes of electoral corruption. "Fraud was introduced," he says, "into the elections, so that the number of electors *was increased*, and obliged those seeking public offices to obtain a larger number of votes."† That is, what Napoleon III. considers one of the greatest evils that caused the downfall of Rome, was the extension of the franchise; what the people of England have been seeking for several years, and the

* "Aussi se vérifie-t-elle tous les jours, depuis 1815, cette prophétie du captif de Sainte-Hélène: 'Combien de luttes, de sang, d'années ne faudra-t-il pas encore pour que le bien que je voulais faire à l'humanité puisse se réaliser!'"

† "La fraude s'introduisit dans les élections des que le nombre des électeurs s'accrut et obligea à recuiller plus de suffrages pour obtenir descharges publiques."—p. 48.

withholding of which has recently caused the overthrow of the Russell ministry.

It is natural enough that the Emperor of the French should warn his people against seeking any such extension, lest they, too, might insist on reforms, if only because their neighbors are doing so. The elective franchise was a very good thing so far as it contributed to re-establish the empire in France; but now that his Majesty is in no need of large majorities, the whole aspect of the case is altered, and it is best to keep the franchise under wholesome restrictions, lest the fate of Rome might become that of France!

With a similar view to home and self, our author tells us what royalty did for Rome. According to him, it was the chief source of greatness, even while the government was nominally a republic. "Its conquering spirit," he says, "refused to be confined within narrow limits. The small states of Latium, which surrounded it, had, perhaps, men as enlightened, citizens as courageous; but certainly there did not exist among them to the same degree as at Rome, the genius of war, the love of country, the faith in high destinies, the conviction of an incontestable superiority, *powerful inducements inculcated with perseverance by great men* during two hundred and forty years."*

Wherever there seems to be any danger that the parallels and suggestions of our author may not be understood in the proper way, he takes occasion to introduce the name of his uncle, side by side with that of his prototype, Cæsar. After showing how absurd and unjust are those historians, ancient and modern, who allege that Cæsar was actuated more by personal ambition than by patriotism, he exclaims triumphantly, but with a feeling of mingled pity for poor feeble human nature: "What a strange inconsistency it is to be equally ready to give superior men and fickle mountebanks credit for superhuman foreknowledge!"†

'This is followed by some queries in regard to Cæsar, Pompey, and Cicero, and their relations with each other.

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* "Son esprit conquérant débordait au delà de ses étroites limites. Des petits états du Latium qui l'entouraient avaient peut-être des hommes aussi éclairés, des citoyens aussi courageux, mais il n'existait certainement pas chez eux, au même degré qu'à Rome, le génie de la guerre, l'amour de la patrie, la foi dans de hautes destinées, la conviction d'une supériorité incontestable, mobiles puissants inculqués avec persévérance par de grands hommes pendant deux cent quarante ans."—vol. i., pp. 29, 30.

† "Etrange inconséquence, que de supposer á la fois aux hommes supérieurs et des mobile mesquins, et des prévoyances surhumaines!"—p. 390.

Then, becoming more pointed as he proceeds, he asks: "Is it more true to say that Cæsar, become proconsul, aspired to the sovereign power? No. In setting out for Gaul he could no more think of reigning at Rome *than General Bonaparte, in setting out for Italy, could dream of the empire.*"*

According to the same reasoning, we are to believe that in becoming a candidate for the presidency of the French Republic, Louis Napoleon had no idea of making himself emperor as soon as he could; in short, what we are to understand is that great men of his type are never so vulgar as to prefer their own interests to those of the people over whom they wish to reign. No matter how much blood they may shed in securing the sceptre; no matter what amount of outrage they may perpetrate on all in their power who may be supposed to differ from them, it is all done for the public good and the benefit of civilization! This, of course, was the motive of the *coup d'état* by which the existing *régime* was established in France; it was the motive that caused so many of the best citizens of Paris to be dragged out of their beds at midnight, to be immured in dungeons; it was, in a word, the motive that caused the Parisians to be mowed down with grape shot for three days, as long as they made any resistance to the will of their new Messiah.

Another serious error of our author is that he has attempted far too much. Did he carry out his plan as foreshadowed by the first volume, we should have, not merely a portraiture of Cæsar, but a history of Rome from the most remote times to the death of the great chieftain, if, indeed, it would close with that event. If we misrepresent him in this, let his own pages vindicate him. In his first book, which extends to two hundred and forty-one pages octavo, he gives us literally nothing about Cæsar. The subjects which he discusses in his stead are: Rome under the kings (from the formation of Rome to 244); the social and political organization of the state; the results obtained by royalty; establishment of the consular republic; the conquest of Italy; treatment of the vanquished; submission of Latium after the first Samnite war; second Samnite war; fourth Samnite war; second coalition of the Samnites, Etruscans, Gauls, Lucanians, &c. We think that any of the historians

* "Est-il plus vrai de dire que César, devenue proconsul, aspirait à la souveraine puissance? Non. En partant pour la Gaule, il ne pouvait penser à régner sur Rome, pas plusque le général Bonaparte, en partant pour l'Italie, en 1796, ne pouvait rêver l'empire."—vol. i., p. 891.

we have mentioned would have told us that these various subjects would have been quite enough by themselves for one work. Thucydides thought he assumed a pretty extensive task when he undertook to write the history of the Peloponnesian war. Sallust took a similar view of the duties of a historian when he undertook to give an account of the conspiracy of Catiline and of the Jugurthian war. But in addition to the topics already mentioned, Napoleon III. undertakes to describe "the prosperity of the basin of the Mediterranean before the Punic wars;" he gives us accounts in detail of the commerce of the Mediterranean, the condition of Northern Africa, of Spain, of Epirus, of Greece, of Macedonia, of Asia Minor, of Bythnia, of Cappadocia, of Egypt, of Sardinia, of Sicily, &c., &c.

It may well seem incredible that all this would be attempted, even by an imperial author, in a work purporting to be a life of Cæsar; but his Majesty has attempted much more, for he has also undertaken to describe the Punic wars of Macedonia and of Asia, &c. Since our author disposed of so many topics in his first volume, it can hardly be regarded as strange that his second volume is rather meagre, consisting mainly of commentaries on the Commentaries of Cæsar on the Gallic war; but whether the former be better or more interesting than the latter is one of those questions which need hardly be answered. Perhaps, upon the whole, it would be nearer the strict truth to say that the second volume consists chiefly of free translations of the original, by different hands, with some additions in the way of commentaries. We cheerfully admit that some of the latter are very good, but in general they embrace nothing new. At the opening of the second volume we find some graphic and just observations on the adventurous character of the Gauls. Passing over the introductory paragraph, we translate as follows:

"The records of their ancient expeditions show an organization already powerful, and an adventurous ardor. Without speaking of migrations which go back, perhaps, nine or ten centuries before our era, at the moment when Rome commenced to increase in importance, we see the Celts extend their frontiers. In the time of Tarquin the Ancient (from 138 to 176, Roman calendar), two expeditions went out from Celtic Gaul; one crossed the Rhine and Southern Germany to fall upon Illyria and Pannonia (now Western Hungary); the other, crossing the Alps, established itself in Italy, in the country situated between those mountains and the Po.* Soon the invaders transported themselves to the right bank of that river,

* Justin, xxiv., iv.; Tite-Live, v., xlviii.

and nearly all the territory included between the Alps and the Apennines took the name of Cisalpine Gaul. More than two centuries after the descendants of these Gauls marched upon Rome and burned it entirely, with the exception of the capitol.* Another century later (475), we see new bands go out from Gaul, reaching Thrace by the valley of the Danube,† ravaging Northern Greece, and carrying back to Toulouse the gold stolen from the temple of Delphi.‡ Others, arrived at Byzantium,§ pass into Asia, establish their dominion over all the region on this side of Mount Taurus, since named Gallic Greece or Galatia, and maintain there a sort of military feudality up to the time of the war of Antiochus.‖ —Vol. ii., liv. iii., ch. i., pp. 1, 2.

The author fully sustains himself in these views and gives many more to the same purport. He is equally correct in noting the fear inspired among the Romans by the Gauls:

"It appears from this collection of facts that the constant thought of the Romans during several centuries was to resist the Celtic people established on both sides the Alps. The ancient authors loudly signalize the fear which held Rome unceasingly on the watch. 'The Romans, says Sallust, 'had then, as in our day, the opinion that all other people must yield to their courage, but that with the Gauls it was no longer for glory, it was for safety, that it was necessary to contend.'¶ Cicero, on his part, expresses himself thus: 'Since the commencement of our republic, all our sages have regarded Gaul as the most formidable enemy of Rome. But the power and number of these people have prevented us, to the present time, from fighting them all."** In 694, it may be remembered, the report of an invasion of Helvetians reached Rome. All political preoccupation immediately ceased, and recourse was had to the exceptional measures adopted in similar circumstances.†† In fact, when agitated concerning a war with the Gauls, the people proceeded from principle immediately to the nomination of a dictator and to levies in mass. Henceforth no one was exempt from military service, and, in anticipation of an attack by these barbarians, a special treasure, which was not allowed to be touched save in this eventuality, was deposited at the capitol.‡‡ Thus, when, in 705, Cæsar seized it, he replied to the remonstrances of the tribunes that, Gaul being subdued, this treasure was become useless.§§

"The war against the people beyond the Alps was then, for Rome, the consequence of a secular antagonism, which would lead to a supreme power and the ruin of one of the two adversaries. It is this which explains at once the ardor of Cæsar and the enthusiasm excited by his successes. Only those wars undertaken in accordance with the traditional sentiment of a country have the privilege of deeply moving the popular feeling, and the importance of a victory is measured by the

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* Polybe, ii., xvii.-xix.; Tite-Live, v., xxxv.
† Pausanias, x, xix.-xxiii.; Diodore de Sicile, Eclog., xxii., xiii.
‡ Strabon, iv., p. 156, éd. Dubner et Muller; Justin, xxxii., iii.
§ Polybe, iv., xlvi.
‖ Justin, xxv., ii.; Tite-Live, xxxviii., xvi.; Pausanias, vii., vi., § 5.
¶ Jugurtha, cxiv.
** Discours sur les Provinces Consulaires, xiii.
†† Cicéron, Lettres à Atticus, i., xix.
‡‡ Plutarque, César, xli.; Appien, Guerres Civiles, ii., xli.
§§ Appien, Guerres Civiles, ii., xli.

greatness of the disaster which a defeat would have brought. Since the fall of Carthage, the conquests in Spain, in Africa, in Syria, in Asia, in Greece, increased the extent of the republic, but did not consolidate it, and a check in these different parts of the world would have diminished the power of Rome without compromising it. With the people of the North, on the contrary, its existence was at stake, and upon its reverses or upon its successes depended the triumph of barbarism or of civilization. If Cæsar had been conquered by the Helvetians or by the Germans, who can say what Rome would have become, assailed by the innumerable bands of the North falling emulously upon Italy?

"Thus, no other war excited more strongly public opinion than that of the Gauls. Pompey had in vain borne the Roman eagles to the shores of the Caspian sea, and, by tribute imposed on the conquered, doubled the revenue of the state, his triumphs having obtained only ten days of thanksgiving. The senate decreed fifteen,* and even twenty,† for the victories of Cæsar, and, in their honor, the people made sacrifices for sixty days."‡—Vol. ii., liv. iii., ch. 1., pp. 7–9.

Napoleon III. gives also a pretty faithful description of the general appearance, habits, customs, arts, &c., of the ancient Gauls. We quote a passage or two:

"The Gauls were of high stature; they had white skin, blue eyes, hair light or chestnut, which they dyed in such a manner as to render the color more brilliant. They let the beard grow; the nobles alone shaved, and preserved only long moustaches. Pantaloons or breeches, very large among the Belgians, tighter among the southern Gauls, a loose shirt descending to the middle of the thighs, composed their principal clothing.§ They were clad with a great coat or sack,‖ magnificently embroidered with gold and silver, among the rich,¶ and fastened at the neck by a metallic clasp. The lower classes of people substituted for it the skin of an animal. The Aquitaines probably clothed themselves after the Iberian custom, with heavy, shaggy, woollen cloth.** The Gauls wore necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets, circlets for the arms, of gold or of copper, according to their rank, necklaces of amber, and rings, which they wore on the third finger of the hand.†† * * * *

"They were acquainted with certain arts. In some countries they manufactured serges that became famous, and stuffs of cloth or of felt;‡‡ in others they worked mines with ability, and devoted themselves to the fabrication of metals. The Biturgians worked in iron, and understood the art of tinning.§§ The workmen of Alesia inlaid copper with leaves of silver, to ornament the bits and harnesses of horses.‖‖ The Gauls lived principally on pork, and their ordinary drinks were milk, beer, and

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* Guerres des Gaules, ii., xxxv.
† Guerres des Gaules, ii., xxxviii.; vii., xc.
‡ Cicéron, Discours sur les Provinces Consulaires, xi.; Dion-Cassius, xl., l.
§ Strabon, iv., p. 163, id. Didot.
‖ Isidore de Séville, Origines, i., 19, 24.
¶ Diodore de Sicile, v., xxx.
** Diodore de Sicile, v., xxxiii.
†† Pline, xxxiii., xxiv.
‡‡ Pline, Histoire Naturelle, viii., xlviii., lxxvii., p. 128, éd. Sillig.
§§ Guerres des Gaules, vii, xxii.; Pline, xxxiv., xvii., 162, éd. Sillig.
‖‖ Pline, xxxiv., xvii., 162; Florus, iii., ii.

mead;* they are reproached with being inclined to drunkenness.† They were of a frank and open character, hospitable towards strangers,‡ but vain and quarrelsome;§ uncertain in their feelings. lovers of novelty, they took sudden resolutions. regretting one day what they had scornfully rejected the day before;‖ carried to the war, seeking new adventures, they were found to be furious in attack, but quickly discouraged in reverses.¶ Their language was very concise and figurative; in writing they employed Greek letters."—vol. ii., liv. iii., chap. ii., pp. 29–31.

We think this extract will show, in connection with our introductory remarks, that we have no disposition to deny our author any credit that is justly due to him. We now repeat that his volumes exhibit much research, and embrace a large amount of valuable historical and biographical information; more, indeed, than is to be found in any similar work of equal extent. But speaking of it as a life of Cæsar our estimate of it must be entirely different. Making all due allowance for the fact that it is yet incomplete, and that several volumes may be added, we cannot anticipate much satisfaction from it as a portraiture of the great founder of the Roman Empire, for the reason that with the plan pursued thus far, no historian, however laborious or persevering, could complete the picture in a lifetime. Supposing Boswell, instead of confining himself to what Johnson said and did, attempted to give us full accounts of the characteristics of the ancient Britons, the Saxons, Angles, Danes, Normans, Irish, Scotch, &c., not to mention the Parthians, Numidians, Egyptians, Carthagenians, besides copying a large portion of his writings and commenting thereon, who will believe that he could have portrayed the great lexicographer as he has? A similar remark will apply to Xenophon, who could never have given us so faithful a portrait of his great master, Socrates, as he has, had he felt himself called upon to describe, more or less fully, all the states of ancient Greece, and all the other states throughout the world with which they had any relations. As it is utterly impossible to do any such thing, even in a lifetime, Napoleon III. may be blamed not for failing to succeed, but for having devoted as much space and time to irrelevant matter as would have been sufficient for a complete portraiture of Cæsar, so far as it is possible to produce such at the present day.

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* Strabon, iv., p. 163.
† Discours pour Fonteius.
‡ Diodore de Sicile, v., xxviii.
§ Strabon, iv, pp. 162–165.
‖ Guerres des Gaules, iii., viii.
¶ Diodore de Sicile, v., xxxi.

But as our author has not furnished us the materials for a life of Cæsar we must gather them from other sources; otherwise we should regard ourselves as having disappointed many of our readers; besides, we rather like the character of Cæsar upon the whole, since he was not merely a great captain, but was also a statesman, an orator, an author, a philosopher. We do not undertake to consider him now, however, in these various points of view; the volumes before us, and scores of others on the same subject, might well admonish us had we entertained any such rash intentions. It would take at least a series of articles to do justice to Cæsar, without introducing a single word of irrelevant matter. All we propose, therefore, on the present occasion, is to give our views briefly on the more prominent features of his character, bearing in mind the age in which he lived, the adversaries with whom he had to contend at home and abroad, and the difference between what was public opinion then and that which receives the same name at the present day.

Caius Julius Cæsar was born at Rome on the 12th of July, 654, A. U. C. (99 B. C.) Hitherto the month had been called Quintilis, but in honor of his birth it received the name of Julius. As was then the habit with most ancient families, that of Cæsar pretended to trace its ancestry to the gods; at least the future warrior claimed descent from Anchises and Venus. Among the celebrated men of his time to whom he was closely allied was Marius, who had married his aunt Julia, and on whom he pronounced a funeral oration, in which he took occasion to give his own geneaology. "My aunt Julia," he says, "is the issue of kings by the maternal side. By the paternal side, she descends from the immortal gods, for her mother was a Marcia, and the Marcian kings are the issues of Ancus Marcius. The Julian family, to which I belong, descends from Venus herself. Thus our family unites to the sacred character of kings, who are the most powerful among men, the revered holiness of the gods, who hold the kings themselves in their power."*

His father, who had borne the same name as himself, died when he was but sixteen years.† But his mother, Aurelia, was one of the best women of her time, combining, as she did, the advantages of high culture with a strict regard

* Seutonius' *Cæsar*, vi.
† Seuton., i.; Pliny, Hist. Nat., vii., l. iii.

for virtue and an excellent understanding. Almost all historians agree in giving Aurelia the credit of having given Cæsar the best part of his early education; and there is similar unanimity as to the fact that he was grateful to her accordingly to the last day of his life. Plutarch tells us that when the day of election came—the office contended for being that of chief pontiff—Cæsar's mother attending him to the door with her eyes bathed in tears, he embraced her and said: "My dear mother, you will see me this day either chief pontiff or in exile."* The same historian, in giving us an account of Cæsar's divorce from Pompeia, and of the supposed willingness of the latter to have interviews with Publius Clodius, her reputed lover, says: "But the women's apartment was so narrowly observed, and all the steps of Pompeia so much attended to by Aurelia, Cæsar's mother, who was a woman of great virtue and prudence, that it was difficult and hazardous for them to have an interview."†

Aurelia not only superintended his education so far as she was capable of doing so herself, always taking care to impress on his mind every useful precept with which she was acquainted, but, when she could no longer instruct him herself, she secured for him the best instructors of his time. Thus it was that, at an early age, he was placed under the tuition of M. Antonius Gniphon, a philosopher of note and an orator of no mean order. It is worthy of remark that the first tutor of the conqueror of the Gauls was a Gaul, who was equally familiar with the resources of the Greek and the Latin, having studied both at Alexandria, where they were then more carefully taught than anywhere else. We are told, on the best authority, that it was to the instructions of Gniphon that Cæsar owed that familiar acquaintance with the Greek which prompted him to use it on all important occasions; for, even when he fell beneath the daggers of the conspirators, the last words he uttered were Greek.‡

On account of the divorce of Pompeia some have thought that the lessons of his mother were unfavorable to her own sex; and that her chief object in complaining to him of his wife was to maintain her own ascendency over him. But the facts showed that nothing could be more unjust. There is some ground for the charge, however, in the minds of those who have not paid sufficient attention to the circum-

* Plutarch in Cæsar. † *Ibid.*

‡ "*Καὶ σὺ τέκνον*," not "*Et tu, Brute*," as is generally reported.

stances, because, when called to give evidence on the trial, after he had put away Pompeia, he declared he knew nothing of what was alleged against Clodius. This reply appearing strange, the public prosecutor demanded why he divorced his wife. "Because," said he, "I would have the chastity of my wife clear even of suspicion." If it was his mother who caused him to pursue this course, she was actuated not by jealousy or any hatred to her sex, but by a very different motive. It is evident from the account of Plutarch that she was fully aware of Pompeia's guilt; the only fair inference, then, is that she wished to cause as little scandal to the lady's friends as possible.*

But assuming that both himself and his mother did injustice to Pompeia, there would still be sufficient evidence that Cæsar was not too ready to divorce his wives; that, on the contrary, no one was more opposed to an unjust or undeserved divorce even when his opposition might have caused the utter ruin of his prospects, if not his death. On this point, too, we have the honest testimony of Plutarch: "When Sylla," he says, "had made himself master of Rome, he endeavored to bring Cæsar to repudiate Cornelia, daughter of Cinna, one of the late tyrants; and finding he could not effect it either by hopes or fears he confiscated her dowry." Cæsar himself was deprived of the priestly office as well as of his own patrimony for the same offence. At the present day, indeed, this course would be thought nothing more than any man of spirit or principle should feel bound to pursue; but it was different in the time of Cæsar, when even the greatest men did not always disdain to court the good will of those in power by the basest conduct. At this very period Piso divorced his wife Annia because he knew that his doing so would please Sylla; even Pompey put away his wife Antistia for no better or more manly reason.

Thus far—that is, until he got power—there seemed no reason why Cæsar should not be regarded as a model by any one who chose to do so. Sylla thought otherwise, however, and, whatever may have been the faults of the dictator, those who hated him most admitted that he was a keen judge of character; and when some of those about him remarked that there was no reason why he should desire to put to death a boy like Cæsar, he answered that they had but little sagacity if they did not in that boy see many Mariuses. But little

* *Vide* Plutarch's narrative in full.

attention was paid to this at the time, except as the remark of a tyrant whose guilty conscience caused him to fear all youths who had the advantage of noble and distinguished birth. Even Cicero participated in the general sympathy for Cæsar at this time, all believing him to be as harmless and well disposed as he affected to be. But in due time the orator had good reason to change his mind on this subject; he looked with suspicion on Cæsar accordingly, and declined all proffers of alliance with him. Hence the justice of his remark, after the dictator had crushed the liberties of his country: "I discovered in all his enterprises and in his whole conduct a plan continually pursued for raising himself to the tyranny. But when I saw him so soft in his dress and manner of living, with effeminate gestures, and his hair in such nice order, I could not believe that such a man was capable of forming and executing the design of subverting the Roman commonwealth."

Napoleon III. is very fond of quoting Cicero in favor of Cæsar, but he takes good care that the remarks quoted were those made before Cicero began to suspect the real designs of Cæsar. Be it remembered that the latter did all in his power to secure the confidence of the former. Even while making war on the Gauls in their own territories, the conqueror never forgot the orator; he chose as his lieutenants several of his friends, including his brother, Q. Tullius Cicero. It was natural enough that a man of the kind, frank disposition of Cicero, who valued nothing more than personal compliments and a recognition of his great influence with the people, should speak and write well of one who was always so anxious to please him. But Napoleon III. forgets to tell us that, as soon as Cicero was undeceived, he not only avoided Cæsar himself, but did his best to induce his friends to do the same; for he did not believe, like Napoleon III., that it was for the public good, not for his own aggrandisement, he turned his arms against his country and usurped the supreme power. But Cicero was wrong, according to our author, in everything he did and said which was not favorable to Cæsar. Thus, for example, the former was wrong in wishing to punish the Catilinian conspirators with death, whereas the latter was entirely right in trying to save them. This was wise and statesmanlike, although we are not told that, according to the most reliable authorities, the reason of it was that Cæsar himself was more than suspected of complicity with the conspirators.

Lest we might seem to do our imperial author injustice, we will quote his own words. He informs his readers that the conspiracy of Catiline was by no means so bad a thing as it is generally represented—nay, that, in fact, the greatest objection to it was the bad conduct and character of its author, because a durable good can never proceed from impure hands ("Un bien durable ne peut jamais sortir de mains impures.")* Thus, according to Napoleon III., had the hands of Catiline been hitherto pure, his conspiracy might have brought some good results had it only succeeded. The hands of the late President of the French Republic were pure, as a matter of course; consequently he was only acting Messiah-like when he planned and executed his famous *coup d'état*. But although the conspirators were bad men for the reason assigned, it was illegal to put them to death if only because Cæsar was opposed to the death penalty in their case. "La mort illégale des conjurés," says our author, "réhabilita leur mémoire, et on trouva un jour le tombeau de Catiline couvert de fleurs."† As usual in such cases, our author quotes his uncle in support of his own views in order to set aside all doubt. "The Emperor Napoleon," he says, "also treats as a fable, in his Memorial de Sainte-Hélène, that opinion of the historians, which pretends that Catiline wished to burn Rome and subject it to pillage in order that he might govern on its ruins." "L' Empereur pensait, dit M. de Las-Casas, que c'etait plutôt quelque nouvelle faction, à la façon de Marius et de Sylla, qui, ayant échoué, avait vu accumuler sur son chef toutes les accusations formales qu'on élève en pareil cas." ‡ Such is the style in which Napoleon III., makes a hero, who may be regarded as a prototype for his uncle; but the matter is not so easy as he seems to think. In our opinion, could Napoleon I. have examined this history, he would have pronounced it a foolish thing, and thrown it into the fire; at least he would have expurgated three-fourths of what may be said by courtesy to be the author's own. But let us proceed to consider in what light can Cæsar be regarded as a model worthy of imitation by any class of princes or political adventurers, except by those who derive their precepts from Machiavelli and his model ruler, Cæsar Borgia.

When Cæsar learned that Sylla understood him, he retired

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* Hist. de Jules César, liv. ii., ch. iii., p. 325.
† *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid*, note.

from Rome and concealed himself among the Sabines. Believing that he was not quite safe in his retreat, he hastened to sea and sailed to Bythnia, where he sought the protection of Nicomedes, the king. It does not appear that his wishes were complied with, for he soon re-embarked, and was captured by pirates near the island of Pharmacusa. His conduct towards the pirates is highly characteristic, such, indeed, as might well have shown at the time what his real disposition was. They asked him only twenty talents for his ransom; he replied that if they knew how important their prisoner was they would ask much more, adding that he would cheerfully give them fifty talents. He sent his friends to the neighboring cities to procure the money, retaining only one friend and two servants. He lived among them thirty days and joined daily in their diversions. He wrote poems and delivered orations for their entertainment, and when they failed to express admiration he called them dunces and barbarians. They were delighted with all this, for they regarded it only as an illustration of his frankness and facetious disposition. But as soon as the money was paid and he found himself again at liberty, he soon proved to them that his jokes were serious ones. He hired some vessels in the port of Miletus and immediately put to sea to attack the corsairs. As they anticipated no vengeance from one whom they had treated so kindly and who had mingled so freely in their sports, they were in no hurry leaving, and were, therefore, easily surrounded and captured. They still had the ransom money; he took it from them and imprisoned them in Pergamus. Not satisfied with this, he crucified every one that remained in his power. What could any of the pirates themselves have done worse than this? Even they thought he merely jested when he threatened them with this fate; seeing that they never did him the least personal injury, but, on the contrary, did all in their power to render his stay among them as agreeable to himself as possible. No wonder that many, who had no pretension to the gift of prophecy, foretold that the crucifier of the pirates, under such circumstances, would one day shed other blood without much provocation, if he found himself powerful enough to do so.

The love of distinction always formed a prominent feature in his conduct; whatever was best calculated to dazzle the multitude, or convince them that he was their friend, was what he sought most anxiously to do. It was with this view

that he induced Thermus, the prætor, through the influence of his friends, to award him a civic crown at the siege of Mitylene; and it was the same motive that prompted him to accuse Dolabella of extortion, in his twenty-third year. The charge proved a failure so far as the accused was concerned, but it was quite successful in its intended effect on the people. All said what an excellent tribune he would make; how fearlessly he would defend them from those whose only care while in office was to take as much as they could from them.

Cæsar knew at the same time that too much familiarity breeds contempt; nor was he unmindful of the value of knowledge and the persuasive faculty. Accordingly he retired to Rhodes in his twenty-fourth year, and occupied his time in studying eloquence under Appoloneus Molo, who was then one of the most eminent of the Greek rhetoricians. He returned to Rome after an absence of not more than one year, and, just as he had expected, the people elected him a military tribune. He was now on the direct road to preferment; but it was always his habit to affect indifference to all official appointments. If he allowed himself to be prevailed upon by his friends to accept at the eleventh hour, it was only because the interests of the people were so dear to him that he would rather do injury to his own feelings than to allow those interests to be compromised by selfish pretenders like his opponents. By proceeding thus adroitly, he became in turn quæstor, ædile, high-priest, prætor, and consul. Yet, according to Napoleon III., it is absurd to think that he had any notion of assuming the supreme power at Rome until circumstances over which he had no control forced him; circumstances similar to those which induced the First Consul of France to disperse the national assembly at the point of the bayonet, or which induced the President of the French Republic to permit himself to be styled, "S. M. l'Empereur."

While Cæsar was ædile he had an opportunity of gratifying the popular taste for magnificent display, and he availed himself of it far more than any of his predecessors had done. But he did not merely dazzle the people with great shows; he used the public money to bribe them to be his friends. Was this like the conduct of one who, as Napoleon III. tells us, had no personal ambition?—no worse ambition than that he was always anxious to elevate his country and increase its power and greatness. This, doubtless, was also

his object when he leagued with the traitors of Catiline as charged against him before the quæstor and the senate. It is not likely, indeed, that he wished Catiline, to succeed; those who knew his motives best were of opinion that his real motive was to encourage them to destroy the liberties of their country, so that he might have the less trouble himself in becoming the absolute sovereign of Rome.

All historians agree that the senate of Rome entertained a very different opinion of the motives of Cæsar from that of Napoleon III. and his uncle. Nor was the feeling of the senate a mere matter of opinion, which received no expression. Because that august body suspected his designs, they decreed but provinces of little importance to the consuls the year he was first elected. This he fully understood, and it excited his resentment at once. At this time Pompey and Crassus were opposed to each other, and their mutual opposition gave the senate more power than it could otherwise have had. In order to change this state of things, Cæsar exercised both his personal and official influence to reconcile the two chiefs to each other; nor did he fail to do so, although it cost him considerable effort.

In order to influence Pompey as he wished, he caused the Manlian law to be passed in his favor. The extraordinary powers conferred on him by this enactment were very flattering to the characteristic vanity of that chieftain; and whoever gratified his vanity had but little trouble in securing his confidence. With Crassus, however, Cæsar had much less trouble, because the prodigious wealth of the latter had rendered him agreeable to the dictator; and Crassus, upon the other hand, though fond of his money, was always willing to share it with one by whom he thought he might gain glory or increase his wealth. Through the efforts of Cæsar the three were now combined; and we are told that at this time, of all Roman citizens, Pompey had the greatest power, Crassus the greatest riches, and Cæsar the greatest abilities. The manner in which Napoleon III. speaks of this coalition is really amusing. Pompey and Crassus may indeed, have been influenced, he thinks, by their personal interests or their self-love, but the immaculate Cæsar, the prototype of Napoleon I., had a nobler object. But we must quote his own words. "Certes Pompée et Crassus," he says, "n'étaient pas insensibles à une combination favorisant leur amour pour le pouvoir et les richesses, *mais on doit prêter à*

César un mobile plus élevé, et lui supposer l'inspiration du vrai patriotisme."*

Although Napoleon III. will thus have it that, as usual, Cæsar was actuated only by patriotism, all the historians who are regarded as authorities have denounced this very coalition as a conspiracy against the liberties of Rome; and as conspirators the three persons who formed it solemnly swore, not to the nation, or to the senate, but to each other, that nothing was to be done in Rome but by their common consent. Cæsar, in forming this first *triumvirate*, knew very well, from the character of his colleagues, that he would really have the whole power in his own hands. He was aware that all Pompey cared for was to have his acts in Asia ratified, which service he was ready to render him, as its effect would be little more than to flatter his vanity; he knew, also, that, as long as Crassus was in a position to make money, he did not care much for the exercise of power.

The events soon showed that Cæsar was entirely right in his calculations. He was complete master of the state in all save the name; but each member participated in the just odium and abhorrence excited by the acts of Cæsar among all classes of the community. It now appeared that Cicero had also been invited to join the coalition, because Cæsar knew from experience, as we have already intimated, how easily he could be imposed upon by so wily an adept in deception as himself. But the orator found him out at last, and rejected his proposals with scorn, although well aware that in doing so he was exposing himself to the greatest danger. He did not avow the fact, however, until his friend Pompey came to him and confessed that he had been duped by Cæsar. Cicero did not hesitate to incur still greater risk, for he strongly advised Pompey to break off all connection at once with that unprincipled politician. But it was now too late for this; however superior the eloquence of Cicero was in the rostrum, the conversation of Cæsar was far more insinuating and persuasive than that of the professional orator. This had, no doubt, its due effect on Pompey, but, lest it might not be sufficient for the purpose arrived at, the dictator gave him his daughter Julia in marriage; a lady who, whatever were the faults of her father, was acknowledged by all to be of an exceedingly amiable disposition, and of most engaging manners. So great was her influence both with

* Hist. de Jules César, liv. ii., ch iv., p. 353.

her father and husband that, in spite of the jealousy and aversion which were afterwards manifested between them, she succeeded in preventing them from coming to any rupture as long as she lived; whereas she was scarcely cold in her grave when they were openly at war with each other.

Cæsar did not confine himself to the formation of the triumvirate as a means of securing the supreme power. He left no other project untried. When he saw that Piso was to succeed him in the consulship, he married his daughter Calpurnia, in order to increase his power in the state. It was against these marriages that Cato exclaimed so loudly, calling both gods and men, as we are told by Plutarch, to witness how insupportable it was that the first dignities of the state should be prostituted by marriages, and that this *traffic* of women should gain them whatever governments and forces they pleased.*

Cæsar now felt so near the goal of his ambition that he thought he could do as he liked; and it must be admitted that even in this there is some reason in regarding him as the prototype of Napoleon I., who, it will be remembered, parcelled out Europe to his brothers, brothers-in-law, and favorite generals. When Cæsar found himself thus powerful, none expressed their sentiments any longer, except at the peril of losing liberty or life. Even the venerable Cato was reminded that, if he had disagreeable thoughts, he must now keep them to himself. "As Cato spoke against these regulations" (the traffic in women, &c.), says the historian, "Cæsar ordered him to be taken in tocustody, imagining he would appeal to the tribunes. But when he saw him going to prison without speaking one word, and observed that it not only gave the nobility great uneasiness, but that

* None of the historians of Rome hesitate to place Cato far above Cæsar in the scale of integrity and patriotism. Even Sallust, the most friendly of all to Cæsar, in comparing the two with each other, yields the palm to Cato for the best qualities of a citizen and a man:

"His (Cæsari et Catoni) genus, ætas, eloquentia prope æqualia fuere: magnitudo animi par, item gloria, sed alia alii. Cæsar beneficiis, ac munificentia magnus habebatur; integritate vitæ Cato. Ille mansuetudine, et misericordia clarus factus: huic severitas dignitatem addiderat. Cæsar, dando, sublevando, ignoscendo; Cato, nihil largiendo, gloriam adeptus est. In altero miseris perfugium; in altero malis pernices. Illius facilitas, hujus constantia laudabatur. Postremo Cæsar in animum induxerat, laborare, vigilare; negotiis amicorum intentus, sua negligere; nihil denegare, quod dono, dignum esset; sibi magnum imperium exercitum bellum novum exoptabat, ubi virtus enitescere posset. At Catoni studium modestiæ, decoris, sed maxumæ severitatis erat. Non divitiis cum divite, neque factione cum factioso; sed cum strenuo virtute, cum modesto pudore, cum innocente abstinentia certabat; esse, quam videri, bonus malebat; ita, quo minus gloriam petebat, eo magis adsequebatur."—*Sallustius, de Bello Catilin.*

the people, out of reverence for Cato's virtue, followed him in melancholy silence, he whispered one of the tribunes to take him out of the lictor's hands."* This conduct was viewed by all classes as it deserved. We are told that very few of the senators followed Cæsar to his house on this occasion, as had previously been their habit; the reason assigned being that "the greatest part were offended *at such acts of tyranny.*" Plutarch adds that Considius, one of the oldest senators that attended, taking occasion to observe that "it was the soldiers and naked swords that kept the rest from assembling," Cæsar said, "Why does not fear keep you at home, too?" Considius replied: "Old age is my defense; the small remains of my life deserve not much care or precaution." Even his colleague in the consulship, Bibulus, was so much disgusted with his tyrannical conduct that he shut himself up in his own house for the greater part of the year; he did this partly because he was afraid of being assassinated by Cæsar's lictors, and partly because he would not even seem to give his sanction to acts which he abhorred. Napoleon III. speaks frequently of the high principle of honor by which Cæsar was always actuated. According to him the founder of the Roman Empire could not be induced to be guilty of a mean or unworthy action under any circumstances; in this, he tells us, he was as immaculate as Napoleon I.; nor can we say that he was not, since the latter personage also was guilty of many acts that would have disgraced a brigand chief. At all events Plutarch concludes some just remarks on the tyrannical conduct of Cæsar, as follows: "The most disgraceful step, however, that Cæsar took in his whole consulship was getting Clodius elected tribune of the people; the same who had attempted to dishonor his bed, and had profaned the mysterious rites of the Good Goddess. He pitched upon him *to ruin Cicero;* nor would he set out for his government before he had embroiled them and procured Cicero's banishment."† Thus we see what Cicero brought on himself by refusing to join in the conspiracy against the liberties of his country and advising Pompey to withdraw from it. And it was the implacable hatred thus excited which subsequently led to the assassination of the orator, although it occurred after the death of Cæsar, by order of Antony, Cæsar's avenger.

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* Plutarch in *Cæsar.* † *Ibid.*

But all this is explained away by Napoleon III. in his own peculiar way. "Nous avons montré César," he says, "n'obeissant qu'á ses convictions politiques, soit comme promoteur ardent de toutes les mesures populaíres, soit comme partisan déclaré de Pompée; nous l'avons montré aspirant par une noble ambition, au pouvoir et aux honneurs; mais nous n'ignorans pas que *les historiens* en général donnent d'autres motifs de sa conduite."* Thus our author shows that he is aware that the historians in general thought very differently of Cæsar from what he does; but they lacked the grasp of mind of a Bonaparte, and hence the difference. Our author proceeds to show what absurd views those historians have entertained and expressed in regard to the acts of Cæsar and to his whole conduct; they misunderstood all, but all is clear as noonday to Napoleon III. His Majesty concludes his "explication" by a very characteristic piece of egotism. "Let us not," he says, "be incessantly seeking little passions in great minds. The success of superior men, and it is a consoling thought, depends more on the elevation of their sentiments than on the speculations of egotism and intrigue."† The concluding sentence of the first volume is: "Certes César avait foi dans sa destinée et confiance dans son génie; mais la foi est un instinct, non un calcul, et le génie pressent l'avenir sans en diviner la marche mysterieuse." The meaning of all this is very plain. Whatever great men like the ancient and modern Cæsars do should be regarded as patriotic and good, not selfish or bad. If it sometimes seems otherwise to the rest of mankind, it is because it is not given to them to comprehend the mysterious and grand. The ancient as well as the modern Cæsar had faith in his destiny and confidence in his genius; but with such great people such feelings are divine instincts, not the results of calculation or egotism. In short, to us the wonder is that so sensible a man as Napoleon III. is in all other matters could be induced, even by the most wily of his flatterers, to address so enlightened and witty a nation as France in such terms as the above, and hope not to be laughed at; even did he know that the rest of the world would not trouble itself much to see what he has said or thought about Cæsar and his uncle, or his uncle and Cæsar. We confess that among all similar performances which we have ever made it our business to examine, there is nothing of which it so

* Hist. de Jules César, liv. ii. ch. vii., p. 389. † *Ibid.*

forcibly reminds us as the famous address of the Delai-lama of Thibet to his privy council, as reported by Father Navarette, in one of his letters to Don John of Austria:

"My venerable brothers, you and I know very well that I am not immortal, *but it is proper that the people should think so.* The Tartars of Great and Little Thibet are people with stiff necks and little information, who require a *heavy yoke and gross inventions.* Convince them of my immortality, and the glory will reflect on you, and you will procure honor and riches. When the time shall come in which the Tartars will be more enlightened, *we may then confess that the grand lamas are not now immortal,* but that their predecessors were so, and that what is necessary for the erection of a grand edifice, is no longer so, *when it is established on an immovable foundation.*

"When the time of correct reasoning shall arrive, *for it will arrive some day* or other, *you will then take a totally opposite course,* and say *directly the contrary of what your predecessors have said,* for you ought to change the nature of your curb in proportion *as the horses become more difficult to govern.* Your exterior must be *more grave;* your intrigues more mysterious; your secrets better guarded; *your sophistry more dazzling,* and your policy more refined. You will then be the pilot of a vessel *which is leaky on all sides.* Have under you subalterns continually employed at the pumps, and as caulkers to stop all the holes. You will navigate with difficulty, but you will still proceed, and be enabled to cast into the fire or the water, as may be most convenient, *all those who would examine whether you have properly refitted the vessel.*"

It is many centuries since this speech is said to have been delivered by the Delai-lama, but there is much more philosophy in it than in the pretensions of Napoleon III., in relation to Cæsar, his uncle, and himself. The Delai-lama knew how to adapt his language as well as his claims to the progress of enlightenment and civilization; but Napoleon III. ignores the necessity, and would have his readers believe that what Cæsar said and did nearly two thousand years ago would be as proper now as he tells us they were then, because Cæsar was one of those Messiahs that come into the world about once in a thousand years to remedy the evils perpetrated by long lines of petty kings, emperors, presidents, &c.

But the character of the original Cæsar is yet incomplete, although we think we have already shown that he is not the exemplary ruler Napoleon III. would have the world believe. When the dictator saw that a strong and respectable party, actuated by their love for their country, were operating against him, although only so far as to protest against his tyrannical acts, anxious to intimidate them, he bribed Vettius, who had formerly preferred an accusation against himself, to declare that he had been urged by them to assassinate Pompey; but his plan was soon found out, and

even the lower order, whom it was intended to please, treated him with so much contempt that he was glad to abandon it. But even this he could not do without committing a crime; in order to prevent discovery he had his tool, Vettius, put to death in prison. These atrocious acts were well known, yet he continued to retain a very powerful party in his interest. Most of his adherents of the better class remained attached to him at this time, not because they liked him or approved his acts, but because they had before their eyes the examples of those whom he had utterly ruined or put to death for no other reason than that they were unwilling to have anything further to do with him. It was, however, to the worst classes of the community that he owed his power at all times; it was the people, so-called, that conferred every honor on him, and elected him to every office from the first to the last; and it was they who, in spite of the shameful acts just alluded to, obtained for him the provinces of Gallia Cisalpina, and Illyricum, with three legions for five years, through his agent Valerius, the tribune. The senate, seeing the people had done so much, did not think it safe to refuse Cæsar when he asked them to add Gallia Transalpina and another legion. He had now six legions under his command, and the number was gradually increased to fifteen.

It was now he set out for Gaul for the first time, with the intention of reducing that country. The period is differently recorded by different historians, but the most probable date is the end of March, 58, before Christ. What he accomplished in Gaul is so well known that it would be superfluous to give any particulars of it here, even if we had space and time to do so. His own admirable Commentaries leave nothing to be desired in that way, although no one who has examined his character fully, and carefully studied this work, believes that he has by any means told us the worst of what happened in Gaul during his wars. He has, however, told quite enough to prove beyond a doubt that, whatever were his faults as a man or a citizen, he was one of the world's greatest warriors. Bayle, the philosopher and savant, whom we must consider at least as good authority as Napoleon III., remarks that "when we think, in general, of the wars which he terminated so gloriously, we cannot but admire him; but when we make a reflection on the prodigious number of people to whom he caused death, poverty, or servitude, it is difficult to

avoid regarding him with horror."* Another observation, equally just, by the same author, follows that just quoted. "The greatest crime," he says, "he has committed in all this is that, in order to avenge private quarrels which he had drawn on himself by his too ambitious conduct, he employed *for the oppression of his country* the same arms which its sovereigns had placed in his hands for the subjugation of their enemies."† Plutarch, in speaking of this same event, tells us that in less than ten years' war in Gaul he took eight hundred cities by assault, conquered three hundred nations, and fought pitched battles at different times with three millions of men, one million of whom he cut in pieces, and made another million prisoners. If all this was praiseworthy, great, and worthy of imitation, no doubt Cæsar was a great and good man. But let us now consider for a moment the use he made of the prestige and power thus gained.

It is not necessary to speak here of the passing of the Rubicon, or any other act done by Cæsar, on his way to Rome to destroy with fire and sword all who opposed his ambitious desires. Suffice it to say, that when he saw that the citizens were not half so much frightened as he had supposed he would find them, he addressed the senators in a mild and gracious manner, telling them to send deputies to Pompey offering honorable terms of peace, &c. But not one of them would bear his message. His first care at the same time was to seize upon the treasury As Metellus, the tribune, opposed his taking the money, reminding him that there were strict laws against it, Cæsar said: "Arms and laws do not flourish together. If you are not pleased with what I am about, you have nothing to do but to withdraw; indeed, war will not bear much liberty of speech. When I say this, I am departing from my own right; for you and all whom I have found exciting a spirit of faction against me are at my disposal. Saying this, he approached the doors of the treasury, and as the keys were not produced he sent for workmen to break them open. Metellus opposed him again and some applauded his firmness; but Cæsar, raising his voice, threatened to put him to death if he gave him any further trouble. "Young man," said he, "you are not ignorant that this is harder for me to say than to do." Metellus, terrified with his menaces, retired, and afterwards, Cæsar was

* Dict. Phil., Art. *Cæsar.*

† Voltaire also calls him "the robber of the public treasury, who employed the money of the Romans to reduce the Romans to subjection."—*Voltaire's Phil. Dict., Art. Cæsar.*

easily and readily supplied with everything necessary for the war."*

Soon after, the battle of Pharsalia was fought, in which Pompey was completely defeated and his camp taken, that defeated general made all the haste he could, with only thirty horsemen, to the shores of the Archipelago and thence to Egypt. Cæsar, fearing that as long as Pompey lived he would enjoy no tranquillity, pursued him to Egypt; and on arriving at Alexandria he found him assassinated. None acquainted with the circumstances doubted that nothing could have pleased him more than this; but in order to make a show of magnanimity he affected to weep on seeing the head of his rival, as Elizabeth did when signing the death-warrant of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. Lest this might not be deemed sufficient, he had the two assassins put to death, the same as he had put Vettius and others to death on former occasions, so that it might not be known who hired them to do the bloody work. Pompey was scarcely cold in his grave before the conqueror entered into an intrigue with Cleopatra, and placed the crown of Egypt on her head in consideration of her favors to himself. After fighting some more battles, he returned to Rome, and Cato committed suicide at Utica on hearing of his success. Laden with the plunder of so many countries, the conqueror of the world was able to glut his soldiers with presents and the citizens with largesses; he also tried to dazzle the eyes of the multitude, and to make the citizens forget the extinction of their liberties by getting up shows of unparalleled magnificence and feasts of unbounded profusion.

He had, however, one war to suppress yet. Cneius and Sextus, the sons of Pompey, raised a powerful army in Spain, aided by Labienus one of their father's lieutenants; and Cæsar was obliged to leave Rome in order to attack them. After some manœuvring, which lasted for months, the rival armies came to a decisive battle at Munda. The sons of Pompey displayed so much heroism and generalship that the veterans of Cæsar, always used to victory as they had been were forced to flee; and it required all his skill and intrepidity to bring them back to the charge. He had recourse to his usual expedient in such circumstances, took a buckler from one of the subaltern officers, and, calling on his favorite legions to follow, rushed into the thick of the fight. This fired his

* Plutarch in *Cæsar.*

whole army with enthusiasm, and he was soon rewarded by a complete victory. This was his last battle, for it left him in undisputed possession of the Roman Empire.

None were so blind now as not to see what his object had been from the beginning. Even those on whom he had lavished bribes with more than oriental profusion felt remorse at having made themselves the instruments of his ambition. He claimed and got his triumph, however, as usual; and it surpassed in splendor and magnificence everything of the kind that had ever before been seen in Rome; but the people, who on former occasions used to give expression to the most frantic delight, looked on in mournful silence, without taking any part in the procession one way or other. The citizens understood him at last; they saw that it was not over the Spaniards or any other foreign people he was triumphing, but over the sons of Pompey and all that had been left of their ancient laws and liberties. They felt that Cæsar was now their master, and that their lives as well as their properties were at his disposal.

On reflection, some were so credulous as to hope that the senate would hold his ambitious designs in check at the eleventh hour, and that even he would shrink from attacking them. Of course no such restraint was attempted; on the contrary, the senate were more lavish of their honors to him than ever. They not only complied with all his demands, but did everything besides which seemed likely to gratify his ambition or his vanity. Not content with electing him dictator for life, and conferring on him the title of *Imperator*, they appointed him superintendent of public morals, and decreed him an elevated seat in the theatre, a golden seat in the senate-house, and another in the forum. Even all this was not deemed sufficient; the destroyer of the constitution and the enslaver of his fellow-citizens was voted temples, altars, and priests, so that he might be duly worshipped as a divinity. The senators have, of course, been blamed for all this; but they merely granted, with a good grace, what they had not the power to withhold. They knew very well how easily he could have them expelled from the senate-house by his legions, and that he would not hesitate to give the order if he thought it in the least necessary for his purposes. We may remark, in passing, that in this, at least, there is good reason to regard Cæsar as the prototype of Napoleon I., for whenever the senators of the latter did not vote or act as he directed them he made no scruple of making them feel that

he was more powerful than they. Cæsar did not care for the formality of the consent of the senate as to his having complete control of the army and of the public treasury, as well as the appointment of all magistrates; these little privileges he regarded himself as entitled to by the success of his arms; and who will deny that Napoleon followed his example in this too?

But this life of Cæsar affords an excellent lesson even for despots. If Napoleon III. will explain the fact, we will excuse him for many things he has said in the volumes before us which do no credit to his judgment, but, on the contrary, are, indeed, unworthy of one who has guided the destinies of France so ably and successfully for the last ten years. Let him tell his royal and imperial readers that, although no sovereign that ever lived possessed more power than Cæsar after he defeated the sons of Pompey, or had a larger army attached to his person and to his interests, yet he was only permitted to enjoy the peaceful possession of the sceptre he had spent his life in seeking, for five months. During this brief reign he had made himself so odious that some sixty of the principal senators, including his most intimate friend, Brutus, conspired against his life, and proved that, with all his honors and armies, and with his priests to offer him incense as a deity, he was still but a man, as vulnerable to the dagger's point as the lowest of his slaves.

Far be it from us to deny that Cæsar had many great and noble qualities; our readers will bear us testimony that we have often expressed our admiration for those qualities in this journal. Cicero, the most competent judge of his time, ranks him among the first of orators. Still higher, if possible, is the estimate of Quintilian, who says that he spoke with the same spirit with which he fought; and that, had not ambition diverted him from the arts of peace, he would have rivalled the eloquence of Cicero. As a general he has never been surpassed; while in possession of the supreme power at Rome, he not only did many acts of clemency, but enacted some salutary laws. But all this is perfectly consistent with his being the usurper and tyrant which he has been represented by the best of his own countrymen. The only question is, then, Is it judicious, wise, or statesmanlike, on the part of Napoleon III., to present him to the world as a model ruler—a Messiah—and to labor as he has done in these volumes to prove him the prototype of Napoleon I.?

ART. II.—1. *Recherches Philosophiques sur la Vie et la Mort.* Par ZAV. BICHAT. Paris.

2. *The Essays of* MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE. Boston, 1862.

"IT is foolish," says Seneca, "to fear what cannot be avoided." Who can deny this? But there is nothing more unavoidable than death; yet nothing is more feared. No one can reflect on this fear without being convinced of its absurdity, and what good will our reason do us if we make ourselves unhappy to no purpose? In the observations which we are about to make on the subject, however, we disclaim all intention of impugning the doctrines of Christianity relative to the rewards and punishments of a future world. Nor do we want to show that we should not be afraid to do evil in the present life lest we should be punished for it in the future, for this would be immoral as well as irreligious, and we trust we shall never encourage any one to do wrong. At the same time, there is nothing theological in the views which we are about to offer; now, as heretofore, we leave the dogmas of religion to those who have made them their study, and without presuming to utter any sneer against them. In a word, it is the fear of death, and not the fear of punishment, that we have chosen as the subject of this article, for we hold that none should fear punishment except those who are conscious of having deserved it.

There are a thousand notions that give us a horror of death, not one of which is founded in reason. When our friends die, we mourn for them as if their lot was peculiar, as if a calamity had befallen them, to which only a few are subject. We are too apt to forget that what has happened to them to-day may happen to us to-morrow, nay, within one hour, and must happen to us sooner or later. The self-love common to mankind makes us feel still more acutely in our own case. We picture to ourselves how frightful it is to be deprived of life. While we think ourselves in danger of death, the vigor and gaiety of others only grieve us; we envy even the lower animals the exuberance of life which they exhibit, while we languish on the bed of sickness; nay, the whole smiling face of nature, the groves, rich with foliage, and the green fields—all contribute to embitter the pang caused by the fear, real or imaginary, of approaching death.

There is no stronger proof of thoughtlessness than this;

it shows that we have paid least attention to what concerns us most. We annoy ourselves with a thousand things, the very existence of which we know to be doubtful; but what is certain to all, we make no preparation for, but get frightened at its approach like children. Hence it is that the dying man grieves as we have said; had it been otherwise, he would not envy the strongest or gayest about him, knowing that they, too, will have their day. He would rather say to himself: Those birds that sing so sweetly and rejoice in doing so, while I gasp for breath, innocent and harmless as they are, will die too; many of them, perhaps, yet before me. If the earth looks fresh and young to-day, it will look withered and sad in a month or two. Vigorous and spirited as is the horse that takes me to my grave, careless of my fate, how soon will he be as helpless as myself!

It is the same with all that is earthly. We should remember that not only individuals and generations pass away, but the cities and empires which they founded and made famous for thousands of years. How many such have there been of which there is not a vestige left? What has become of the great and good of all ages and nations anterior to our own? Are they not all dead? How few of us reach beyond the ordinary meridian of life without losing those that are most dear to us, not only our parents, but most of the companions of our youth! Count up the men of genius of all countries—poets, orators, philosophers, and the votaries of science—those whom all recognise as benefactors of mankind, and it will be seen that there is scarcely one left. How childish it is, then, that we should grieve, fret, and embitter every moment of our lives at the bare idea of sharing the fate of the illustrious, the good, and the beautiful!

Some make themselves wretched by the fear of a particular disease which is known to be of a malignant character, as if that were the only means of depriving them of life. In this they show still less wisdom than the ostrich, which regards its body as safe from its pursuers when it sticks its head into the sand. They forget how many destroyers of life there are, and how those who have escaped unhurt from a hundred battles, and have resisted the influence of the most contagious and malignant diseases, often die without any apparent danger surrounding them or within their reach. How many drop off apparently in the midst of robust health, while conversing with their friends and in the best spirits. How many have met their death by a fall

from a favorite horse, or merely from tripping in an easy walk without riding at all;* not to mention the many organic diseases that are constantly destroying myriads, killing more in one year than all contagious diseases put together, including even the plague, do in twenty years.

One reason why so many have a horror of death is that they think the pain of dying is greater than any other; it must, they think, be a frightful pang that separates the soul from the body; but the experience of all who have had extended opportunities of witnessing the death struggle leads to a very different conclusion. There is no opinion in which eminent physicians in all parts of the world are more unanimous than that the majority of those who die after a lingering illness, suffer far less at the extreme moment than they had on many former occasions; nay, a large proportion die in a state of agreeable repose. Nature has so kindly ordered it that as life ebbs sensibility declines; let our enemies do their worst, she will inflict on us only a certain degree of pain. This degree being attained, if the disease or the morbid tendency, no matter how created, is increased, we either die or cease to feel; of this we have thousands of illustrations, and we will note a few in passing; for such facts are not merely curious or interesting, they are instructive and useful. This was the opinion of Addison when he said:

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* "To omit fevers and pleurisies," says Montaigne, "who would ever have imagined that a duke of Brittany should be pressed to death in a crowd, as that duke was at the entry of Pope Clement, my neighbor, into Lyons? Have we not seen one of our kings killed at a tilting? and did not one of his ancestors die by the jostle of a hog? Æschylus, being threatened with the fall of a house, got nothing by going into the fields to avoid that danger, for there he was knocked on the head by a tortoise falling out of an eagle's talons (Val. Max., ix., 12). Another was choked with a grape-stone (Anacreon; see Val. Max. ix. 12). An emperor was killed with the scratch of a comb in combing his own head; Æmilius Lupidus, with a stumble at his own threshold (Pliny. Nat. H., vii., 33). Aufidius, with a jostle against the door as he entered the council-chamber; and, in the very embrace of women, Cornelius Gallus, the prætor; Tigillinus, captain of the watch at Rome; Ludovico, son of Guido de Gonzago, marquis of Mantua; and a still worse example, Speusippus, a Platonic philosopher (Tertullian mentions this in his Apologetics, c. 46); and one of our popes. The poor Judge Bibius, in the eight days' reprieve he had given a criminal, was himself caught hold of, his own reprieve of life having expired, (Pliny, vii., 53.) And Caius Julius, the physician, while anointing the eyes of a patient, had death close his own (id., ib.); and if I may bring in an example of my own blood, a brother of mine, Captain St. Martin, a young man of three and twenty years old, who had already given sufficient testimony of his valor, playing a match at tennis, received a blow of a ball a little above his right ear, which, though it was without any manner or sign of wound, or depression of the skull, and though he took no great notice of it, nor so much as sat down to repose himself, he nevertheless died within five or six hours after of an apoplexy occasioned by that blow."—*Montaigne's Essays*, vol. i., pp. 127, 128.

"If I were a maker of books, I would compile a register, with comments of various deaths; for *he who should teach men to die would teach them to live.*"

During a long illness, Dr. Campbell, the well-known Scotch professor, took a turn which caused his friends to think that, if he was not dead, he was at least dying. They gave him some cordial, however, which gave him unexpected relief; once more he opened his eyes, but his first words were those of astonishment at the sad countenances of all around him, because, as he told them, his own mind was in such a state from the expectation of immediate dissolution, that there was no other way to describe his feeling than by saying he was in rapture. The case of the son of Edmund Burke, the celebrated orator, is familiar to most of our readers. Hearing his parents sobbing, in another room, at the prospect of an event they knew to be inevitable, as he was in the last stage of consumption, he rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavored to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke was so much grieved that he was unable to utter a word; once more his son made an effort to console him. "I am under no terror," he said; "I feel myself better and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir; talk of religion, talk of morality, talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects." Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed: "Does it rain! No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees." This brought to his mind Milton's majestic lines, and he repeated them with much feeling and effect:

> "His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
> Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines;
> With every plant, in sign of worship wave!"

Repeating the same sublime strain, and waving his hand in unison with it, that he, too, might pray, he sank into his father's arms a corpse. It was evident to all that he felt no pain while all this was passing. If there was any change in his feelings, it was for the better. He had suffered vastly more an hour previously, if, indeed, he experienced any suffering now, further than that caused by the grief of his parents.

Some regard the icy perspiration that generally precedes death as a sign of acute suffering, but there are abundant facts to prove the contrary. Thus, for example, we are told that La Boëtie, the friend of Montaigne, had a mortal perspiration run down his body, which caused his

relatives to weep. This roused the dying man, and he exclaimed: "Who is it that torments me thus? Why was I snatched from my deep and pleasant repose? Oh! of what rest do you deprive me."

The poet Boileau, who had long suffered from a dropsy, died in a manner equally tranquil and painless. A friend entered the room where he was sitting, and the poet asked how he was, and bid him adieu in the same breath. His last words were: "It will be a very long adieu." Sometimes the intellect of the dying is supposed to be gone, while they exhibit no evidence of physical suffering. Thus it was in the case of Dr. Wollaston. A bystander remarked that his mind was no more. The expiring philosopher made a signal for paper and pencil, wrote down some figures, and cast them up.

This was a great effort, but an instructive one. It proved the truth of a favorite theory of his own, that the mind partakes of the weakness of the body, the former becoming feeble and averse to exertion in proportion as the latter does; and that if some speak, while others seem incapable of doing so, the difference lies in the characteristic resolution of the patient.

There are those who admit that, in those instances in which the intellect is the first attacked and the first that yields to the destroyer, the pain of dying must be comparatively little; but they insist that when the contrary is the case—that is, when the mind retains its faculties to the last—the suffering of the dying must be great. This, too, is openly refuted by experience. "I thought," said Louis XIV., with a serene smile on his lip, "that dying had been more difficult," and the words were scarcely uttered before he died, without moving a muscle. "If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said Dr. William Hunter about half an hour before his death, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die."

In numerous instances persons die under the impression that they are engaged at those occupations which afforded them most pleasure in their best days. This was the case with Lord Tenterden, who passed straight from the judgment-seat to his death-bed, and, fancying himself still presiding at the trial, he expired while giving utterance to the words, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict." When Napoleon was dying, he fancied himself fighting one of his great battles over again, and the last words which he muttered were, "*Tête d'armée.*" Dr. Arm-

strong, the eminent English physician, died delivering medical precepts to his students, as if they had been seated around him. Still more remarkable is the case of Dr. Adams, the author of "Roman Antiquities," who imagined himself in school distributing praise and censure among his pupils. After indulging in this fancy for a few minutes, he remarked, as if a sudden thought occurred to him: "But it grows dark; the boys may dismiss, but be in time to-morrow." In any of these cases—to which hundreds might be added—there is no evidence of any severe pain; on the contrary, the clear inference in all is that there was no unpleasant feeling, but rather one of satisfaction.

The case of Dr. Langley serves to confirm this. When remarks were made to him on his death-bed on subjects to which he felt indifferent, he made no reply; and took no notice of them more than if he had been dead, although he had every disposition to render himself agreeable to those around him. But the moment he was asked a question bearing on his favorite science, "What is the square of twelve?" while he was unable to recognise one of his friends, he answered without hesitation, "One hundred and forty-four," and these were his last words.

In an interesting description in the North British Review, of the closing scenes of the life of Campbell, the poet, we are told that when he was dying conversation was carried on in whispers in the room; he uttered a few sentences which were so unconnected that his friends were doubtful whether he was conscious or not of what was going on in his presence, and had recourse to an artifice to learn. One of them spoke of the poem of Hohenlinden, and, pretending to forget the author's name, said he had heard it was by Mr. Robinson. Campbell saw what was intended, was amused, and said playfully, but in a clear and distinct tone, "No; it was one Tom Campbell." This convinced all not only that he was perfectly conscious, but that if he suffered any pain it was far less than he had suffered on any previous occasion.

Speaking of the last days of Campbell naturally reminds us of those of Byron, especially as they teach the same sad but consoling lesson. "I begin to think I am going to die pretty soon, Fletcher," said the poet to his faithful valet, whom he had called to his bedside for that purpose, "and I shall give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular to execute, if you love me." Fletcher *did* love his master, and he assured him that he would do everything faithfully.

"Yes, you will," said Byron; "it is nearly all over now. I must tell you without losing a moment. I see my time has come to die." Fletcher went to get a portfolio to write down his master's words. Byron called him back, exclaiming: "O my God, don't waste time by writing, for I have none to waste." Here followed in rapid succession expressions of fond solicitude for all that were dear to him, not forgetting even the wife, who had treated him so unworthily; while requesting that Fletcher would tell her everything, the tears rolled down his emaciated cheek, and his voice failed him so that only now and then a word was audible. For some time he muttered something very seriously, and finally, raising his voice, said: "Now, Fletcher, if you do not execute every order I have given you, I will trouble you if possible hereafter." The poor valet wept bitter tears over his master, and told him he could not understand a word of what he had been saying. "O my God," said Byron, "then all is lost, for it is now too late. Can it be possible you have not understood me?" Fletcher replied: "No; but do tell me more clearly, my lord." "How can I?" said Byron, "it is too late, and all is over." Fletcher replied: "Not our will, but God's, be done." "Yes," said he, "not mine be done; but I will try once more." He made several efforts to speak, but only a few broken accents could be distinguished, and then sank into a gentle slumber, the last words he ever spoke being, "I must sleep now." The only pain he suffered from, for the last four hours of his life, was that of parting with those who were dear to him; so that of nothing are we reminded more forcibly by his last moments than of that part of Childe Harold's Adieu to England, in which he so affectionately addresses his "little page," and is told in reply:

> "Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
> *I fear not wave nor wind;*
> Yet, marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
> *Am sorrowful in mind.*"

Again, there are others who say that, while it may be true that those who have suffered much from a lingering disease die without much pain, because their energies are wasted, and there is little left of them to feel, the reverse holds true in cases of violent death which is not instantaneous. This has been the opinion of many scientific men of eminence; indeed, we have known experienced and distinguished physicians who would not agree to anything different. But this is because they have neglected to observe the condition of

the dying, however attentive, skillful, and successful they have been in their treatment of the sick. Be this as it may, it is certain that many die a violent death without much pain, although they may linger for hours, or even for days, after they have received the fatal wound. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who happened to have a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank freely, returned his hearty thanks, and mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated; but, having proceeded a dozen yards on his way to the rear, fell heavily, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs expired. "Yet his voice" says the trooper, "gave scarcely the least sign of weakness or pain."

But there are few who do not regard the convulsive movements of the dying as conclusive evidence of pain; it is but rarely, however, that they are evidences at all. In a large proportion of instances in which they occur they are merely mechanical; even when the hands or feet are violently moved with an apparent object, as if to allay pain, the patient is entirely unconscious. Montaigne, when stunned by a fall from his horse, tore open his doublet; but he was entirely senseless, and would have known nothing about what he had done had he not been informed of it by his attendants. His only pain, he said, was that which he felt in recovering.

Captain Basil Hall, in his account of the battle of Corunna, at which he was present, relates that an old officer who was shot in the head arrived, pale and faint, at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced mortal. "Indeed, I feared so," he said, with impeded utterance, "and yet I should like very much to live a little longer, if it were possible." "He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, as gently", says Hall, "as if its steel had been turned into glass, and immediately sunk dead upon the turf." A storm arose on the day Admiral Collingwood died. The captain expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing. "No, Thomas," he replied, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and to all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end."

Even in public executions not one-tenth of the pain is experienced which most persons think. Surgeons who have devoted most attention to the subject tell us that none

suffer less than those who are shot dead. There are few modes of execution regarded with more horror than hanging; but numbers of those who have recovered from the insensibility which it occasions, have recorded their sensations, and agree in the report that an easier end could not be desired. A friend of Lord Bacon undertook to hang himself, partially in order that he might be able to form an opinion of the pain which preceded death. His curiosity nearly cost him his life; but he declared that he suffered no pain; the only sensation he felt was that of a beautiful fire before his eyes, which changed first into black and then into sky-blue. Viscount Turenne, who had a similar experience, goes still further, declaring that if he felt any pain it can only have been for an instant, and that the sensation which followed it was one of indescribable delight.

So much, then, for the pain of dying; in nine cases out of ten the pain of living, especially to those whose health is at all impaired, is much greater. We do not mean, however, that all should be careless of life and health. This would be wrong. We should all take reasonable care of both; it is the excessive love of life and the excessive fear of death that we speak against; and we do so because one as well as the other is absurd. It is equally foreign to our purpose to maintain that we should not mourn for our departed friends. Those who do not do so have no feeling; even the lower animals grieve for each other. It is only immoderate grief we would discourage. Many say, in justification of their own intemperate sorrow, that it is only the heathen who are thus indifferent to the fate of their friends, and who are as ready to die as they are to live. But such is not the fact.

There are none of the precepts of Christianity nobler than those which teach us to bear the worst calamities with resignation. It is for the heathen to be intemperate in their grief at what is inevitable; many of them, it is true, have not been so—that is, the best of them; and shall we imitate the thoughtless and ignorant rather than the wise and good? Let us remember that among the ancients as well as among the moderns, it is women that have evinced the strongest fear of death, and that have been most intemperate in their grief for the loss of their friends. Next to the women, effeminate men have been most distinguished in this way. Sometimes, indeed, the bravest have been inconsolable for the death of those dear to them, but on investigation such prove to be men whose courage is merely physical, like that of the ani-

mal. As an example of this class we need only mention Achilles, whose grief for the death of Patroclus was unworthy of a reflecting mind; and this intemperate wailing has been held by all competent critics to be the great defect in his character as a hero.

David, indeed, shows much anguish for the death of his son Absalom. There is great tenderness in the exclamation, "Would to God, O my son Absalom! my son, my son, would to God that I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!" But we hear no more of the circumstance after that day; he gave expression to the natural emotion of a father, but this done, anything further was vain, and the king abstained accordingly. On another occasion, David acted in a manner still more philosophical: "While the child was yet alive," he says, "I fasted and wept, but being now dead, why should I fast? can I bring him back again? *I shall go to him, but he cannot return to me.*"* Nor have Christ and his apostles taught a different doctrine in reference to our own death or that of others. "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace," says Simeon; while Paul says, "I *desire* to be *dissolved*, and to be with Christ."

If we examine the sages of antiquity who were most like the founders of Christianity, we shall find that in nothing did they more resemble them than in their contempt of death, and their resignation under the bereavements caused by it. Even the divine Socrates uttered nothing more sublime than his reply to the messenger who told him, "The Thirty Tyrants have sentenced thee to death." "And Nature, them," said he.† If all would remember this, there would be far less fear and grief in the world; that is, if they would remember that the earthly judge and jury who pass sentence on the criminal brought before them are themselves sentenced to the same destiny, and may, in fact, perish before him, no matter how early an hour they may appoint for his execution, the only difference being that he dies one way and they another. Nor does even this difference always present itself; for many have suffered themselves on the same gibbet to which they had condemned others.

The early Christians whose bodies filled the catacombs at Rome, as well as the early Fathers of the Church, have given sufficient proof how little they feared death. What they knew to be right they did fearlessly, even when sure that they would be crucified, burned, or impaled for it.

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* 2 Sam., xxii. † Diog. Laert. in Vita; Cicero Quæs.

Had they feared death, all they had to do to avoid it at the hands of even Nero was to eschew their faith; but they knew that they should die at all events, and they preferred to die an early and painful death, when such was necessary in vindication of their faith, than to deny their faith for the chance of living longer and dying easier. This, need we say, has been the guiding principle of all the early fathers; nor has it been set aside to the present day. Distinguished prelates have recorded on their monuments substantially the same precept; such, for example, as the epitaph which Cardinal Brundusinus caused to be inscribed on his tomb at Rome:

"Excessi ó vitæ ærumnis facilisque habensque
Ne pejora ipsa morte dehinc videam." *

Let it not be pretended, then, that religion gives any encouragement to our pusillanimity in regard to death, on account of any pain which we may suffer in this world or in the next. It is it that teaches us, on the contrary, that cowards die many times, while the brave never taste of death but once. We have already remarked that only malefactors need have any fear of punishment in a future life; and we believe none others have any such fear, except weak-minded silly persons. Thus far, then, the true Christian and the true philosopher agree, whether the latter belong to the ancient or the modern world. Cicero has no finer thoughts in his admirable Tusculan Disputations than those which he brings to bear on this subject. It will be remembered that the object of his very first disputation is to refute the notion that death is an evil. He begins by proving, to the satisfaction of every intelligent person, that, even considered as utter annihilation, it is not an evil, either to the dead or the living. In the next place, he shows that, if the soul be immortal, as we believe it is, death, far from being an evil, is a good. Having proved the immortality of the soul from historical evidence and the opinions of the most illustrious philosophers of all antiquity, he proceeds to show that there is no reason to fear death under any circumstances. "Were death an evil to the dead," he justly remarks, "we should be subject to infinite and eternal evil."†

* "I left this irksome life with all mine heart,
Lest worse than death should happen to my part."

† "Quia si mors etiam mortuis miserum esset, infinitum quoddam et sempiternam malum haberemus."

Plutarch also has expressed a similar opinion, remarking:

"Of all evils, death is the only one whose presence has never distressed any one, and which annoys only by its absence."—*Plutarch de Consolat. ad Appollonium*, p. 110.

When those who entertain those absurd fears in regard to death have no other reason to assign for them that can be regarded as an argument, they ask who can endure the idea of being reduced to a mass of corruption without horror? But this only shows what little attention they have paid to themselves. Had they studied their own nature, this corruption would have seemed as natural to them, and caused them as little anxiety, as any other process whatever that takes place in the body from youth to age, in health or in sickness. There are but few who remember that everything that surrounds even our living bodies tends to destroy them. We speak of the health-inspiring breeze, of the benefit we derive from the sea, from mineral springs, and from a thousand other sources; nor do we always do so erroneously. Yet it is not the less true that we should soon have to yield even to the best of those influences, were it not that we possess a permanent principle of reaction that resists them—that is, the principle of life, which, with all our boasted knowledge, we know only by its phenomena. In order to be convinced of this destructive influence, it is only necessary to bear in mind that whenever a human body is exposed to the atmosphere after death, in a temperature capable of sustaining animal life, it will rapidly decompose within a short time, if some chemical process is not had recourse to to enable it to resist putrefaction. This, daily experience proves to any one who has a thought to bestow upon it; and it is also the testimony of science. "Putrefaction," says one of the most illustrious of physiologists, "when considered philosophically, is the method employed by nature to bring back our organs, when deprived of life, to a more simple state of existence, that their elements may be employed in forming new combinations. Nothing, therefore, can be more clearly proved than the metempsychosis of matter; and we may reasonably conclude that this tenet, like most of the religious rites and fabulous conceptions of antiquity, is only a mysterious veil, dextrously interposed between the people and the knowledge of nature by the hand of philosophy."* Away, then, with the excuse that putrefaction ought to excite horror or any other painful feeling.

But physiology teaches us much more than this. No other science more fully confirms the opinion of Plato tha t the best use of philosophy is to teach us how to die. No one

* Richerand, Elemens de Physiologie, tom. ii., p. 491.

who studies it carefully will permit himself to be rendered miserable by every idle report of approaching or existing contagion, since it shows how many hundred ways there are in which we may die at any moment, did no epidemic or contagious disease ever make its appearance. It convinces the most skeptical as well as the most timid of the truth of the precept of Seneca: "We are born by a single method; we die by many."

All physiologists are now of opinion that the blood is the moving material of life. It is needless to describe here how it carries nutriment and stimulus to every part of the body, or how it replenishes the waste going on in the frame, while it takes up and throws off much of the effete and worn-out matter which would otherwise clog and encumber the machinery. Suffice it to say, on this point, that the moment the blood is reduced below a certain standard, by any cause, the functions of life languish; whereas the moment it is restored, they revive. In general bleeding, the brain is the first to feel the loss, and it is so affected that a mere change in its position in reference to the rest of the body often makes the only difference between consciousness and unconsciousness. Thus, when unconscious, by the loss of blood when sitting up, sensibility is restored by lying on the back, which sends a current of blood to the heart. We might mention every organ of the body, and claim that not one can subsist when deprived of a due and healthy circulation.

Now, let anything whatever occur that brings the blood thus coursing to a stand-still, whether it be the result of disease or of sudden violence, and death is inevitable; then let us reflect on the many different means by which this is done, and see how easily life may terminate at any moment. Few are ignorant any longer of the important functions of the heart; we need only speak of it as the great pump which, without our aid, without our bestowing a thought on the subject, plays at the rate of four thousand strokes an hour. It is in every respect a wonderful instrument; but, like everything else that is mortal, it is subject to a thousand injuries. This one organ is subject to numerous diseases, each of which tends more or less to destroy its power of contraction and expansion, and when this is once done all is over. Nor is it acted upon by disease or physical violence alone; perhaps it is the most delightful sensation of all we have ever felt that will render it powerless. Any intense feeling, joy, as well as grief or fear, may

paralyze it at once, or even cause it to burst by the agitation which it creates. Numerous instances might be given of death caused by sudden intelligence, good and bad. Indeed, whatever excites us violently has a tendency to destroy that organ.

We have a remarkable instance of this in the case of John Hunter, the eminent physician. On leaving home, one morning, as usual, he remarked to his wife that if a discussion which awaited him at the hospital took an angry turn it would prove his death. What he apprehended occurred; a colleague gave him the lie, and he expired almost immediately in an adjoining room. Some have classed this with cases like those of enthusiasts and fanatics like Swedenborg, and others who pretended to predict their own death through supernatural agency, but Hunter had explained such predictions himself long before he died, when he said to one of his colleagues: "We sometimes feel within that we shall not live, for the living powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain." He was aware that he had long been laboring under disease of the heart, and his knowledge of physiology was sufficient to inform him that whatever would violently agitate that organ at this stage of the malady would end his life.

The lungs are as essential to life as the heart, and they are still more easily injured than that organ; there are more diseases that attack them. Their free action is impeded by a thousand means; if it is entirely stopped, we cannot breathe, and without the breath the blood cannot move; if it did move without undergoing the purifying process which it is the chief office of the lungs to perform, it would carry corruption in its round instead of sustenance and health. Whether the mechanical or chemical phenomena of the lungs be interrupted, the result is the same, the only difference being that the functions cease in a different series. Thus, when the mechanical phenomena are interrupted, the next step is the cessation of the chemical phenomena, for want of the air which sustains them; then follows the destruction of the brain's action, for want of the excitement furnished by the blood; next, animal life ceases for a similar reason; the cessation of the general circulation follows next; then the capillary circulation, secretion, absorption, &c., and finally digestion. If the chemical phenomena are the first interrupted, then the next step is the suspension of the brain's action; then follows the cessation of the power of locomo-

tion, of the voice, and of the mechanical phenomena of respiration; next, stoppage of the action of the heart and of the general circulation, &c.

But in order to understand this series it is necessary to bear in mind that in a certain sense we may be said to have two lives, the animal and the organic, which are entirely different from each other. In almost all instances of sudden death, organic life survives animal life; it sometimes survives it for a whole week. The digestive juices still act on the contents of the stomach, which even retains in some degree the power of propelling the food. Absorption goes on at the same time; all are aware that nutrition is manifested in the hair and nails, even after decomposition has commenced in all other parts. It is altogether different, however, if the organic functions are the first attacked. If any essential function is paralyzed, the other functions immediately sympathize with it; but the animal life ends at the same moment; that is, the latter never survives the former.

If we further bear in mind the many diseases to which the brain is subject, and the innumerable injuries to which it is liable at all hours, while we are asleep as well as while we are awake, we shall be convinced, if anything can convince us, how utterly unworthy it is for a reasoning being to fret and grieve lest he may die of a particular disease because others have done so. At the same time, the facts which we have just stated are no cause of discouragement to us in life, showing as they do how wonderfully we are made. No other facts are better calculated to impress us with the beneficence as well as the infinite wisdom and skill of the Creator, or to render us more grateful for the care that he takes of us. In order to lead ourselves into this frame of mind, it ought to be sufficient for us to reflect that, although, as we have said, the heart has to play at the rate of four thousand strokes an hour, yet it often continues in operation for upwards of a century, in spite of all the dangers which constantly surround it, even when we lie peaceably in our beds and dream of happiness which in our waking hours we can never enjoy.

We now proceed to see more particularly how the subject has been considered by various philosophers, ancient and modern, but omitting those whose views are sufficiently familiar to our readers: "Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara," writes Servius Sulspicius to Cicero, "I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara before, Piræus on the right

hand, Corinth on the left—what flourishing towns heretofore, now prostrate and overwhelmed before mine eyes? I began to think with myself: Alas! why are we men so much disquieted with the departure of a friend, whose life is much shorter? I thought when I saw so many goodly cities lie buried before us, we ought to remember what we are."

Still more striking, sad, and sublime, but equally truthful, are the thoughts of a modern philosopher. Communing with himself on the fate of one of the great cities of the ancients, Volney remarks: "Within those walls, where a mournful silence reigns, the noise of the arts and the shouts of joy and festivity continually resounded. These heaps of marble formed regular palaces; these prostrate pillars were the majestic ornaments of temples; these ruined galleries present the outline of public squares. There a numerous people assembled for the respective duties of its worship or the anxious cares of its subsistence; there industry, the fruitful inventor of sources of enjoyment, collected together the riches of every climate; and the purple of Tyre was exchanged for the precious thread of Serica; the soft tissures of Cashmere for the sumptuous carpets of Lydia; the amber of the Baltic for the pearls and perfumes of Arabia; the gold of Ophir for the pewter of Thule. And now a mournful skeleton is all that subsists of this opulent city, and nothing remains of its powerful government but a vain and obscure remembrance! To the tumultuous throng which crowded under these porticoes, the solitude of death has succeeded. The silence of the tomb is substituted for the hum of public places. The opulence of a commercial city is changed into hideous poverty. The palaces of kings are become the receptacle of deer, and unclean reptiles inhabit the sanctuary of the gods. What glory is here eclipsed, and how many labors are annihilated! Thus perish the works of men, and thus do nations and empires vanish away! The history of past times strongly presented itself to my thoughts. I called to mind those distant ages when twenty celebrated nations inhabited the country around me. I pictured to myself the Assyrian on the banks of the Tigris, the Chaldean on those of the Euphrates, the Persian, whose power extended from the Indus to the Mediterranean. I enumerated the kingdoms of Damascus and Idumea; of Jerusalem and Samaria; and the warlike states of the Philistines; and the commercial republics of Phœnicia. This Syria, said I to myself, now almost

depopulated, then contained a hundred flourishing cities, and abounded with towns, villages, and hamlets. Everywhere one might have seen cultivated fields, frequented roads, and crowded habitations. Ah! what are become of those ages of abundance and of life? What are become of so many productions of the hand of man? Where are those ramparts of Nineveh, those walls of Babylon, those palaces of Persepolis, those temples of Balbec and of Jerusalem? Where are those fleets of Tyre, those dock-yards of Arad, those work-shops of Sidon, and that multitude of mariners, pilots, merchants, and soldiers? Where those husbandmen, those harvests, that picture of animated nature of which the earth seemed proud? Alas! I have traversed this desolate country, I have visited the places that were the theatre of so much splendor, and I have beheld nothing but solitude and desertion! I looked for those ancient people and their works, and all I could find was a faint trace, like to what the foot of a passenger leaves on the land. The temples are thrown down, the palaces demolished, the ports filled up, the towns destroyed, and the earth, stript of inhabitants, seems a dreary burying-place."*

In trying to cling to life, even when our heads are grey, as a frightened child does to the apron-strings of its mother, we forget how much longer we have lived already than is the general lot of man. We forget that many of the most illustrious men have died young; that the Saviour of the world terminated his human existence at the age of thirty-three, and that Alexander, the greatest warrior, died at the same age.†

None knew better than Lycurgus that it was injurious to the living to reside near the sepulchres of the dead; still he encouraged intramural burial at Sparta; but caused the corpses to be burned instead of being interred in the ordinary

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* Les Ruins, par Volney.

† Alexander made his own epitaph, which shows that he had no fear of death. It consists of two Greek verses, which signify that he died with good-will, because he would cease to witness things of which the sight was more insupportable than death.

"*Κάτθανον ἀκ ἀέκων, ὅτι παύσομαι ὧν ἐπιμάρτυς*
Πολλῶν, ὥνπερ ἰδεῖν ἄλγιον ἦν θανατῦ."

Bayle, in commenting on this, remarks, that all would have the same feeling if they only reflected on the subject in a similar manner:

"Voila quelle seroit la disposition de tous les hommes, si la réfléxion, si la raison, si le bon sens, étoient capables de surmounter les impressions machinales qui nous font aimer la vie."—Dict. Phil., vol. i.,, p. 152.

way. This having removed the danger arising from the effluvia of putrefaction, he caused the dormitories of the dead to be built as near as possible to those of the living; hence it was that there was scarcely a public edifice of any kind in Sparta, whether theatre or church, which had not tombs built about it, the object being to familiarize the common people, women and children, with the idea of death, in order that they should not be frightened at the sight of a corpse, but that the frequent sight of funeral obsequies, monuments, graves, and bones, should keep them constantly in mind of their frail condition.* It was with a similar view that the ancient Egyptians used to bring a dried skeleton of a man into their banqueting halls, and place it where their guests could not fail to see it,† while on other occasions they used to wait until the feast was over, then present the company with an image of death, the person who carried it about crying out, "Drink and be merry, for such shalt thou be when thou art dead." Montaigne has some very good thoughts on the subject of death, which we will here note briefly, making omissions and alterations according as our space and other considerations seem to require, for there are some points on which the French philosopher is much more pagan than Christian. It is proper to add, however, that he has taken most of his pagan notions from Lucretius. "In the company of ladies," he says, "and in the height of mirth, some have perhaps thought me possessed with some jealousy, or meditating on the uncertainty of some imagined hope, while I was only entertaining myself with the remembrance of some one surprised, a few days before, with a burning fever, of which he died, returning from an entertainment like this, with his head full of idle fancies of love and jollity as mine was then, and that for aught I knew the same destiny was attending me."‡ The philosopher strongly censures those who, while more afraid of death than any others are afraid to speak of it. "From what bruitish stupidity can they derive so gross a blindness?"§ "Fool that thou art," he says, further on, "who has assured thee the term of thy life? Thou dependest on physicians and their old wives' tales, but rather consult facts and experience and the fragility of human nature."‖

Again he remarks: "Should a man fall on a sudden into

* Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus. † Herod. ii., 78.
‡ Montaigne's Essays, chap. xix. § *Ibid.* ‖ *Ibid.*

the aches and impotencies of age from a sprightly and a vigorous youth, I do not think humanity capable of enduring such a change. But nature, leading us by the hand an easy and, as it were, an insensible pace, little by little, step by step, conducts us gently to that miserable condition, and by that means makes it familiar to us, so that we perceive not, nor are sensible of, the stroke then, when our youth dies in us, though it be really a harder death than the final dissolution of a languishing body, which is only the death of old age; forasmuch as the fall is not so great from a weary being to none at all, as it is from a sprightly and florid being to one that is unwieldy and painful."* Montaigne is by no means peculiar in the opinion that dangers exercise little or no influence on the duration of life. Most of the ancient philosophers taught that the day of our death, and all the circumstances which apparently determine it, are as much governed by immutable laws as the revolution of the planets in their orbits. And does not Christianity teach us that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the will of the Creator? We cannot, then, think Montaigne very wrong when he affirms that "hazards and dangers do, in truth, little or nothing hasten our end; and if we consider how many more remain and hang over our heads besides the misfortune that immediately threatens us, we shall find that the sound and the sick, those that are abroad at sea and those that sit by the fire, those that are in the wars and those that sit idle at home, are the one as near it as the other."† The philosopher would not have any one forget his business, however. "I would always," he says, "have a man be doing, and as much as in him lies, to extend and spend out the offices of life; and then let death take me planting cabbages, but without any careful thought of him, and much less of my garden's not being finished."‡ This is the true philosophy of life and death; it is that which all who reason should adopt; as for those who do not reason, they will always have their own, and it is not to them we address ourselves.

Of all philosophers, ancient and modern, Lucretius uses the strongest arguments against the fear of death, altogether independently of his atheistical views, and his denial of the immortality of the soul. Most of what he has said in his truly sublime poem on the subject under consideration, might be adopted by the most pious Christian; and it has

* *Ibid.* † *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.*

been adopted, in fact, by the most learned and pious of the early Fathers of the Church. It is he who asks in such noble poetry: "Is there anything that does not grow old as well as you?* A thousand men, a thousand animals, and a thousand other creatures die at the same moment that you do."

> "Nam nox nulla diem, neque noctem aurora, sequuta
> Quæ non audient mistos vagitibus ægris
> Ploratus mortis comites et funeris atri."†

The philosopher poet considers the subject under every point of view, recurring to it again and again throughout the poem; but it is towards the close of the third book that it becomes most eloquent, most sublime, and most convincing. No metrical translation can give any adequate idea of the grandeur to which he rises at this point; indeed, no translation does him justice, for of all the ancient poets he is the most difficult to be rendered into any modern language, especially into the English. The following prose translation makes a nearer approach to the spirit of the original than anything else within our reach, and we transcribe the original at the bottom of the page for the benefit of those who understand it:

"Furthermore, if Universal Nature should suddenly utter a voice, and thus herself upbraid any one of us: 'What mighty cause have you, O mortal, thus excessively to indulge in grief? Why do you groan and weep at the thought of death? For, if your past and former life has been an object of gratification to you, and all your blessings have not, as if poured into a leaky vessel, flowed away and been lost without pleasure, why do you not, unreasonable man, retire, like a guest satisfied with life, and take your undisturbed rest with resignation? But if those things of which you have had the use have been wasted and lost, and life is offensive to you, why do you seek to incur further trouble, which may all

* Throughout the poems of Ossian there are noble thoughts on the same subject. After duly mourning the death of Moïna, in Carthon, the poet consoles the living as follows: "They have but fallen before us; for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield." In his address to the Sun the Celtic bard is equally philosophical and grand, and evinces equal contempt for death: "The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more: whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy crowds, careless of the voice of the morning."—*Ossian's Carthon.*

† Lucretius, ii., 579.

again pass away and end in dissatisfaction? Why do you not rather put an end to life and anxiety? For there is nothing further which I can contrive and discover to please you—everything is always the same. If your body is not yet withered with years, and your limbs are not worn out and grown feeble, yet all things remain the same, even if you should go on to outlast all ages in living, and still more would you see them the same if you should never come to die.' What do we answer to this but that Nature brings a just charge against us, and sets forth in her words a true allegation?

"But would she not more justly reproach and upbraid, in severe accents, him who, being miserable unreasonably, deplores death? 'Away with thy tears, wretch,' she might well say, 'and forbear thy complaints.' But if he who is older and more advanced in years complain, she may retort thus: 'After having been possessed of all the most valuable things of life, thou pinest and wastest away with age. But because thou always desirest what is absent and despisest present advantages, life has passed from thee imperfect and unsatisfactory, and death has stood by thy head unaware, and before thou canst depart content and satisfied with thy circumstances. Now, however, resign all things unsuitable to thy age, and yield at once, with submissive feelings, to that which is stronger than thou, for it is necessary.'"*

To this nothing need be added. Who can deny that Nature may well reproach those that are frightened like

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* "Denique si vocem rerum natura repente
Mittat et hoc alicui nostrum sic increpet ipsa
'Quid tibi tanto operest, mortalis, quod nimis ægris
Luctibus indulges? quid mortem congemis ac fles?
Nam gratis anteacta fuit tibi vita priorque
Et non omnia pertusum congesta quasi in vas
Commoda perfluxere atque ingrata interiere:
Cur non ut plenus vitæ conviva recedis
Æquo animoque capis securam, stulte, quietem?
Sin ea quæ fructus cumque ea periere profusa
Vitaque in offensust, cur amplius addere quæris,
Rursum quod pereat male et ingratum occidat omne,
Non potius vitæ finem facis atque laboris?
Nam tibi præterea quod machiner inveniamque,
Quod placeat, nil est: eadem sunt omnia semper.
Si tibi non annis corpus iam marcet et artus
Confecti languent, eadem tamen omnia restant,
Omnia si pergas vivendo vincere sæcla,
Atque etiam potius, si numquam sis moriturus.'
Quid respondemus, nisi justam intendere litem
Naturam et veram verbis exponere causam;
Grandior hic vero si jam seniorque queratur
Atque obitum lamentetur miser amplius æquo,
Non merito inclamet magis et voce increpet acri?
'Aufer abhinc lacrimas, balatro, et compesce querellas.
Omnia perfunctus vitai præmia marces.
Sed quia semper aves quod abest, præsentia temnis,
Imperfecta tibi elapsast ingrataque vita
Et nec opinanti mors ad caput adstitit ante
Quam satur ac plenus possis discedere rerum.
Nunc aliena tua tamen ætate omnia mitte
Æquo animoque agedum humanis concede: necessest.'"

—*Lucret.*, iii., 930–962.

children at their destiny? There are instances, indeed, in which it is justifiable to feel the keenest anguish at the approach of death; a mother surrounded by helpless children, who would fain drag her back from the grasp of death, deserves sympathy rather than reproach when overwhelmed with grief. But even in her case it is vain. She should rather remember how many women as weak as she have met death, even on the scaffold, with a resignation that would have done credit to a conqueror. It is well known that the unfortunate Queen of Scots had been longing for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks, for that death which would relieve her from her sufferings; and Burns has no tenderer lines than those in which he embodies her wailings, and which conclude with the following stanza:

"Oh, soon to me may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair to me the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house of death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave."

When brought to the block with only a few hours' notice, she acted in strict accordance with these longings, and her only emotions were, while preparing her neck for the axe, for her faithful attendants, and for the son who deserved so little from her. A thousand similar instances might be cited. Why, then, will men grieve and whine at what they cannot avoid, and think it so hard a thing to mingle with the earth whence they came? They would contribute much more to their happiness in this life, and prolong it, too, were they to regard it like the great Cyrus, who never spoke more calmly or more philosophically than in his admirable address to his sons, announcing to them that his end had come, advising them how they should behave through life, and begging that they should not enclose his body in gold or silver, but to return it to the earth; for what, he said, could be better than to be mixed with the earth, which produces and nourishes all things that are great and good?*

* "Τὸ δὲ ἐμὸν σῶμα, ὦ παῖδες, ὅταν τελευτήσω, μήτε ἐν χρυσῷ θῆτε, μήτε ἐν ἀργύρῳ, μηδὲ ἐν ἄλλῳ μηδενί· ἀλλὰ τῇ γῇ ὡς τάχισα ἀπόδοτε. Τί γὰρ τούτου μακαριώτερον, τοῦ γῇ μιχθῆναι, ἥ πάντα μὲν τὰ καλὰ, πάντα δὲ τἀγαθὰ φύει τε καὶ τρέφει."—ΞΕΝΟΦΩΝΤΟΣ ΚΥΡΟΥ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ Η'. p. 508.

ART. III.—1.—*History of Arabia, Ancient and Modern.* By ANDREW CRICHTON. Edinburgh, 1860.

2. *Chrestomathie Arabe, ou Etraits de divers Ecrivains Arabes, tant en prose qu'en vers ; avec une Traduction et des Notes, à l'usage des élèves de l'Ecole Royal et spéciale des Langues Orientales vivantes.* Nouvelle édition. Par M. le Baron SYLVESTRE DE SACY. 3 tom., 8vo. Paris, 1858.

3. *The Moállakát, or Seven Arabian Poems, which were suspended on the Temple of Mecca ; with Translation and Arguments.* By Sir WILLIAM JONES. 4to. 1782.

4. *Etudes Géographiques et Historiques sur l'Arabie.* Par M. JOMARD. 8vo. Paris.

5. *Contes Arabes du* CHEIKH AL MOHDY. Traduits par J. J. MARCEL. Paris.

6. *Historia Anteislamica.* By ABOULFEDA. Edited by M. FLEISHER. Leipsic.

7. *Institutiones Arabicæ Linguæ.* Jena.

8. *Grammatica Arabigo-Española, Vulgar y Literal.* Madrid, 1858.

THERE are no people of whom we know less than the Arabs, although, with the sole exception of the Greeks, there are none to whom we owe more. Were the simple facts of our indebtedness stated, as belonging to the European race, they would seem the grossest exaggerations. For this ignorance and incredulity there are several reasons ; but for the present it will be sufficient to mention one or two. What the Arabs gave us we received from them as from enemies, and, instead of giving them due credit for it, we took all possible pains to destroy every record which could show whence it came.

Had they come to Europe at any other time, it might have been different ; but coming as the followers of Mahomet, and with the supposed, if not the avowed, purpose of establishing his religion to the exclusion of Christianity, just while the latter was taking root after having suffered for ages from persecution, it was natural enough that the intellectual treasures they brought, however valuable in themselves, were not appreciated as they doubtless would have been, even in an age of so much ignorance, under more favorable circumstances.

For a similar reason Mahometanism itself was regarded

as a much worse religion than it really was. Mahomet was considered in no other light than as an impostor and false prophet. That he really was one and the other far be it from us to deny; but he was also a philosopher and a statesman. The Koran is no more a revelation from God than any other book that exhibits similar talent; more than this, it inculcates many precepts whose tendency is decidedly pernicious. Upon the whole, however, it is by no means the wicked, bad book which nearly all Christians supposed it to be about a thousand years ago, and which most Christians still suppose it to be. That it is not like our Bible or worthy of comparison with it is no reason why we should not do justice to whatever merit it possesses. Honesty and candor require this in all circumstances; but it is essential in forming an opinion of Arabian literature or Arabian civilization. Those prejudiced against the one must be prejudiced against the other, and prejudice is always an enemy to truth. In order to understand this, it is necessary to bear in mind that no book that has ever been printed has exerted so powerful an influence on human passion as the Koran. A large proportion of Christians reverence the Bible and have implicit faith in its teachings; but it does not lay so strong a hold on their feelings as the Koran does on those of the Mahometans. The cause is obvious enough to any unprejudiced person who is acquainted with both—the one addresses itself chiefly to the reason, while the other addresses itself chiefly to the imagination; the one is consulted as a guide in religion and morals, the other as a guide in all things, in literature, government, and jurisprudence, as well as in religion.

But before we make any attempt to discover its influence on literature, let us see whether the people who believe in it are worthy of a fair and patient hearing. It will be admitted that, if they have been our teachers in many arts and sciences, we ought to make allowance, even for the gravest of their faults; for there are none to whom we should feel more grateful than to our instructors. As a utilitarian people, we Americans value the sciences and the arts more than any mere accomplishment; but, if we judge the Arabs by this test, we shall be surprised on due examination at all they have taught us.

No other country has produced so many able naturalists as Arabia; and it may be regarded as the native home of botany and chemistry. Certainly the Arabs knew both, especially the latter, better than either the Greeks or the

Romans. So far as history gives us any account on the subject they were the first who applied chemistry to the purposes of agriculture. The medical schools which they established throughout their extensive dominions are still celebrated throughout the world; and they were attended for nearly three centuries by the most learned men in all parts of Christendom, as superior to all others.*

It is to them we owe not only the numerals which bear their name, but also the decimal system and logarithms. It was Adelard, an English monk, who first translated the Elements of Euclid from the Arabic into Latin, with the commentaries of Abou'l Wefa. We owe to the Arabs the first accurate calculation of the obliquity of the ecliptic and the circumference of the globe; it was they who taught us the eccentricity of the sun and the precession of the equinoxes, as well as the difference between the solar and the sidereal year. Many of the most useful things for which we give the credit to others or claim it for ourselves have been taught us by the Arabians. This is true even of paper, although it had been known in China for more than a thousand years before the Saracens conquered Spain. But it was the Arabs who brought it into Europe, and they had been using it themselves for centuries previously. They had paper-mills in Samarcand as early as 649 A. D., but the first paper-mill in Christian Europe was established at the end of the thirteenth century. Even then there was not one outside the boundaries of Spain. The Italians and French have in turn claimed the honor of having invented the compass, but nothing is more clearly proved than that it had been known to the Arabians centuries previously.

In a similar manner, it has been sought to rob them of the honor of numerous other discoveries, including that of gunpowder, the discovery of which is generally attributed to a German chemist. We might mention the names of the Arabians who are known to have made these and many others, but they have been so carefully kept out of sight by self-interest, egotism, and prejudice, that they are no longer familiar save to the student of the Oriental languages. But we have Arabic words enough even in English to show what an influence the Arabs have exercised on our sciences and arts; such, for

* "Leurs écoles, leurs académies," says M. Sylvestre de Sacy, "à Baghdad, à Bassorah, à Samarcande, à Damas, à Cairouan, à Fez, à Grenade, à Cordove, devinrent les sources où l' Orient et l' Occident venaient puiser les eaux de la science et de la philosophie."—*Memoires de l' Académie, &c.*

example, as zenith, nadir, azimuth, calibre, algebra, alkali, elixir, cipher, tariff, carat, alcohol, almanac, decade, demon, sheriff, juleps, magazine, lute, &c., &c.

Still more important, if possible, is the influence which the Arabs have exercised on European literature. It is their fairy mythology, introduced in the eleventh century by the troubadours, which constituted the chief machinery not only of the romantic epics of Boccacio and Tasso, but also of the most charming creations of Shakespeare and Spenser. What we admire most in De Vega, Calderon, and even in Cervantes, is undoubtedly Arabic. But before we proceed any farther we will take a brief glance at the intellectual character of this people before the Koran or its author was in existence; we shall then be the better prepared to form an intelligent opinion of the influence of Islamism on Arabian literature and civilization.

No people claim a higher antiquity than the Arabians; nor are there any whose claim to that distinction seems better founded. Never to this moment have they been subjugated; even Alexander failed to subdue them; so did the Romans. In the name of the latter Lucullus vanquished a few tribes. So did Pompey, Crassus, Ælius Gallus; but no sooner were they vanquished than they were again in arms, ready to fight the strongest armies which sought to deprive them of their liberties. Several of the emperors caused their principal cities to be besieged. We need only mention Trajan, who, having besieged the capital of the Hagarenes, had to withdraw his troops in disgrace after repeated efforts to capture the stronghold of only one tribe. But the Arabs are not only distinguished for having thus maintained their independence from the very dawn of history to the present; while they have thus bravely and effectually defended themselves, they have subjugated not fewer than a hundred nations, from the Indus to the Garonne; finally, when they lost their conquests, after having enjoyed them for periods varying from three to five centuries, unlike any other people of ancient or modern times, they positively refused to mix with any other race, and returned, tribe by tribe, at different periods, to their own country. Now, who that takes the least concern in the vicissitudes of human society, can fail to take an interest in the destinies of such a people? They have long enough been considered as enemies by every European nation; indeed, they have been in the habit of regarding themselves in this light; but it is now

high time that they should be treated in a manner somewhat commensurate with the powerful influence they have exercised on the history of mankind. If those authors who still retain prejudices against them on account of their conquests, and the narrow escape which Christianity had from them in Europe, they should remember the circumstances in which they were placed, and the views and feelings naturally resulting from such circumstances. "In the study of nations and men," says Gibbon, "we may observe the causes which render them hostile or friendly to each other, that tend to narrow or enlarge, to mollify or exasperate the human character. The separation of the Arabs from the rest of mankind has accustomed them to confound the ideas of stranger and enemy; and the poverty of their land has introduced a maxim of jurisprudence which they believe and practise to the present hour. They pretend that in the division of the earth the rich and fertile climates were assigned to the other branches of the human family, and that the posterity of the outlaw Ishmael might recover by fraud or force the portion of inheritance of which he had been unjustly deprived."*

Like all other intellectual nations, the first literary efforts of the Arabs were poetical, and at a very early period their poetry was amply tinged with philosophy. And this is one of the strongest arguments adduced by those who regard the book of Job as the production of an Arab, maintaining, at the same time, that it is one of the most ancient ever written, if, indeed, there be any work, sacred or profane, now extant, which can claim so high an antiquity. As to its divine inspiration, there is no reason why an Arab should not have been inspired as well as a Jew; it does not, therefore, impugn the character of the Book in any manner to attribute its composition to the former. At all events, we speak of it only as a literary performance; and, as such, it contains passages which have never been surpassed in sublimity. Taking it as a whole, there are few poems superior to it in an intellectual point of view. It is now almost universally believed by oriental scholars that it was not written originally either in the Hebrew or the Syriac, but in the Arabic. Among the reasons assigned for this belief is that it contains upwards of a hundred Arabic words; these, it is thought, the Hebrew translator did not understand. Another reason is that, when Job speaks, in the forty-second

* Gibbon's Rome, vol. v., p. 87.

chapter, of having been restored to his former circumstances, he says that he divided his possessions equally among his sons and daughters, which he could not have done had he been a Hebrew, as the law of primogeniture would have prevented him. But there are much stronger proofs than this. The term *Satan*, introduced in the very first chapter of Job, is not a Hebrew, but an Arabic word. The Hebrews themselves do not pretend to have been acquainted with astronomy at this early period; it is admitted that they had not even a term in their language to express it. But that the writer of Job had a knowledge of astronomy and natural philosophy is very clear. Thus, for example, mention is made of the constellations which we call Arcturus, Orion, the Pleiades, &c.*

But the Arabians need take no particular pains to claim Job, undoubtedly sublime and highly poetical as it is; for they have abundance besides it to show that they possessed poetical genius of a high order at a very early period. Before the time of Mahomet they had a poetical academy that used to assemble at Ocadh, where the candidates for fame produced their compositions; and those declared the best were transcribed in characters of gold on Egyptian paper and exhibited to public view. Seven of the poems thus distinguished have been preserved in Europe; they were printed in 1782, in Roman characters, by Sir William Jones, with a prose version. They consist of dramatic eclogues, in regular metres, embracing all the circumstances of an Arab's life. Perhaps their most remarkable feature, as compared to the productions of modern Arabs, is the prominent part that woman plays in them, which shows that she was then his companion, without as well as within, and not his slave, or little better, as she has since become.

The author of the first of the seven poems alluded to was Amriolkais, who is represented as of royal blood. The poem opens while he is on a journey, accompanied by a retinue of friends; on their way they pass the place where his mistress had formerly dwelt, but where there is nothing now, but desolation. He stops and calls his companions:

> "Stay! Let us weep, while memory tries to trace
> The long-lost fair one's sand-girt dwelling-place;
> Though the rude winds have swept the sandy plain,
> Still some faint traces of that spot remain.

*Chap. ix., v. 9

My comrades reined their coursers by my side,
And, yield not, yield not to despair, they cried;
(Tears were my sole reply; yet what avail
Tears shed on sands or sighs upon the gale?)
The same thy fortune and thy tears the same,
When bright Howaira and Rebaba came
To say farewell on Mósel's swelling brow,
And left thee mourning, as thou mournest now!
Think ye! ah, think ye, I forget the day,
That tore those damsels from my soul away,
Who breathed a farewell, as they left these bowers,
Sweet as an eastern gale on fields of flowers?"

The fate of this lady reminds him of several other amours which he has had. His courtship with Fathima is finely related, with some characteristic incidents; but the most interesting part of the poem is that which describes an amour he had with a girl of a tribe at war with his own. His description of the lady is in the genuine oriental style; but at the present day it would be an abomination to any true Mussulman, from the freedom with which it speaks of female charms. It will be seen that this, too, shows that the author was not entirely ignorant of astronomical phenomena:—

"Once through the ranks, at midnight's gloomy hour,
Of hostile tribes, I sought the maiden's bower,
When shone the pleiads in the starry globe
Like golden spangles on an azure robe.
Soon as I came, I saw her figure bent
In eager gazing from the opening tent.
'By heaven!' she whispered, as her hand she gave,
'Secure, I'll trust me to a heart so brave.'
We rose, and gliding o'er the silent plain,
She swept our footsteps with her flowing train;
A plain we reached beneath the cloud of night,
Whose sandy hillocks hid our onward flight
Safe from the foeman. By her waving hair
To my fond heart I drew the trembling fair;
Raptured, I gazed upon her polished breast,
Smooth as a mirror set within her nest,
Or like an ostrich-egg of pearly white,
Left in the sands and half-exposed to sight.
The timid maiden turned away her face,
With eyes averted shunned my rude embrace,
Raised her arched neck in conscious virtue's pride,
Then, like the wild fawn, gazed from side to side;
Her jet-black tresses down her shoulders strayed,
Like clustering dates amidst the palm-trees' shade."

This is the kind of poetry which gave the Spaniards that taste for chivalry whose influence was salutary until carried to excess: it was the same sort which inspired that respect for woman, for which it is so much the habit to give the credit

to the Goths and Vandals. We should like very much to give several other extracts from the poems of Amriolkais, for the narrative of his adventures is at once sprightly, elegant, and poetical.

The poem of Tarafa, which is the next in order, is inferior to that of Amriolkais both in spirit and vigor, although it contains passages which many of our modern poets might not be ashamed to own. But the author was a mere youth. It seems he was but twenty-one years old when he fell a victim to his love of satire, having satirized the king of his tribe. Probably his sad fate had some influence on the distinction conferred on him by having the poem under consideration transcribed in golden letters. There is, however, a good moral in it. We learn from it that he and his brother possessed jointly a herd of camels, which they agreed to watch alternately, lest they might be carried off by a tribe at war with their own. But the poet was so much more attentive to his verses than to the camels that the enemy had little trouble in carrying off the latter. His brother asks him sarcastically whether his poetry would support them as well as the camels. Without making any answer, he goes to solicit the aid of a relative; instead of complying, the latter rebukes him sharply for his remissness, and for his general libertinism and spirit of contention. Tarafa was highly incensed at this; and it was in order to vindicate himself that he wrote the poem which has been thus honored. We must give one extract, if only to show how different are the sentiments which it expresses from those inculcated by the Koran; but the comparison is undoubtedly in favor of the latter. In Tarafa's time there was no objection to wine or a much stronger drink, and the poet was rather partial to it, as may be seen from the following lines, which also show that the prospect of an early grave had no terrors for him :—

"If death be near me, let me quaff the bowl,
That none to-morrow mourn a thirsty soul.
The same dark mansions, by an equal fate,
The noble spirit and the mean await;
Their mother earth, impartial, seals their doom,
And one broad stone protects their common tomb.
Death, the all-conquering, seizes on the bold,
His proudest prey—then claims the miser's gold.
Though short my life, I've seen the age of man
Dwindling, still dwindling, in its narrow span;
The camel-riders, when they lose the rein,
With firmer grasp the loosened cord retain;

So, though he spare them for a little space,
Death holds dominion over all our race.
Let me, then, quaff the goblets while I live,
Nor die unconscious of the joys they give."

From Tarafa we pass on to Zohair, whose poem is a panegyric on two Arab chiefs, who by a singular act of generosity healed a deadly feud between theirs and a rival clan. This shows that the Arabians were not quite as fond of war even twelve hundred years ago as they are generally supposed to be. Still more plainly is the fact shown by the poet, whose best verses are those in favor of peace. His personification of war and his description of its horrors possess high merit, but we can only make room for a few couplets:

"War is a monster of the foulest mien;
All know her hideous form, for all have seen.
Though for awhile you drive her from the plain,
Still will you rouse her, and she'll rage again.
War, at one birth, who ne'er had borne before,
Famine and twin-born desolation bore;
Their cruel mother wean'd them from their birth,
And sent to feed upon the ravaged earth."

Of the remaining four we can only notice one—the poem of Lebeid, which is, perhaps, the most beautiful in the whole collection. We are told that, being once asked whom among his countrymen he considered the greatest poets he named Amriolkais and Tarafa, the two whose poems we have quoted above, and that on being pressed to name the third, he designated himself, but in an enigmatical way. The poet is said to have lived to the age of one hundred and forty-five years; this is doubtless an exaggeration, even if allowance is made for the difference between lunar and solar years, the former being those used by the Arabians at this period; but that he lived to an uncommon age is beyond doubt. The lines which he wrote on completing his one hundred and fortieth year show that his intellectual faculties if not still in their pristine vigor, remained at least unclouded up to that time, and he lived five years afterwards:

"Time, in his lengthened chain of years, has bound
Our mortal race, nor e'er his conqueror found;
I've seen him pass by day, I've seen by night,
And still, unchanged, return with morning's light.
Time, like Lebeid, grows older every day,
But waxes stronger while I waste away."

The honored poem of Lebeid is purely pastoral, but it seems to have been composed on an occasion much more important and exalted than the departure of a mistress,

which is what the opening would lead us to expect. The poet engages in a warm controversy with the chief of the Absites on the comparative excellence of their tribes; and he tells us that he has triumphantly succeeded in vindicating his countrymen. It was in order to render his victory the more brilliant that he produced the poem under consideration at the annual assembly of his tribe; and the result was that he was allowed to suspend it from the temple. We have before us but a fragment of it, by Professor Carlyle, of Cambridge University, and published in his "Specimens of Arabian Poetry." It is a fine love-elegy, the groundwork of which is the return of a person of a sensitive and thoughtful mind to the place where he had spent the happy days of youth and early manhood, and where he now finds all changed. We can only make room for the introductory stanzas, but even these will show it is no wonder that men of taste and judgment have designated the poem as an Arabian "Deserted Village:"

"Those dear abodes which once contained the fair,
Amidst Mitâta's wilds, I seek in vain;
Nor towers, nor tents, nor cottages are there,
But scattered ruins and a silent plain.

The proud canals, that once Rayâna graced,
Their course neglected and their waters gone,
Among the levell'd sands are dimly traced,
Like moss-grown letters on a mouldering stone.

Rayâna, say, how many a tedious year
Its hallowed circle o'er our heads hath roll'd
Since to my vows thy tender maids gave ear,
And fondly listened to the tale I told?

How oft, since then, the star of spring, that pours
A never-failing stream, hath drenched thy head?
How oft the summer cloud, in copious show'rs,
Or gentle drops, its genial influence shed?

How oft, since then, the hovering mist of morn
Hath caused thy locks with glittering gems to glow?
How oft hath eve her dewy treasures borne,
To fall responsive to the breeze below?

The matted thistles, bending to the gale,
Now clothe those meadows, once with verdure gay;
Amidst the windings of that lovely vale
The teeming antelope and ostrich stray:

The large-eyed mother of the herd, that flies
Man's noisy haunts, here finds a sure retreat;
Here tends her clustering young, till age supplies
Strength to their limbs and swiftness to their feet."

We think it will be admitted that these specimens would

do no discredit to any country in the era in which they were written, namely, that anterior to the seventh century A. D. They show, at least, that the Arabians possessed a poetical taste before the time of Mahomet; and this is our chief object in introducing them here. Now the question is, Did the religion of Mahomet tend to develop that taste, and with it a taste for general literature and the acquisition of knowledge? or was its tendency of the opposite character?

Justice requires that the former question be answered in the affirmative. It is indeed true that the first work of the followers of Mahomet was not to encourage literature or the diffusion of knowledge; some of them are accused, and with apparent justice, of having done otherwise. Thus, for example, they are charged with having burned the Alexandrian library; although the proof against them is by no means clear. But assuming the contrary, the barbarous act could only be regarded as that of an individual fanatic; and there is no religion so divine but that it numbers among its believers fanatics who sometimes commit excesses that make their brethren grieve.

It is sufficient for the friend of truth and justice to know that no sooner was the triumph of Islamism complete than the caliphs turned their earnest attention to the development of the mind; a fact which would go far to prove without further evidence that they were not the thoughtless, ignorant persons which it has been so much the habit to represent them. Those brought up in ignorance and barbarism are not likely to take a very warm interest in the cultivation of letters, the arts, or the sciences. The experience of the world proves this. If it sometimes happens that one who is ignorant himself is in favor of having others instructed, and does his best to have them instructed accordingly, it must be held that he is a person of a superior mind; that if man has not taught him, nature has. This applies to a Mahometan caliph quite as much as it does to a Christian king. Then, if the former took pains to instruct his people without having had the advantage of any instruction himself, why should we not give him credit for it even though our doing so might seem to attribute good qualities to Islamism?

All accounts worthy of attention agree that the era of Arabian cultivation commenced under the dynasty of the Abassides, that is, about the middle of the eighth century; and it is pleasant to know, that, just in proportion as letters were cultivated and knowledge diffused, were the moral vir-

tues respected and practised. Many anecdotes are related by oriental travellers and investigators in illustration of this; as a specimen we will note one of the best authenticated, only premising that our friend was considered dishonored if he refused his assistance to another in the hour of his need. In a poem called "Tograid" it is related that one day three Arabs were disputing in the temple of Mecca, on friendship and generosity, and could not agree as to which among those who then set the greatest examples of these virtues deserved the preference. Some were for Abdallah, son of Giafar, uncle to Mahomet; others for Kais, son of Saad, and others for Arabad, of the tribe of As. After a long dispute they agree to send a friend of Abdallah to him, a friend of Kais to Kais, and a friend of Arabad to Arabad, to prove them all three, and come back and make their report to the assembly. The friend of Abdallah went and said to him: "Son of the uncle of Mahomet, I am on a journey and am destitute of everything." Abdallah was mounted on his camel, loaded with gold and silk; he dismounted with all speed, gave him his camel, and returned home on foot. The second went to make application to his friend Kais, son of Saad. Kais was still asleep, and one of his domestics asked the traveller what he wanted. He answered that he was the friend of Kais, and needed his assistance. The domestic said to him: "I will not wake my master, but here are seven thousand pieces of gold, which are all we at present have in the house. Take also a camel from the stable and a slave; these, I think, will be sufficient for you until you reach your own house." When Kais awoke, he chided the domestic for not having given more. The third repaired to his friend Arabad, of the tribe of As. Arabad was blind, and coming out of his house, leaning on two slaves, to pray to God in the temple of Mecca. As soon as he heard his friend's voice, he said to him: "I possess nothing but my two slaves; I beg that you will take and sell them; I will go to the temple as well as I can with my stick." The three disputants, having returned to the assembly, faithfully related what had happened. Many praises were bestowed on Abdallah, son of Giafar; on Kais, son of Saad; and on Arabad, of the tribe of As; but the preference was given to Arabad. If these incidents have not really occurred as stated, they are undoubtedly characteristic of the true Arabian Mussulman, and this is sufficient for our purpose.

Now, we return for a moment to the Koran, and see what are the grounds upon which it is so generally condemned

among Christians as the worst book ever written, our only object in doing so being to remove erroneous impressions, which are incompatible with any correct idea of Arabian civilization; for with the religion of Mahomet we have as little to do as with the religion of Homer or Virgil. Yet there is a great difference. Certainly no other religion makes a nearer approach to Christianity than that of Mahomet. The fundamental principles of the latter are simple and easily understood; they are very different, indeed, from what they are generally understood to be. Mahomet did not pretend to be either saint or angel, but simply a prophet—one to whom God had condescended to make known his will for the benefit of mankind. His precepts are frequently the very opposite of what they are supposed to be by Christians.

Thus, for example, the Koran is said to be the most intolerant of codes; but when we come to examine it we are rather surprised at its liberality and moderation. "If the Lord had pleased," says Mahomet, "all who are in the earth would have believed together, and wilt thou *force* men to be believers? No man can believe but by the permission of God, and *He* will pour out his indignation on those who will not understand."* Nor does he condemn the unbelievers in Islamism merely as such. "Those who are Moslems," he says, "and those who are *Jews, and the Christians*, and *the Sabeans, who believe in God*, and the last day, and work righteousness, for them is their reward with the Lord, and *there is no fear for them*, and they shall *not be put to sorrow*."† Alluding to the oppression of those of a different religion from our own, Mahomet says: "As to those [of the unbelievers] who have not fought with you on account of religion, nor driven you from your habitations, God forbiddeth you not to deal kindly with, and to behave justly towards them, for God loveth those who act justly."‡ Mahomet does not even prevent his followers from intermarrying with those belonging to other religions, but, on the contrary, makes express provisions for the honorable marriage of both Jewish and Christian women to Mahometans; he only prohibits them as concubines;§ and his object in this is evidently a humane one, knowing how much more easily the concubine could be wronged with impunity than the lawful wife.

If we speak disrespectfully of the founder of Islamism, he does not speak disrespectfully of the founder of Christianity,

* Sale's Koran, ii., 257.
† Koran, ii., 194, *et seq.*
‡ Koran, ix., 8.
§ Koran, v., 6.

but the contrary. In several parts of the Koran he bears testimony to the divine mission of Christ, calling him "the Messiah Jesus, the son of Mary, the sent of God and his word, which he conveyed into Mary, and a breath (emanation) from him."* No Christian divine, however pious or orthodox, could object to Mahomet's definition of religion as distinguished from hypocrisy or fanaticism. "Religion," he says, "is not turning our faces to the east or to the west; but the religious are they who believe in God, and the last day, and the angels, and the book, and the prophets, and give their wealth for his love to their kindred, and to orphans, and to the poor, and to the wayfaring man, and to those who ask charity, and for the redeeming of captives; and who perform their prayers, and give alms, and who keep their engagements when they have made them; and the patient under misfortunes and afflictions, and in the time of adversity. These are they who are in possession of the truth; and these, they are the pious."† It can hardly be said that we ought to have any very strong prejudices against one who writes in this spirit, merely because he is not a true prophet, or because his Koran is not like the Bible. Might we not as well entertain prejudices against Homer, because the religion that he teaches is different from our own? It is, indeed, vastly more different from it than that of Mahomet, and vastly more degrading to humanity; yet none but the most thoughtless fanatics hate the prince of poets on this account. But because the Arabians are no longer what they were; because, having met with the fate of so many other great nations, they can hardly be said to possess a civilization any longer, the blame is thrown upon Mahomet; he is accused of having been an enemy to learning and culture; and thus it is that the downfall of Arabian civilization is accounted for by persons who forget that the civilization of the Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians, none of whom had either a Mahomet or a Koran, have also passed away.

But the truth is that there is as little foundation for the charge that Mahomet was an enemy to learning as there is for that which makes him deny souls to women, and exclude them from Paradise. Not one of the Mussulman commentators on the Koran, not a single Mussulman biographer of the prophet, has given any such interpretation of what he has either said or written. On the contrary, all regard him as

* Koran, iv., 169. † Koran, ii., 178.

the zealous friend of learning and the diffusion of knowledge; the best authenticated of the sayings which they preserve from him by tradition is that "*The ink of the learned is as good as the blood of the martyrs.*"

The best proof that he was regarded by the most zealous of the caliphs as thus friendly to literature and intelligence is to be found in their extraordinary efforts to encourage both. Ali, the fourth caliph after Mahomet, was the first to distinguish himself as a patron of letters. Moawyiah, his successor, assembled at his court (A. D. 662) all who had become most celebrated by their scientific or literary attainments; he made no distinction as to creed or country, but made the Greeks and Romans as welcome as the Arabians or Persians.

The new dynasty, of which the famous Haroun al Raschid was the founder, distinguished itself still more than its predecessor as the patron and friend of learned men. All his biographers, both Mussulman and Christian, aver that he never went on a journey without carrying with him at least a hundred men of science; it is equally attested that he never built a mosque, or permitted one to be built, throughout his extensive dominions, without attaching a school to it. There is no precept he inculcated on his son, Al Mamoun, at any period of his life, more than that of Mahomet in regard to "the ink of the learned;" nor did he act on any other precept with greater ardor. He invited learned men to his court from all parts of the world, writing autograph letters to all whose names he could learn; and those who came he retained as long as possible by rewards, honors, and distinctions. He always told the governors of the conquered provinces that they could collect no tribute which would be more acceptable to him than important books and literary and scientific relics. Accordingly, hundreds of camels might be seen entering Bagdad, loaded with nothing but manuscripts and papers. No matter whence these came, there were scholars enough at hand to pass judgment upon them. They were carefully examined by a "council" appointed for that purpose, and any that were pronounced important were carefully translated into Arabic.

In short, the barest narrative of what this monarch did in the interest of learning and civilization seems like the language of romance. But no facts are better attested than the efforts we are alluding to. There is a copy still extant the Imperial Library at Paris of the treaty of this caliph with the Emperor Michael III. as a conqueror, the chief

condition of which was that he should be furnished with copies of all the Greek authors. Nor did Al Mamoun merely aid and encourage others to cultivate the sciences, literature, and the arts.. He studied mathematics himself with ardor and success. He conceived a design no less grand than that of measuring the earth; and he accomplished it with the aid of his mathematics at his own personal expense.

In short, there was not a town of any note in the whole empire of Arabia which had not the advantage of colleges and academies at the middle of the eighth century. Bassora, Cufa, Balk, Ispahan, and Samarcand vied with Bagdad in the high reputation of their literary and scientific institutions. Cairo alone contained five colleges and three academies, and the towns of Fez and Morocco enjoyed as good literary institutions as we can boast of ourselves at the present day. So much, then, for the influence of Mahomet and his teachings on Arabian civilization. And had their tendency been otherwise, it would have been an exceptional case, for there never was a priesthood worthy of the name which did not give important aid in the development of the human mind. The Egyptian priests did so; the Hindoo Brahmans did the same; the Chaldean and Persian magi the same; the Druids the same, &c., &c. Even mythology gives the mind an enquiring turn, and consequently those who are expected to answer enquiries see the necessity of learning themselves in order that they may be capable of doing so. But when they have no longer the means to become learned themselves, when the government under various pretexts deprives them of it, then civilization is sure to decline; hence it is that neither the Egyptians, the Hindoos, the Persians, nor the Arabians of the present day can understand the learned works of their ancestors.

Now let us consider briefly whether the doctrines of the Koran are favorable to mental development. We are decidedly of opinion that they are, and we will give our reasons for it. There is no more complicated system than that of the Koran; no other system is more full of mystery. These characteristics by themselves present strong inducements to its study, especially to the Arabian mind; and in proof of the fact it has produced a whole library of commentaries on the Koran—more commentaries than have been written during the same period on all other works, sacred and profane, put together.

In order that due allowance may be made, in justice to

the author, for the complex character of the Koran, it is necessary to bear in mind that Mahomet had no pretensions to be the founder of a new religion; all he professed to undertake was the restoration of the primitive and only true faith, such as it had been in the days of the patriarchs, and of which the fundamental idea was the unity of God. Before his time the Arabians had degenerated into idolaters, although they had still continued to regard Abraham and Ishmael as their progenitors. Before the prophet was born Mecca had been venerated as the place were Ishmael was providentially saved, and where his mother Hagar was buried. It was believed that Abraham had built a temple there, by command of God, in commemoration of these events. This temple is still extant; it is that known as the Caaba; and even the grave of Mahomet is not an object of more veneration.

In short, Mahomet made the revelations of the Old and New Testaments the basis of his system. As already observed, he admitted the divine mission of Christ. He also maintained the authority of the books of Moses. Indeed, none of his dogmas were substantially new, except we regard his laws and observances, which were undoubtedly very good in the main, as such. Thus, for example, knowing how often the Arabians were attacked by the plague and other destructive pestilences, he enjoined the necessity of daily ablutions as a religious duty. With the same view he enjoined abstinence from different kinds of food, which experience had proved to predispose those who used them to some of the terrible maladies to which the nature of their climate and soil had rendered them more liable than any other people.

Mahomet made important innovations, however. These, indeed, were seldom favorable to religion; they were often the reverse. But for the reason already mentioned, their influence on literature, considered purely as such, was good. That is, if they did not tend to make the people truly religious, they at least tended to make them think, study, and investigate. The manner in which the Koran treats of death, resurrection, judgment, paradise, and hell is powerfully calculated to affect the imagination. Mahomet's description of paradise far surpasses that of Milton, at least in the estimation of those for whom the former was written. The prophet makes it very difficult even for the faithful to reach the blissful abode. The Bridge of Judgment (Al Sirat), over which they have to pass on their way to it, is described "as

slender as the thread of a famished spider, and as sharp as the edge of a sword." But once over this, the believer is welcomed into the happy gardens by beautiful black-eyed houris, who are not of clay, but of pure essence, free from all blemish, and subject to no decay either in beauty or virtue. The soil is of no crude material, but consists of celestial musk and saffron, sprinkled with pearls and hyacinths. The mansions of Mahomet's paradise are built of gold and silver; and it is richly supplied with fruits of a flavor and delicacy superior to anything ever tasted by mortals. In short, there is nothing which even the oriental imagination could conceive as in any manner likely to contribute to happiness and delight, but the Mahometan paradise is said to possess.

But Mahomet's hell is as terrific as his paradise is delightful. The torments described in Dante's *Inferno* are mild and tolerable compared to those described in the Koran. Those who fall from Al Sirat into the gulf below will suffer alternately from cold and heat. When they are thirsty, they will get boiling water to drink; nor will they be allowed to refuse it. They will be shod, but with shoes of fire. The only privilege the nominal Mussulman has to expect in this abode is to occupy a place near the surface; below him are the mansions reserved for the Christians, Jews, Sabeans, Magians, and idolaters; from which it will be seen that the Christians are allowed to rank next the Mussulmans even in hell.

It is not pleasant to proceed with so gloomy a picture, even when we know it, as in the present case, to be merely one of fancy. But there is enough that is agreeable in the Koran; it has its demons, it is true, in profusion; but it has sufficient angels to protect the faithful from their machinations. Every man has two guardian angels to attend him everywhere, and record all his actions, whether good or evil. There is another class of intermediate beings called genii; these are partly earthly and partly spiritual; some are good and may in time expect the joys of paradise; but then others are bad and devoted to eternal torture. Then, again, there are the Peris or fairies. These are beautiful female spirits who seek to do good on earth, but they are constantly opposed by the *Deev*, or giants, who make war on them, take them captive, and shut them up in iron cases. The bad as well as the good among those different kinds of spirits have the power of rendering themselves invisible at pleasure. All resort more or less to a mountain called Kaf; but they dwell in all kinds of strange lonely places, in woods, in deserted houses, among the rocks

and sand-hills of the desert, and even at the bottoms of wells and pools of water. The genii delight in mischief, and they are constantly doing it; it is they who mislead travellers, dry up springs, raise whirlwinds, &c.

Now we think that none will need any further proof that the Koran has doctrines and theories enough that are favorable to literature. We have already spoken of their influence on the best writers of Europe, including Shakespeare and Ariosto. The Peris alone have inspired many a beautiful European poem; as an example, suffice it to mention Moore's "Paradise and the Peri;" nay, in all fairy tales we may see more or less of the traces of what we owe to the Arabians in this department. The Arabian genii, too, have done much more for us than is generally supposed; for it is not alone in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment" that they have been made to take a prominent part as the willing and ready servants of those who are so fortunate as to gain control. We might also show the parts which demons and angels of the Koran have been wont to take in European as well as oriental literature. But suffice it to say that there is no feeling or aspiration of the Arabian, whether in regard to heaven or earth, which is not influenced to a greater or less extent by some passage in the Koran or some commentary upon it.

But the best proof is to be found in the fruit. All who have investigated the subject have agreed that no nation has ever produced so many poets during any equal period as Arabia did in about five centuries. The heroic poems written by the Arabians for the purpose of celebrating the deeds of their great men would form large libraries by themselves; although it is in love poems, elegies, lyrics, odes, &c., they have excelled. The catalogue alone of their poems, as still preserved in the library of the Escurial at Madrid, extends to twenty large volumes.

But the facts which we have already stated show that it was not poetry alone the Arabians cultivated with ardor and success; there are no intellectual pursuits in which they have not taken a creditable part. No people have bestowed more attention on grammar and rhetoric; none have written better dictionaries or better treatises on botany and chemistry. So far as is known, they were the first to compile encyclopædias, chronological dictionaries, alphabetical indexes, pointing out matters in different works relating to the same subject, and other works whose design is to abbreviate labor and facilitate the acquisition of knowledge.

Nor can it be said that the Arabian mind was incapable of grappling with the subtleties of philosophy. First, they translated all the Greek philosophers. Even the Greeks themselves did not admire the metaphysics and logic of Aristotle more than they. They did not depend, however, on the works of the Stagirite, highly as they valued them, but resolved to think and form systems for themselves. Of those who did so successfully we may mention Al Farabi, Tophail, Al Kindi, Al Gazel, whose works are still to be found in several of the libraries of Europe. Like another Pythagoras, Al Kindi kept an academy, in which he taught logic, geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, and chemistry. It is related of him that a dervis, whose hatred he had excited, accused him of heresy and impiety, and even made an attempt on his life. The caliph being his friend as a learned man, he could easily have had his accuser punished, but instead of doing so he said to him: "Thy religion commands thee to take my life; mine directs me to improve your condition, if possible; come, then, that I may instruct you, and you may kill me afterwards." The dervis, struck with so generous a return for his unmerited enmity, accepted his invitation, studied philosophy, and became a wiser and a better man.

Avicina, who lived towards the close of the tenth century, wrote ten volumes on philosophy, three of which are devoted to the nature of the soul: the first to what he calls the vegetative soul, the second to the sensitive soul, and the third to the reasonable soul. He does not mean, however, that the soul is composed of three substances, but that it is has three different modes of action. "The vegetative soul," he says, "has three faculties: the instinctive, the augmentative, and the generative. The sensitive has two faculties: the motive faculty and the faculty of apprehension. The motive faculty commands a movement or produces it; the first consists in the appetites; the second aids the latter and acts upon the muscles by a force diffused through the nerves."* The nature of all the other faculties is examined in a similar manner; but who could form a just opinion of Aristotle, Plato, or any other philosopher by a glance at one or two of its topics. Avicina must be read, at least in part, in order to be appreciated, although a very satisfactory opinion may be formed of his labors from the work of De Gerando on the comparative Systems of Philoso-

* Gerando, Histoire Comparée des Systémes de Philosophie, vol. ii., p. 152.

phy, European and Oriental. And we may make the same remark in reference to the philosophy of Al Gazel, who was at once a theologian, jurisconsult, and poet. Among his leading philosophical principles are the following: "The understanding perceives itself; it even perceives its perception; it perceives what it produces; it passes from the strong to the feeble, from what is obscure to what is luminous, without undergoing any change; it frequently grows stronger with time instead of growing weaker. The weakness of the corporeal organs may, it is true, react in two ways on the intellectual faculties: first, by causing a distraction of the mind, if it be accompanied with pain, and, secondly, by depriving the mind of the aid which it could borrow from the organs for the investigation of external things."* We can only notice one more of the many Arabian philosophers whose works are still extant, and whose speculations have produced a much greater influence on the modern philosophy of Europe than many would be willing to believe.

Tophail, who was a contemporary of Al Gazel, has written a work, "The Philosopher instructed by Himself," which Dr. Pococke, the learned English Orientalist, thought worthy of being translated into Latin, in which language it is known by the title *Philosophus Autodidactus*; and among the modern philosophers who acknowledge their indebtedness to it for important hints are Descartes, Kant, and Locke. The author supposes an infant (whom he calls Yokdhan), cast at the moment of his birth into the desert, where he has been fed by a goat. At the age of two years he follows her everywhere; he also follows the other goats, and imitates their cries. In a short time he forms some ideas on certain subjects; and these ideas are so engraven in his memory and in his imagination that, even in the absence of the objects to which they refer, he desires some and has an aversion to others; such was his condition at his seventh year. The goat that has nursed him dies; he nearly dies himself of grief at losing her. He calls her, but in vain; he finds no movement in her; he examines her eyes and her ears, but finds no wound more than in any other part of her body. He is anxious to know the cause. He remembers several observations which he had made on her eyes, ears, &c., while she was able to go about with the rest, but now finds they are no longer applicable.

* *Ibid.*

They are very ingenious and remarkable, but to mention all would lead us too far. Not finding any external mark of injury, it occurs to him that she may have been hurt internally. He resolves to try, hoping that he could remove the obstacle if he found one, and that then she would be as well as ever. Just as he was going to make the search, he had a misgiving as to whether he might not do more harm than good, and, while discussing this point with himself, he remembered that he had never seen any one recover from a state like that in which she was. This grieves and discourages him; still the hope of restoring his foster-mother overcomes every other consideration, and he proceeds to open the body with such instruments as the desert supplied. On opening the body, he observed the heart, with its two cavities. Seeing that one cavity was filled with coagulated blood, while the other was empty, it occurred to him that he must have been mistaken after all, especially as he remembered that, in fighting with other animals, he had often lost blood himself, but without losing the use of the other parts of his body. Finally he gave up the search, but not without learning an important lesson from it; namely, that the body is perishable and vile compared to what he has been searching for. Another conclusion he arrived at was that what he sought for left the body, and that this was the reason why it moved no longer. Now he has a series of questions to ask. What is this substance? Has it left willingly, or been forced to go? Be this as it may, it was of the departed substance the goat consisted, so far as she was of any value. It was it that caused her to have so much affection for him. It was it that gave so much animation to her actions, the body having merely been the instrument by which it acted. Thus it was he succeeded in making himself acquainted with the nature of bodies.

We cannot follow the philosopher in his investigations and experiments; a mere analysis of his work would fill the whole space we can devote to this article. Suffice it to say that he proceeds from step to step by a process that combines the inductive and synthetic systems; from inorganic bodies he passes to the organic, from animals to plants, thence to minerals. Nor does he overlook celestial bodies and their phenomena, air, water, &c.; he compares the properties of one body to those of the others, and discovers the general relations which the whole have to each other. From the nature of matter he passes to that of the mind, all of whose

faculties he examines in turn; and while doing so he is led to form an idea of the soul. Then the question of mortality or immortality arises; the arguments on both sides occupy him for years, but finally he is satisfied of the immortality of the soul. In a similar manner his reasoning leads him to recognize a first cause, but it was not until he attained the age of thirty-five that he is able to satisfy himself that there is a God who is the author of all that he has been contemplating from his infancy. We need hardly say that this brief glance at leading topics gives but a faint idea of the true character of Tophail's work, which is really very profound and very suggestive, and at the same time replete with interest; although, be it remembered, his object in it is not to produce a treatise on philosophy or to construct a new system, but simply to show how capable man is of extending the sphere of his knowledge by the exercise of his reason alone, and without any aid from instructors, until it comprehends the whole universe. It is not the less true, however, that there is more philosophy in it than in many works ostensibly written for the purpose of establishing a new system, and superseding all other systems.

But the nation that has produced the multitudinous works in every department of human knowledge, which we have thus briefly alluded to, cannot be said to exist as such any longer; its fall has been as sudden and unexpected as its rise was brilliant and wonderful. The intellectual activity and thirst for knowledge which commenced towards the middle of the ninth century had almost ceased to exist at the close of the fourteenth century. Still, indeed, there is a small portion of the intellectual wreck left, but much more of it is to be had in the colleges and libraries of Europe than throughout the immense territory which was once governed by the caliphs and still professes Islamism. As already observed, there are but few Arabians at the present day who are capable of reading the works of their illustrious ancestors. Poverty, ignorance, superstition, and oppression are the features of their condition which arrest the attention of every traveller at the present day. All who treat the subject seem to regard it as encumbent on them to explain the cause of so melancholy a change; but nineteen out of every twenty throw all the blame on Mahometanism. This might seem plausible enough, had not the greatest intellectual activity the world has ever seen exhibited itself under the influence of some of the most absurd forms of paganism.

The Greeks under Pericles, had a much worse religion than that of Mahomet; the Romans of the Augustan age had a still worse religion; but neither became decrepid in mind on this account. Upon the other hand, the introduction of Christianity failed to prevent the downfall of Rome; nor did it prove any more effectual in averting the fate of the Byzantium empire, established on its ruins. We need hardly say that this is no reflection on Christianity, since it is not the design of religion to prevent nations more than individuals from growing old, and dying even before their time. The most pious Christians expect to die as well as to become decrepit in old age. They do not expect that Christianity will save them from either, and why should a nation expect it more than individuals?

In remarking that there are still some remains of Arabian civilization, we did not allude exclusively to the Arabian works and manuscripts that have been preserved in different parts of the world. Although the descendants of those who were the first to introduce astronomy in Europe are so ignorant as to think that an eclipse of the sun or moon is caused by a huge fish which follows the eclipsed body, it is not the less true that Arabian tales are written which are the delight of millions. What is more remarkable is that the tales of the present day have precisely the same general characteristics as those written five centuries ago, the only perceptible difference being that the new exhibit neither the culture nor the genius of the old. We have several now before us, the oldest of which was written at the beginning of the present century. The most characteristic, if not the most interesting, are those of the Cheikh al Mohdy, translated into French by M. Marcel, under the title of *Contes Arabes*. It is a remarkable fact that the author, although an Arabian, was born of Christian parents, and chiefly educated by Christians, but became a Mahometan at the age of twenty-two. There is good reason for the change, however, independently of the arguments of Mahomet. No Christian could occupy an official position in the East without giving scandal to the faithful, and at the age of twenty-six Al Mohdy became secretary to Ali Bey, the pasha of Egypt. Throughout his tales there is evidence that at heart he was, at least, as much a Christian as a Mahometan, but whatever were his religious views he was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Arabian romance.

Of the several stories translated by Marcel, that entitled "Abd-er-rahman," from the name of its hero, is the most

characteristic, and its interest to Christian readers is not a little enhanced by its showing that, if the Arabs have no longer the genius which they formerly had, their love of story-telling remains undiminished. The plot is not so romantic as that of other stories in the same collection, but it is more ingenious. Abd-er-rahman, being left in possession of a large fortune by his father, a wealthy merchant of Alexandria, devotes himself zealously to study, and makes a proficiency which he flatters himself is unparalleled. Feeling no disposition to put his light under a bushel, he prepares narratives to read to his friends. He presents himself as a story-teller ten times, but on every occasion his auditors go to sleep and some misfortune or other happens to himself for his pains. The tenth evening reduces him to poverty, and consigns him to the Morestán, or lunatic asylum of Cairo. His first attempt at story-telling was made to his slaves; before he had concluded his manuscript all had fallen asleep, leaving the doors and gates unfastened. The naïb, or chief of police, regarding this as culpable negligence, ordered his men to nail up the doors and inflicted a heavy fine on Abd-er-rahman for having offered such temptation to robbers. He thought he would next assemble a more enlightened audience, and with this mind he got up a magnificent entertainment, to which he invited his friends; but the final result was pretty nearly the same. Only four persons had remained awake when the story was read. These he complimented highly on their taste and love of learning. They in return said that they felt so deeply interested in his narrative it would please them very much to see the historical authorities on which it was founded, if they were at all convenient. This increased the author's delight; he went to his study at once, but as the historical authorities had to be searched for it took him some time to find them. But when he returned his admirers had left, and taken with them the whole of a rich service of plate, with the exception of one salver on which Al Harrami, the notorious robber, had written some lines thanking him for his entertainment.

Thus do the incidents succeed each other rapidly, the results of each reading presenting fresh novelties. Finally the hero is induced to marry, recollecting that the Koran directs him to do so. He thinks his wife and children, at least, will be good listeners, and so break the charm of the malignant genius who has hitherto put all his auditors to sleep, with the sole exception of the robbers. But his misfortunes

are only increased by marriage, and it is in vain that he marries one lady after another, until he has the number allowed by law; for she from whom he expects most good, does him most mischief, though without any intention on her part to do so. Necessarily passing over several curious incidents, we come to that stage in which the hero becomes an inmate of the asylum. Here his mild and agreeable demeanor soon gained him the good will of his keepers, who allowed him to walk about in the courts and converse with such of the inmates as attracted his attention. He thus became acquainted with three persons, who had lost their ears and been made lame, and he soon learned from them that, like himself, they retained their senses, although inmates of a lunatic asylum.

These resemblances in their circumstances naturally led them to wish to be informed of each other's calamities; and it was accordingly agreed that each should relate his history. When the narratives commenced, many other supposed lunatics came to listen to them, and among their number Abd-er-rahman recognised his perfidious cousin and his faithless wife Zahara. The number of narrators was thus increased; and each story possesses a peculiar interest. The most characteristic is that of Ratif, the squinting astrologer of Alexandria, but it is so very long that we can only make room for one of the episodes; we select this because it gives such a graphic view of the ignorant and debasing jugglery and charlatanism which in modern times have taken the place of the learning and science which illuminated the whole world for nearly four centuries. And with this we must take leave for the present of Arabian literature, our remarks on the subject having already extended further than we had intended :—

"When evening came, I sat down sorrowfully at the end of the long pier which forms the harbor, reflecting on my sorrowful position; not knowing where I could procure shelter for the night, whose shades were thickening around me, nor food for my empty stomach, which was manifesting its uneasiness by audible grumblings. My glances were mechanically turned to my left over the long promontory, which, extending into the sea, closed the gulf on that side and hid from view the summits of the lofty mountains of Kribrús (Cyprus). All at once I saw near me a tall, stiff, and meagre figure, which seemed to me a real ghost. This being, whose approach I had not observed, and whose presence froze me with horror, had two piercing eyes, a countenance of cadaverous paleness; his bones seemed ready to burst through a skin as dry as parchment; his brows were thick and beetling, and a long white beard hung in wild disorder below his chest; he wore a dark-colored robe, and his motions were as precise and regular as if they had been the result of machinery. His eyes were fixed on the starry heavens, and he directed his view success-

ively to different stars, using instruments of curious construction, the like of which I had never seen.

"I felt assured that this strange being was a magician, practising some of his diabolical arts, and I expected that the evil genii would immediately assemble around him, in obedience to his necromantic spells. Fear kept me motionless; I kept my eyes fixed upon him, attentively watching his movements; they were all new to me, and I expected momentarily to become their victim. My danger appeared to increase when I saw this mysterious and awful being lower his looks to me, and his glance met mine. After some moments of mutual and silent observation, during which drops of cold perspiration streamed from my forehead, he addressed me in a hoarse voice, whose tones, however, were not at all menacing. 'Friend,' said he, 'I see with pleasure that you share my tastes and pursuits; during the last half hour, I perceive that your looks have been directed toward that brilliant sky, which extends its splendid canopy over the summit of Mount Taurus, and now your eyes, directed to the zenith, seem anxious to penetrate through the group of nebulous stars directly over our heads. Tell me, which is the constellation that has thus engaged your attention?'

"Reassured by hearing a human voice from this frightful body, which I had taken for some supernatural being that haunted this solitary place, I was about to reply, but he did not give me time. 'You may,' he continued, 'bless your fate and the constellations that protect you. I am the celebrated Abd-al-nejûm (servant of the stars), whose high acquirements in astronomy have procured him the surname *al Feleky* (the Celestial). * * Perceiving you just now, with your eyes fixed on the starry heaven, I easily divined that you were impelled by some insurmountable impulse to my favorite study. I immediately observed with care the aspect of the heavens; I have found it favorable to you, and it has enjoined me to cultivate your taste for such exalted knowledge. Come, then, with confidence, my son; Abd-al-nejûm will, in your company, penetrate the palace of science; come with me, my house shall be your residence and your academy.' The astronomer took me by the hand. Delighted by such an unexpected invitation I permitted him to lead me in silence, dreading that too speedy an explanation might lead him to change his benevolent purpose. We passed through several narrow streets in the meanest quarter of the town, and after several turnings stopped before a small house, whose appearance was far from sumptuous. Abd-al-nejûm opened the door himself, a circumstance which convinced me that he had neither slaves or servants. Taking me again by the hand he led me in the dark to a confined spot, where he desired me to sit down. Having lighted an old lamp he turned to examine his new guest. He appeared surprised at the poverty of my dress, which the darkness had hitherto prevented him from noticing; his tone immediately changed, his kind proffers gave place to stern and imperious questions. Not being able to avoid a reply I related without disguise the circumstances that had brought me to the place where he had found me; and where my glances were vaguely directed over the surface of the western waters, instead of being elevated, as he supposed, to the brilliant sky of the east. I testified my gratitude for the kind offers he had made, but did not conceal that food was with me a more pressing want than lessons in astronomical science. * * Abd-al-nejûm sat down on a wretched mat, which was almost the only article of furniture in his room, and, resting his head upon his hands, seemed lost in thought. At length he proposed to take me into his service, on condition that I should ask no wages, but be content with bed and board, promising that if I proved faithful he would make me his heir.

"I lived with him very miserably for twelve years; when I asked

him for instructions, he said that nature herself had forbidden me to become an astronomer. Every day he repeated that the stars promised him great wealth and length of life; but, nevertheless, I found him one morning dead in his bed, and conformably to his promises I was his sole heir. The inheritance however, was only some few articles of furniture, and his mathematical instruments. The owner of the house soon gave me notice to quit. I made a little money by the sale of the furniture, and carefully preserving the astronomical instruments of my deceased master, I sought another lodging. I obtained it in the house of an old woman who lodged in the suburbs, to whom I had sold some pieces of paper covered with figures, on which my master had written his scientific calculations, which she purchased as talismans, to increase the fertility of her pigeons, and keep them from vermin. I had no difficulty in persuading her that I had inherited the knowledge as well as the instruments of my old master; and her neighbors of both sexes flocked to obtain the aid of my astrological talents. All my master's old papers, on which he had scribbled figures, were successively sold as talismans.

Finding this new trade very successful, I resolved, like Abd-al-nejûm, to draw horoscopes, and predict future events from the stars. I had picked up from his conversation the names of some of the constellations, but I did not know what was their position in the sky; however, I hoped that I would easily acquire this knowledge by making use of the instrument. In vain I tried in every way to imitate what I had so often seen my master do; but somehow or other I never could distinctly see through the telescope the stars that my master saw, or perhaps only pretended to see. I have always thought that he designedly injured the instruments before his death, for fear lest the fame of my science might eclipse his own. * * * My reputation increased every day, and unfortunately for me it extended too far. My fame reached the governor of the city. He was about to become a father, and summoned me to draw the horoscope of the unborn child. I went boldly, pretended to make some observations, drew some whimsical figures, made some idle calculations, and unhesitatingly declared that he would soon be the father of a boy. I did not know that my new employer had brought, at a great expense, another astronomer from Antakyeh (Antioch). He was posted in another part of the house, and announced that the child would be a girl. They brought us together, that we might compare our different horoscopes. I could make nothing of my adversary's scheme; he easily demonstrated that mine was composed only of figures drawn at random, calculations either absurd or insignificant, and marks that had no connection or relation. For want of good argument, I overwhelmed my adversary with reproaches, and he retorted as well as he could. From words we were about to come to blows, when we received a piece of news which put an end to our quarrel. The woman who had been summoned to attend the lady announced that she was not pregnant, but dropsical." *Contes Arabes du Cheikh al Mohdy.*

ART. IV.—1. *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of* SIR ISAAC NEWTON. By SIR DAVID BREWSTER. 2 vols. Edinburgh. 1855.

2. *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica. Auctore* ISAACO NEWTONO, *Eq. Aur. Perpetuis Commentariis Illustrata, Communi Studio* PP. THOMÆ LE SEUR ET FRANCISCI JACQUIER, *ex Gallicana Minimorum Familia, Math. Proff.* Edito Nova Summa Cura recensita. 2 vols. Londini. 1853.

3. *Commercium Epistolicum*, J. COLLINS *et aliorum*, &c., Edit. par MM. BIOT et LEFORT. Paris. 1858.

NOTHING is so well calculated to show at once how great and how little is man as the study of the life and character of those who have rendered themselves illustrious by their works. If this does not teach us to set a moderate estimate on our own labors, and to make allowance for the failings and imperfections of our neighbors, nothing will. There is not one who has benefited mankind whose life does not teach lessons of this kind; but no life does so to such an extent as that of Newton. In delaying the consideration of his discoveries in this journal until now, and giving precedence to those of Kepler, Leibnitz, Laplace, and Galileo, we have not, therefore, been influenced by any opinion or feeling unfavorable to the claims of the illustrious demonstrator of the power of gravity on the gratitude of the human race. We have done so partly because we prefer to introduce our readers to those with whom their acquaintance is but slight, rather than to those with whom they are comparatively familiar, and partly because there are some incidents in the life of Newton of so delicate a character that we have no wish to discuss them, although such is their nature that they must not be regarded as casting the slightest stain on the undying lustre of his fame.

The future philosopher was born at the little village of Woolsthorpe, in the county of Lincoln, on Christmas day, 1642, the same year that Galileo died. His father was a respectable farmer of limited means, but without any energy either physical or intellectual. He died three months before the birth of his only son Isaac, who was so weak and small in his infant state that it was generally thought he could not live; and the few who differed from this opinion predicted that at all events he would never possess much vigor, but would be weak and sickly like his father. His mother seems

to have fully adopted this opinion, and this is the reason assigned for her having placed him under the care of his grandmother when he was only four years old. The old lady did her part well; under her charge he learned to read, write, and cipher in one year. In the meantime his mother got married to the Rev. Barnabas Smith, rector of North Witham, whose character seems very similar to that of his father.

It does not appear that the future discoverer attracted any attention, except by his physical weakness, until he was twelve years old. At this age his mother sent him to the high school of Grantham, and procured lodgings for him at the house of Mr. Clark, an intelligent apothecary, who happened to have some excellent works in his library. The latter circumstance had a much more important influence on young Newton than the instructions he received at the high school. He tells us himself that he paid but little attention to these, and that for most of the time he was one of the last in his class. Nor did he care to associate with his fellow-pupils; instead of doing so he occupied every moment he could spare in the study of mechanics; and to him the transition from mere study to invention and discovery seemed easy and natural. He borrowed a hatchet from one, a hammer from another, and a saw from another; and having thus provided himself with instruments he proceeded to construct models of various kinds of machinery. One of his first works was an hour-glass, acting by the descent of water. While he was engaged at this a windmill of peculiar construction was erected in the town; he studied it carefully until he succeeded in producing a similar one on a small scale; and he placed a mouse inside, which he called the miller. At this stage of his progress he found that some knowledge of drawing was necessary; he had no teacher or means of employing one, but this did not discourage him; he practised himself with so much zeal and perseverance that the next day, when his friend the apothecary went into his room, he found the walls covered with all sorts of designs. It was while he was learning to draw that it occurred to him that the velocity of the wind could be measured; it seems the idea was suggested to him by the force with which a slip of paper containing one of his sketches was driven along in the direction of the wind. The manner in which he tried to test the truth of the lesson thus learned was rather singular: when there was a strong breeze, he repaired to the most exposed place, and leaped with all his might alternately

in the direction of the wind and the opposite, carefully noting the difference. Although at the time his only object in this was what he stated, his experiments, simple as they were, gave him new ideas on the nature of fluids in general; and he was fond of referring to them himself when at the meridian of his fame, as having exercised considerable influence on his theory of the tides.

Although young Newton had no taste for the society of his fellow-students at Grantham, it seems that he evinced a stronger liking for the other sex than he ever did afterwards. Several young ladies boarded at the apothecary's while he did; the most intelligent and most comely was a Miss Storey, who took great delight in examining his models and gave him all the aid she could in his efforts to learn to draw. That young Newton was by no means insensible to these attentions is sufficiently evident from the fact that he addressed her numerous verses, which, although they could hardly be called poetry, abounded with affection. Several of these are still extant in England, and those who possess them value them more highly than any other productions ever written, though only as curious mementoes of so illustrious a man. What is most remarkable, however, in regard to his early love, is that he did not marry the object of his affections; for there seems to be no doubt that she was quite willing to accept him as her husband; and besides her being as well educated as the majority of the ladies of her time, she belonged to a very respectable family—one which certainly ranked as high as that of Newton. The lady married twice; both husbands died young; and Newton had a new chance at the death of each, had he chosen to avail himself of it. That he did not do so is rendered all the more strange, from the fact that he never passed within twenty miles of her residence, on any of his scientific journeys, without visiting her, and that more than once after he became famous he relieved herself and her family from pecuniary embarrassments. To this it is proper to add that the most censorious have never ventured to allege that there was the least impropriety in the relations between Newton and this lady, either during her maiden or widowed life. The almost universal opinion on the subject is that, had he been disposed to marry any woman, he would have taken her in preference to all others, but that from youth to age he had no stronger feeling for the sex than that of pure friendship.

However much credit the labors of young Newton at

Grantham gained him with others, they were regarded by his mother as of little account. She thought nothing of his windmills, hour-glasses, &c., further than that they resulted from the whims of a truant schoolboy; she told her friends that, if they could be regarded as a criterion at all, what they showed was that young Newton might make a skillful farmer if instructed in time. Accordingly, when her second husband died in 1566, she brought home her son and directed him to manage the farm. For a few weeks it seems he did very well. He was sent to the market of Grantham every Saturday with a cart of vegetables, accompanied by an old servant; but while the latter tried to dispose of the goods at as good a price as he could get, young Isaac went behind a hedge in the neighborhood, and quietly devoted himself to study. His uncle went to look for him one day that he absented himself as usual in this way, and found him, after a very diligent search, in a hay-loft, busily occupied on a mathematical problem. When sent to take care of the cattle, he behaved no better, but, betaking himself to the shade of some tree, or ditch, he pored eagerly over the old books which he had borrowed from his friend the apothecary, while horses, cows, and sheep mixed indiscriminately, and did whatever mischief they chose in the corn-fields, which it was his duty to protect from them. After having been several times detected in this sort of work, it was finally agreed among his friends that the amount of mischief he would allow the cattle to do, not to mention his various other errors in farming, would be more than the cost of having him properly instructed in those problems of which he was so fond; and thus it was that, in June, 1661, after three years' preparation, he became a student of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Newton was now in his eighteenth year, and he entered on his course with all the enthusiasm of true genius. The first works which he studied thoroughly were Sanderson's *Logic* and Kepler's *Optics*. His familiar acquaintance with the most difficult points in the latter soon attracted the attention of the celebrated Dr. Barrow, who was then professor of mathematics at the college, and a friendship immediately sprang up between professor and student which was interrupted only by death.

It is a remarkable fact that it was with the idea of familiarizing himself with astrology that Newton first devoted himself to the study of mathematics. Any person avowing such a motive at the present day would be laughed at, yet

it is one that has influenced, to a greater or less extent, the most illustrious astronomers and discoverers, including both Kepler and Tycho Brahe. But this is not the only science proscribed at the present day as vulgar, which Newton studied at Cambridge; for he also paid a good deal of attention, as other illustrious men had done before him, to the study of alchemy; nor did he abandon the study of either until seized with that sad malady which certainly impaired, if it did not destroy, the original vigor of his great intellect.

The reason assigned by Newton as well as by other illustrious men for their faith in astrology is that, since nothing can happen but in accordance with immutable laws, we are bound to believe that none can live or die but in accordance with those laws, and that consequently there is in reality no such thing as chance or hazard. These views were afterwards disclaimed by Newton as erroneous, but, as already intimated, not until his mind became so much enfeebled that he was not able to understand his own works. Yet this altered opinion of Newton, notwithstanding the melancholy circumstances under which it was altered, is the principal argument adduced by those who now rank astrology with the black art and kindred delusions. We allude to this in passing, because we hold that, whatever contributes to do good, though not entirely correct in itself as a theory or doctrine, ought not to be decried or sneered at. That a belief in an astrology has prompted hundreds to study the sublime laws of the universe, and accordingly led to many discoveries, is a fact which no intelligent person would venture to deny. The same observation would apply to alchemy in its relation to chemistry.

The Elements of Euclid was the first work on geometry studied by Newton. We are told that this did not detain him long; that it presented no difficulty to him; that he saw the truth of each proposition at a glance, and only wondered that it should occupy half so much of the time of students as it did. Of all his biographers, Biot alone dissents from this, and gives his reasons for doing so.*

* "Qu'après avoir étudié les premières propositions d'Euclide," he says, "Newton ait successivement cherché et trouvé la démonstration des autres par lui-même, plutôt que de s'enfoncer dans une lecture si excessivement pénible par les formes dont elle est hérissée, voilà ce qui peut se comprendre; et surtout, s'il avait déjà pris connaissance des mêmes propositions pour ses jeux d'enfant, dans quelque livre vulgaire, on concevra mieux encore qu'il ait jugé inutile de perdre son temps à en chercher de nouvelles preuves dans une aussi fatigante lecture. Cela expliquerait très-naturellement le regret qu'il témoigna plus tard de ne s'être pas assez arrêté à la géométrie des anciens."—*Mélanges Scientifiques et Littéraires, par M Biot*, t. i., p. 24.

At all events, the next work taken up by Newton at Cambridge was the Geometry of Descartes, from which he learned the nature and much of the value of geometrical analysis. This he admitted gratefully at the time, but it is alleged that he was rather disposed to forget it afterwards, and to bestow on others the credit justly due to Descartes. Among the instances of this kind noted by Biot, he remarks, that, in his Optics, Newton ascribes the discovery of the true theory of the arc of the meridian to Antoine de Dominis, whereas it is beyond question that the entire credit of it is due to Descartes.

In his twenty-first year he took up the works of Wallis; he read all with much interest, but was particularly delighted with that author's celebrated treatise *Arithmetica Infinitorum*. This he not only read and studied carefully; he copied long extracts from it, and founded calculations upon them. The result was, according to his own admission, that he discovered his method of infinite series from Wallis's treatise; although the fact, like many others of its kind, has since been denied. It may be well to remind the student of mathematics in passing, before he arrives at any hasty conclusion, that Wallis had previously given the quadrature of curves whose ordinates are expressed by any integral and positive power of $1-x^2$; and had observed that, if between the areas so calculated we could interpolate the areas of other curves, the ordinates of which constituted with the former ordinates a geometrical progression, the area of the curve whose ordinate was a mean proportional between 1 and $1-x^2$ would express a circular surface in terms of the square of its radius. A careful study of these formula led Newton to the development of radical quantities, and enabled him to express analytically any powers whatever of polynomials, their quotients, and their roots, by considering and calculating these quantities as the developments of powers corresponding to integral, negative, or fractional exponents. With these facts and principles ascertained, Newton had but little difficulty in discovering his celebrated Binomial Theorem. But even Wallis had been indebted to Descartes, whose notation he used, and Pascal had given a rule for forming directly any term of the development of binomial powers, the exponent being an integer.

We have been somewhat particular in noting these facts, because they seem to explain, in connection with others of a similar character, why it was that there was so much contro-

versy between Newton and several of his contemporaries, who were also discoverers as well as eminent mathematicians, In January, 1665, he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts; on the 8th of August, of the same year, he left the university on account of the plague, and did not return until the autumn of the following year. He was far from being idle, however, in the meantime; but he devoted most of his attention to the improvement of telescopes. This, too, he had been led to by the researches of Descartes, who, assuming the commonly received opinion that light was homogeneous, had upon that principle discovered the laws of refraction, and maintained that the perfection of telescopes depended on the discovery of a method of making glasses in elliptical, parabolic, and hyperbolic figures. The faith that Newton had in the views of Descartes, however depreciatingly he spoke of that philosopher on certain occasions, is sufficiently proved by the readiness with which he proceeded to act on his suggestion in regard to the telescope, for he spent the greater part of 1666 in grinding optical glasses of various figures with his own hands.

It was also during this year the fall of the apple took place, which is said to have suggested to him the law of gravitation, but the story of which has not much foundation. None of his earlier biographers make any mention of it; neither Pemberton nor Whiston, to whom Newton himself fully related how he came to discover the power of gravity, makes any allusion to it. In short, the whole history of the apple rests on some recital made to Voltaire by Catharine Barton, the niece of Newton, and, had it been otherwise, it were strange, as we shall see more particularly when we come to consider the general character of his discoveries.

On his return to Cambridge, in 1667, he was elected Fellow; at the same time he took his degree of A.M. This was preparatory to his becoming professor of mathematics in the college, a position which he assumed in 1669, his friend Dr. Barrow having resigned for the purpose of devoting his attention exclusively to theology. It is not generally borne in mind, if known, that Newton continued to discharge the duties of professor for twenty-six years; and no professor before or after his time has evinced more zeal or energy in his efforts to raise the standard of the institution in his particular department. While thus teaching mathematics at Cambridge as they had never been taught there before, even by his celebrated master, Dr. Barrow, he devoted every hour

he could spare to those researches and calculations which resulted in his great discoveries.

Although he did not publish much during this period, but was rather disposed, according to the custom of the time, to conceal the great results he had obtained, still enough transpired to satisfy the scientific world that he was destined to surpass all his contemporaries, if not all his predecessors, in the same field. Thus it was that, in January, 1672, he was elected a member of the Royal Society of London, at the suggestion of the Bishop of Salisbury. Soon after this honor was conferred on him his theory of light was severely criticised, several members of the society, both English and foreign, but especially Hooke and Huygens, taking an active part in the discussion. This offended Newton so much that he wrote to Oldenburgh, Secretary of the Royal Society, in March, 1673, resigning his membership. Although, as we have already intimated, none of his great works had yet been given to the world, his only claim to distinction, so far as the public was aware, being the telescope that still bears his name, the society had the good sense and discernment to take his ebullition of feeling in good part, as that of a man of genius, and, instead of accepting his resignation, it exempted him from the weekly communications required from all other members. This graceful act pleased him so much that, instead of availing himself of the privilege allowed, he attended the meetings of the society, and sent it communications more frequently than he ever had before, writing in turn to Oldenburgh, Collins, Hamstead, and Halley.

An occurrence took place in 1677, which had the effect of engaging Newton to some extent in politics. James II. ordered the Council of the University of Cambridge to confer the degree of Master of Arts on Father Francis, a Benedictine monk, without requiring him to take the oaths of allegiance and of supremacy; but although there were many precedents of similar honors among the archives of the university the demand of the king was summarily refused. James condescended to remonstrate, reminding the university that it had conferred the same degree on Mahometans, mentioning among other instances which could not be disputed that of the Ambassador of Maroc. But it was then the fashion in England to hate the Pope more than Turk or any body else; Father Francis was regarded as a subject of the Pope, and therefore he had no honors to expect from an English

university, even from one that had been founded and richly endowed by cardinals and monks.

Newton was far from being free from the prevailing bigotry; his well-known zeal in favor of what was called Protestant ascendency, together with the distinction which he had already attained, caused him to be appointed one of the deputies of the university sent to London to plead its cause before the Court of King's Bench. Nor did he fail to give full satisfaction in that capacity. Judge Jeffreys felt so much annoyed at the anti-popery zeal displayed by the learned deputies, that he hastily rose from the bench and left the court without making any decision. This pleased the university so well that it elected Newton as its representative to parliament; and this was the Convention-Parliament which declared the throne of England vacant, so as to prepare the way for William, Prince of Orange. Most of those who knew Newton as a profound reasoner, but were ignorant of his abilities as a speaker, predicted that he would readily distinguish himself in parliament; but it seems that, although he attended every session regularly, from 1688 to 1696, he never spoke in the house but once, and that he rose from his seat then only to tell the crier to close a window which admitted a current of air which could hardly fail to prove injurious to the orator who occupied the floor!

It was not in vain, however, that he attended parliament. He renewed in the House of Commons his former acquaintance with Charles Montague, afterwards better known as Lord of Halifax, who had been one of his pupils in mathematics. In 1694 his lordship became chancellor of the exchequer; and no sooner did he come into office than he gave Newton the appointment of warder of the mint, and in one year afterwards he promoted him to the position of master of the mint, which brought him an annuity of about six thousand dollars, which he retained for the remainder of his life.

He now resigned his professorship at Cambridge recommending Whiston as his successor. In 1699 he was elected a foreign member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and the University of Cambridge sent him to parliament for the second time as its representative; but during this time he remained as silent and inactive as he did during the first although appearing in his place in the house pretty nearly as regularly as any other member. The scientific world did not esteem or admire him anything the less because he did not choose

to engage in discussions about politics; indeed it seems to have liked him all the better for being so taciturn in parliament.*

Be this as it may, he was chosen President of the Royal Society in 1703, which honorable office he held until his death, having been annually elected by the members for the long period of a quarter of a century. Nor were his honors yet complete; two years afterwards (1705) Queen Anne did honor to herself by conferring upon him the title of Baronet, from which he has since been known as Sir Isaac.

We now turn back for a moment to show that neither his attendance in parliament, nor his duties at the mint, had the effect of diverting his attention to any considerable extent from his scientific researches. Thus be it remembered that it was in 1686–7 he discovered the grand proposition that, by a centripetal force acting reciprocally as the square of the distance, a planet must revolve in an ellipsis about the centre of force placed in its lowest focus, and by a radius drawn to that centre describe areas proportional to the lines. In 1680 he made those extensive observations on the comet then visible which led to his well-known theory of comets. From the calculations of Picart, in 1679, designed to measure a degree of the earth, Newton arrived at the conclusion that the moon is retained in her orbit solely by the power of gravity, and, consequently, that this power decreases in the duplicate ratio of the distance, as he had formerly conjectured. This led him to the further discovery of the velocity of falling bodies, convincing him that the line they formed in falling was an ellipsis, having one of its foci in the centre of the earth. He admitted himself that up to this time, he had not entirely understood the celebrated laws of Kepler. But now they enabled him to ascertain, with the aid of the discoveries just alluded to, that the primary planets really moved in such

* It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that Sir Isaac merely accepted a position pressed upon him by the University, or that he was never defeated. Even Brewster admits that the great discoverer did his best to secure his election, as the following passage will show:

"In order to promote his election, Newton went to Cambridge on the 24th or 25th of July. The Tory election cry on this occasion was 'the Church in danger;' and on the polling day, the 17th of May, hundreds of students hollowed like schoolboys and porters, crying 'No Fanatic, no occasional Conformity,' against two worthy gentlemen that stood for candidates. Newton and Godolphin were defeated, and Annesley and Windsor were elected. The following was the state of the poll: Hon. Arthur Annesley (Magdalen) 182; Hon. Dixie Windsor (Trinity), 170; Hon. Fra. Godolphin (King's), 162; Sir. Isaac Newton (Trinity), 117."

orbits as Kepler had supposed. He tells us, himself, that he had thus the satisfaction of seeing that the enquiry which he had undertaken at first from motives of mere curiosity, was capable of being applied to the most important purposes.

He had now been many years engaged on his "*Principia*," which was finally published, in quarto form, under the care of Dr. Halley, in 1687, under the title of *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*. In a preface dated Cambridge, May 5, 1686, the author briefly explains its objects, informing its readers that, setting aside substantial forms, and the occult qualities of scholasticism, he wished to apply the mathematics to the study of natural phenomena. He proceeds to add that, among these phenomena, motion occupies the first rank. Then he asks: "What is motion? It is the effect of force. But force itself, whether as regards its nature or origin, *is entirely unknown to us.*"

What Newton did not know he would found no theory upon; he tells the scientific world that he prefers to confine himself to the manifestations of force as accessible to human intelligence; and in nothing does he excel other philosophers, ancient and modern, more than in this. The "*Principia*" was but coldly received at first; some criticised it severely; others even ridiculed it. But there was good reason for this: Descartes was then the favorite philosopher of Europe; he was preferred even to the Stagirite. Besides, the *Principia* is extremely obscure in many parts, not because the author was not capable of rendering himself abundantly intelligible, for no one wrote more lucidly when he wished to do so, but in this work many steps in the demonstrations are entirely omitted, so that the most profound mathematicians were obliged to study it more or less closely before they could pretend to understand it. On no scientific work of modern times have so many commentaries been written; at least two hundred volumes have been written on it; still the general admission among the learned is that none but mathematicians of a high order can comprehend the reasonings contained in it.*

* It is a singular commentary on religious prejudice and intolerance that none have contributed more to the fame of Newton than the Jesuits. They are, beyond all comparison, his best commentators. The edition of the "Principia," now before us, is that of the Jesuit Fathers Thomas Le Seur and Franciscus Jacquier, and it is dedicated to Cardinal Gastori. It is in two large octavo volumes, in the original Latin, with a perpetual Latin commentary and copious illustrations. It was originally published at Rome, but that before us is a London reprint. Nor is it by any Jesuit or Catholic that we have been favored with

In strict accordance with the plan indicated above, Newton commences his great work with definitions like geometricians. "The *quantity of matter*," he says, "is measured by its density, combined with its volume, the same as the *amount of motion* is estimated by the velocity and quantity." Thus we see at the outset that he combines the analytical and synthetical modes of reasoning. In explaining the nature of centripetal force, he proceeds to say that it is that which attracts bodies towards a common centre; its quantity is accelerating and proportional to the effect produced. "As the virtue," he says, "of a lover is greatest at a short distance and less at a greater distance, so, also, is the centripetal force, or weight (*vis gravitans*), greater in the valleys and less at the summits of the highest mountains, and it diminishes more and more in proportion to the distance from the surface of the globe."

Having thus briefly given his ideas of the nature of force, he proceeds to explain what he understands by *inertia;* namely, that all bodies put in motion by a first impulsion, would continue to move indefinitely in a straight line if no new force were presented to change its direction. To these he adds two other axioms; one is, that the change produced in a movement is proportioned to the force which has produced it; the other, that the action is always equal to the reaction. These are followed by corollaries on the centre of gravity, and the diagonal of a parallelogram, which results from several forces acting simultaneously on the same point. All this seems plain enough; but when we come to examine the work of which it may be said to form the basis, we readily believe those who tell us that it requires the highest effort of the human mind to understand it. Nay, we can hardly wonder even at such admiration as that of the Marquis de l'Hospital, one of the greatest mathematicians of the age, who, in the plenitude of his enthusiasm, asks: "Does Mr. Newton eat, or drink, or sleep like other men? I represent him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter."

But we must now come to the consideration of facts which

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it, but by the polite and accommodating librarian of the New York Society Library, whose property it is. The best English editions are those which have drawn most largely from this. Even Father Francis, the very Benedictine monk whom Newton went to London to oppose, lest the University of Cambridge might be forced to recognise his scientific and scholastic attainments, as other celebrated universities had done before it, spoke of his genius in the highest terms, in his correspondence with learned men of Italy. In one of his letters, he says; "*Ingenio vere profundus et grandus est, sed religione fanaticus et intolerans.*"

are not so agreeable; and yet they should not be disagreeable to any sensible person, since they merely show that, truly great and worthy of all honor as Newton was as a discoverer and philosopher, he had his weaknesses as a man. Some of these we have alluded to already, so that those who are in the habit of regarding Newton as a model of all the Christian virtues, one equally conversant with the sacred and profane, might be prepared to hear some things relating to him, which, without any detriment to his fame or any serious injury to his character, show that, with all his greatness, he was but human. Of his controversy with Leibnitz we see but one side in most English biographies of him; indeed, in no English biography have we found an impartial account of it. But there is good reason for this. Any statement, however true, that would conflict with the popular opinion of the almost divine character of Sir Isaac would be badly received in England by all classes. Nor would we speak with any harshness of this feeling. We think, on the contrary, that it is highly creditable to any people to have an affectionate solicitude for the reputation of their great men. It is surely much better to exaggerate their merits than their faults; better to regard them as divinities to be honored than as demons to be persecuted or put to death. But the truth is always the best in the end. One fact is more instructive, especially in the life of a great man, than a thousand fictions.

It is because this is our faith, and not because we yield to any one in our admiration of the discoveries of Newton, that we now proceed to show the real nature of the controversy between himself and Leibnitz; a controversy which has been carried on for a century and a half after the death of the illustrious principals. It is not until within the last twenty years that the scientific world began to take a more rational view of the dispute; since, however, a great change has taken place. Different causes have contributed to this, in addition to the influence of time in the removal of prejudices, and that love of free discussion, which is happily one of the characteristics of the present age. Numerous manuscripts have been exhumed in different parts of Europe which have shed a light on the whole subject sufficient to remove all doubt.

Those who have paid any attention to this controversy will remember how much importance has been attached by the overzealous partisans of Newton to his own account of

a letter which he once addressed to Leibnitz: "In a correspondence," he says, "which I had ten years ago, through the medium of Mr. Oldenburgh, with Mr. Leibnitz, a very able geometer, when I made known to him that I had a method of determining the greatest and smallest quantities, to form tangents, and to effect other similar things in surd as well as in rational terms; and I concealed it under transposed letters which meant this: *An equation given, which contains fluent quantities, to find the fluxions, and vice versâ.* This celebrated personage responded that *he had discovered a method which led to the same result, and he communicated it to me:* it differed but little from mine, except in the terms and characters."* It will be seen that there is nothing in this which can be regarded as setting aside the claim of Leibnitz to the discovery of the differential calculus, but rather the reverse. The only point in it against that philosopher is that Newton had sent him his theory, but in a concealed form. It seems that the *original* of this letter is in the Royal Library of Hanover, where it was found in 1854 by Messrs. Biot and Lefort, while searching for other documents bearing on the same subject. The opinion of those gentlemen, after having carefully examined it, is that it would have been necessary to possess the famous acumen of Œdipus to discover the method of fluxions under such an envelope.†

Leibnitz himself complains bitterly of the wrong done him. "The Royal Society of London," he says, "has thought proper to give a commission to certain persons to examine the old papers without allowing me to take any part in it, and without enquiring whether I might not object to some of those commissioners as being partial. And under the pretext of the report of this commission a book was published against me in 1711, known by the title of *Commercium Epistolicum*, where old papers and old letters were inserted, but partly garbled, while those that would tell against Mr. Newton were suppressed. And what was worse, remarks have been added which were full of malignant falsehoods, in order to give a bad sense to what had nothing of the kind. But the Royal Society was unwilling to pronounce upon it, as I learned by an extract from its register. Several persons of distinction in England, including even members of the Royal Society, were unwilling to take any part in what was thus done against me."

* See Newton's "Mathematical Principles of Nature," pp. 253, 254.

† Commercium Epistolicum, J. Collins et aliorum, par Biot et Lefort, Paris, 1856, p. 242.

It is worthy of remark that the report thus spoken of had no signature; it was first published in 1712, and it was republished with alterations and additions in 1722. In commenting on this, Mr. Hoeffer remarks: "It is beyond doubt that Newton inspired and directed the publication of the *Commercium Epistolicum*, if he did not take a more immediate part in it. As to the *Variantes*, the *Recensio*, and the advice *Ad Lectorem*, introduced in the edition of 1722, *Newton alone was the author of them.*"* Leibnitz intended to publish another *Commercium Epistolicum:* he collected a large amount of materials, including letters never before published, but he had not time to finish it. What an agitated life and premature death prevented him from doing was done in 1856, by MM. Biot and Lefort. In our opinion, these gentlemen make a very impartial report; we think that any intelligent person who examines their book will admit that their decision may be fairly accepted by the scientific world as making the nearest approach to the truth which would be possible at the present day. They certainly evince no prejudice against Newton; nay, we cannot see that they have any object less honorable than to serve the cause of truth and justice. Speaking of the English commissioners already alluded to, they observe: "With them the object was not merely to make the rights of Newton triumph as the inventor of the method of fluxions; they would also fain set aside the claims of Leibnitz to the analogous and independent invention of the differential calculus. It cannot be said that in order to insure the result the transcriptions were made unfaithful, but the citations are of that incomplete, garbled sort, made solely for the benefit of the cause, and the texts are sometimes perverted from their proper sense by the anonymous notes which accompany them. Besides, all the materials are brought into play with so much art, so much ability, that one can divine without much trouble the superior genius who conducted the action without wishing to appear personally in the scene." This is plain language, but it cannot be denied. "If the publication of the *Commercium Epistolicum* in 1711, was a party work," say Biot and Lefort in continuation, "what can be said of its republication in 1722, six years after the death of Leibnitz? In this pretended republication the new editor *corrects, adds, retrenches, interpolates, comments*, &c. The documents now brought to light exhibit

* Nouvelle Biographie Générale, article "Leibnitz," p. 494.

nothing but the hand of Newton and the hand of Keill, directed by Newton. It is sufficient for the memory of the commissioners to have to bear the burden of a report which they did not dare to sign publicly."*

The warmest admirers of Newton's genius cannot deny the justice of these remarks. After the two savans have delivered judgment in favor of the claims of Leibnitz as the discoverer of the differential calculus, but without making any attempt to deprive Newton of the honor of having discovered the method of fluxions, M. Lefort proceeds to institute a comparison between the two philosophers, as follows: "Newton," he says, "has made no disciples; the instrument which has been so powerful between his hands, has no longer any virtue in the hands of his most ardent flatterers. Fatio and Keill, like Cotes, Moivre, Taylor, and even Maclaurin, cannot balance the Bernouillis and Eulers, the D'Alemberts, Clairauts, Lagranges, and Laplaces in France. At the touch of Leibnitz we see a powerful generation of mathematicians spring up in Germany and France, the same as the inspiration of Galileo produced Viviani, Cavalieri, and Ricci, and as the spirit of Descartes produced in Holland Schooten, Huygens, Hudde, and Sluse. Nay, more, the great discoveries of Newton himself propagated and developed themselves on the Continent only through the friendly efforts of geometers, who translated them into the language of Leibnitz. Is not this by itself a great title to glory on the part of the inventor of the differential calculus, and an unanswerable proof of the peculiar fecundity of the writer?"†

* "Pour les commissaires (chargés du choix et de la transcription des pièces insérées dans le *Com. Epist.*), il ne s'agissait pas seulement de faire triompher les droits de Newton comme inventeur de la méthode des fluxions, il fallait encore effacer les titres de Leibnitz à l'invention analogue et indépendante du calcul différentiel. On ne peut dire que pour assurer le résultat les transcriptions soient infidèles; mais les citations sont souvant incomplètes, tronquées faites uniquement pour le besoin de la cause, et les textes sont quelquefois détournés de leur sens propre par les notes anonymes qui les accompagnent. D'ailleurs tous les matériaux sont mis en œuvre avec tant d'art, avec tant d'habileté, qu'on devine sans beaucoup de peine le génie supérieur qui conduisait l'action sans vouloir paraître personnellement sur la scène," &c.—*Commercium Epistol.*, Paris, 1858.

† Newton n'a pas fait de disciples: l'instrument qui avait été si puissant, entre ses mains n'eut plus de vertu dans les mains de ses flatteurs les plus ardents. Fatio et Keill, comme Cotes, Moivre, Taylor et même Maclaurin, ne peuvent balancer les Bernouilli et Euler, en Allemagne, les D'Alembert, Clairaut, Lagrange et Laplace, en France. Au contact de Leibnitz, on voit naître une génération puissante de mathématiciens habiles en Allemagne et en France, comme étaient nés en Italie, Torricelli, Viviani, Cavalieri et Ricci, sous l'inspiration de Galilée; et en Hollande, Schooten, Huyghens, Hudde et Sluse, sous le souffle de Descartes.—*Ibid.*

M. Lefort is by no means peculiar in the remark that Newton has made no disciples worthy of the name. The most illustrious investigators of modern times, including Humboldt, perhaps the fairest and most impartial of them all, have expressed their surprise at the same fact. But M. Lefort has not yet entirely concluded his parallel; his closing remarks are as follows, and it must be admitted that in the main they are correct: "Inferior to Newton," he says, "as to the appreciation of physical realities, and to the laws which govern natural phenomena, perhaps at least his equal in abstract speculations of mathematical analysis, Leibnitz was certainly superior to him in character. Newton inspires admiration; Leibnitz attracts more. In my opinion there is a world of passions and prejudices between the generous spirit who corresponded with Bossuet and dreamed of the reunion of all Christian communions, and the zealous sectary who commented on the Apocalypse and signalized the Church of Rome as the eleventh horn of the fourth beast of Daniel." *

Here it will be seen full justice is done to the genius of Newton; no effort is made to deprive him of the honor of any of his discoveries; it is not even insinuated that he did not discover the method of fluxions that bears his name. All that is found fault with is his alleged attempt to rob Leibnitz of the honor of his discovery, and his intolerant sectarian zeal. There is no reason why his most ardent admirers should be displeased at this; but if they will persist in being so they must blame many others as well as MM. Biot and Lefort; they must blame the greatest mathematicians and the most upright men of modern times. Nor do such men charge him with injustice to Leibnitz alone; they make a similar charge in regard to several others. All concur that Newton owed much to Hooke in regard to almost every one of his discoveries. No one admired the labors of Newton more than Arago, but he has not shrunk on this account from criticising the great dis-

* "Inférieur à Newton quant au sentiment des réalités physiques et à l'esprit d'intuition des lois qui régissent les phénomènes naturels, peut-être au moins son égal dans les spéculations abstraites de l'analyse mathématique, Leibnitz lui était certainement supérieur par le caractère. Newton inspire l'admiration; Leibnitz attire davantage. Pour moi, il y a tout un monde de passions et de préjugés entre l'esprit généreux qui correspondait avec Bossuet et rêvait la réunion de toutes les communions chrétiennes, et le sectaire ardent qui commentait l'*Apocalypse* et signalait l'Eglise de Rome dans la onzième corne du quatrième animal de Daniel."—*Comm. Epistol.*, &c., Paris, 1858, p. 285 *et seq.*

coverer. In commenting on his Optics, of which he speaks in the highest terms, he remarks in passing: "One is sorry, for example, in a historical point of view, to see that Newton does not cite Hooke as having been the first who produced rings between two superposed lentils," &c.* Other instances of a similar kind are given by the same author, but we must refer the reader who wishes to see them to the volume of Arago's works from which we have just quoted. In Sir Isaac's own correspondence there is but too much evidence of his disposition to ignore the results obtained by, as well as to deny his own indebtedness to, them. In a letter written to Halley in 1683, he says: "Hooke has done nothing yet; he speaks as if he had sounded the depths of all science." Now let us see what some of his own countrymen, who knew him best, think of his disposition towards those whom he regarded either as opponents or rivals. No one knew him better than Whiston, who gives the following portrait of him: "Newton possessed the most timid character; he was the most cautious and most suspicious person I ever knew; and if he had been living when I wrote against his chronology I dare not have published my refutation, for from the knowledge I had of his habits I should have feared that he would kill me."

As an illustration of Newton's timidity, M. Arago relates the following anecdote, on the authority of Whiston: "Having been called, in 1714, before a committee of the House of Commons, in order that he might give his opinion verbally in regard to a bill relative to the determination of sea-longitudes, he declined to speak, but gave his advice in writing. Some members of the committee objected, but he said not a word in reply, when Whiston, placed behind his chair, cried out: 'Mr. Newton has some repugnance to make known his opinion, but I can affirm that he is in favor of the bill.' Newton then broke silence, but only to repeat what Whiston had just said, and the bill was adopted."† Arago was convinced that the timidity of the great philosopher was not confined merely to an unwillingness to speak in public; he very unequivocally expresses the opinion that he was physically as well as mentally timid. Thus he tells us in his *Notices*,

* "On est fâché, par exemple, au point de vue historique, de voir que Newton ne cite pas Hooke comme ayant le premier fait naître des anneaux entre deux lentilles superposées."—*Notices Biographiques, par M. Arago*, t. iii., p. 351.

† Arago's Notices Biographiques, tome iii., p. 284.

already quoted, that he was informed by Lord Brougham that during the war of Cevennes Newton wished to fight in the ranks of the Camisards against Marshal de Villiers, but that an unforeseen circumstance prevented him from carrying out that wish. "What!" adds Arago, "the timid Newton to permit himself to go to the battle-field, he who would not ride in a carriage in the streets of London, lest he might fall, without his arms being extended, and his hands being grappled in the carriage-doors each side!"*

Without further comment on the various testimony thus briefly quoted, we may remark, in general terms, that there is no reason to doubt the truth of the main facts alleged against Newton. But who will appreciate his immortal works a whit the less on this account? If there are any who would the less honor the memory of the great philosopher himself on account of them, we ask such to bear in mind that he had scarcely published his *chef-d'œuvre* when he was attacked with at least the premonitory symptoms of a malady which would have excused him in the minds of all thinking men, even had he committed positive crimes; for, notwithstanding all the arguments used by Brewster to the contrary, as if it had been a disgrace that Newton was so afflicted, nothing is more clearly proved than that he was subject to paroxysms of insanity. Indeed, his own letters prove the fact but too plainly—those very letters and other documents quoted by Brewster for the opposite purpose do so. Now let us see, as well as we can, how this calamity occurred.

In 1691, his mother died. Having always been much attached to her, he took her death so much to heart that he lost both his sleep and his appetite, and towards the autumn of the following year his health began rapidly to fail. While his constitution was thus feeble, he met with an accident which is often spoken of, but understood only by a few. It is related that one evening he went to church, and by mistake left a lighted taper on the desk in his study. During his absence his favorite dog Diamond upset the taper, which, setting fire to some papers, caused the fire alluded to. We are told that all the philosopher said on his return was, "Ah, Diamond, you little suspect how much harm you have done me." Whether he addressed the dog in this manner or not, it is generally agreed among those who have paid any atten-

* Notices Biographiques, tome iii., p. 885.

tion to the subject that the loss he sustained seriously affected his intellect. It was not until recently, however, that the matter was investigated; for those acquainted with the circumstances were unwilling to let the public know anything about it. M. Biot was the first who drew attention to it. It occurred to him as strange that, since Newton was forty-five years of age, he produced no new work on any branch of the sciences, whereas he lived to be eighty-five. His curiosity having been thus excited, he sought information wherever, from one end of Europe to the other, he thought it was to be found. Finally, he learned that Van Swinden, a Dutch physician, could give him more information on the subject; he communicated with that gentleman accordingly and received the following note in reply:

"There is, among the manuscripts of the celebrated Huygens, a small journal in folio, in which he used to note down different occurrences. It is note No. 8, in the catalogue of the Library of Leyden, page 112. The following extract is written by Huygens himself, with whose handwriting I am well acquainted, having had occasion to perusé several of his manuscripts and autograph letters: 'On the 29th of May, 1694, M. Colin, a Scotchman, informed me that eighteen months ago the illustrious geometer, Isaac Newton, had become insane, either in consequence of his too intense application to his studies, or from excessive grief at having lost by fire his chemical laboratory and several manuscripts. When he came to the Archbishop of Cambridge, he made some observations which indicated an alienation of mind. He was immediately taken care of by his friends, who confined him to his house, and applied remedies, by means of which he had now so far recovered his health that he began to understand the "Principia."' Huygens mentioned this circumstance in a letter to Leibnitz, dated June 8, 1694, in the following terms: 'I do not know if you are acquainted with the accident which has happened to the good Mr. Newton, namely, that he has had an attack of phrenitis, which lasted eighteen months, and of which they say that his friends have cured him by means of remedies and keeping him shut up.' To which Leibnitz replied in a letter, dated the 22d of June: 'I am very glad that I received information of the cure of Mr. Newton at the same time that I first heard of his illness, which, doubtless, must have been very alarming. It is to men like you and him, sir, that I wish a long life and much health, more than others, whose loss, comparatively speaking, would not be so great."—*Letter of Van Swinden, Biog. Universelle*, tom. xxxi., p. 168.

This letter is highly important in more than one respect; the facts which it contains in relation to the insanity of Newton are fully corroborated by others which are equally well authenticated; it also shows that Leibnitz had no feeling towards Newton but those of a friend. Among several letters written by the great discoverer while he was laboring under this attack, the most remarkable are those which he

addressed to his friends, Locke and Pepys. That to the former is dated September 16, 1693, and is as follows:

"Sir—Being of opinion that you endeavored to embroil me with women, and by other means, I was so much affected with it as when one told me you were sickly and would not live, I answered, 'twere better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness, for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for my having hard thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality in a principle you laid in your book of ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbist. I beg your pardon, also, for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office or to embroil me. I am your most humble and unfortunate servant, "Is. NEWTON."

Nothing can be more admirable than the reply of Locke to this; it has been quoted in every country in Europe as a proof that the pursuit of literature is better calculated to develop all the faculties of the human mind than that of science, and it must be admitted that it affords a legitimate argument in favor of that proposition. It certainly contains more true philosophy and more of that useful ingredient called common sense, than any letter of Newton's:

"Sir—I have been, ever since I first knew you, so entirely and sincerely your friend, and thought you so much mine, that I could not have believed what you tell me of yourself, had I had it from anybody else. And, though I cannot but be mightily troubled that you should have had so many wrong and unjust thoughts of me, yet next to the return of good offices, such as from a sincere good-will I have ever done you, I receive your acknowledgement of the contrary as the kindest thing you have done me, since it gives me hopes I have not lost a friend I so much valued. After what your letter expresses, I shall not need to say anything to justify myself to you. I shall always think your own reflection on my carriage, both to you and all mankind, will sufficiently do that. Instead of that, give me leave to assure you that I am more ready to forgive you than you can be to desire it; and I do it so freely and fully, that I wish for nothing more than the opportunity to convince you that I truly love and esteem you, and that I have the same good-will for you as if nothing of this had happened. To confirm this to you more fully, I should be glad to meet you anywhere, and the rather, because the conclusion of your letter makes me apprehend it would not be wholly useless to you. But whether you think it fit or not, I leave wholly to you. I shall always be ready to serve you to my utmost, in any way you shall like, and shall only need your commands or permission to do it. My book is going to press for a second edition; and though I can answer for the design with which I write it, yet, since you have so opportunely given me notice of what you have said of it, I should take it as a favour if you would point out to me the places that gave occasion to that censure, that, by explaining myself better, I may avoid being mistaken by others, or unawares doing the least prejudice to truth or virtue. I am sure you are so much a friend to them both, that, were you none to me, I could expect this from you. But I cannot doubt but you would do a great deal more than this for my sake, who, after all, have all the concern of a friend for you, wish you extremely well, and am, without compliment, &c., JOHN LOCKE."
—*Brewster's Life of Newton*, vol. ii., pp. 150, 151.

Although there is good reason to believe that Newton was still suffering from the sad malady when he received this reply, it is pleasant to know that it had its effect upon him. He writes but a brief note in reply, but this shows much more than it says. Newton was in no frame of mind to discuss the subject at any length, but he was sufficiently sensible of the wrong he had done his friend:

"Sir—The last winter, by sleeping too often by my fire, I got an ill habit of sleeping; and a distemper, which this summer has been epidemical, put me farther out of order, so that when I wrote to you I had not slept an hour a night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink. I remember I wrote you, but what I said of your book I remember not. If you please to send me a transcript of that passage, I will give you an account of it if I can. I am, your most humble servant,

"Is. Newton."

If it be said that Newton had entirely recovered at this time, then what he says relative to his "distemper," and what he thought produced it, must be regarded as having the more weight. The question is, then, does he not admit the insanity as unequivocally as any one similarly afflicted has ever done; for it is well known that there is nothing an insane man is more unwilling to do than to admit his insanity. But there is abundance of additional testimony. On the twenty-eighth of September of the same year, Mr. Pepys wrote to a friend of his at Cambridge, making inquiries about Newton's mental condition, assigning as a reason for doing so, that he had "lately received a letter from him so surprising to me for the inconsistency of every part of it, as to be put into great disorder by it, from the concernment I have for him, lest it should arise from that which, of all mankind, I should least dread from him—I mean, a discomposure in head or mind, or both." His friend duly acted on his suggestions, and replied on the thirtieth, telling him that he had met Newton at Huntington two days previously, "when," he says, "upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told he that he had writ to you a very odd letter, at which he was much concerned, and added, that *it was a distemper which seized his head*, and that kept him awake for above five nights together, which, upon occasion, he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honor. He is now very well, and though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it *hath* at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will." Now let us form an opinion of the letter itself:

"SIR—Some time after Mr. Millington had delivered your message, he pressed me to see you the next time I went to London. I was averse, but upon his pressing, consented before I considered what I did, for I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, *nor have my former consistency of mind.* I never designed to get anything *by your interest*, nor by King James' favor, but am now sensible that *I must withdraw from your acquaintance* and see neither you nor the rest of my friends any more, if I may but leave them quietly. I beg your pardon for saying I would see you again, and rest, your most humble and most obedient servant."—*Brewster's Life of Newton*, vol. ii., chap. xvii., p. 142.

This shows that a man of Pepys' discrimination and intelligence could not have thought otherwise of the condition of Newton's mind than he did. Nor have we any evidence that he changed his mind afterwards; on the contrary, there is good reason to believe that neither he nor Locke could ever afterwards be convinced but that Sir Isaac was insane, at least for a short time. And at the present day this is the universal opinion among scientific men. Indeed, it is the prevailing opinion among all intelligent men, except among those readers of Brewster's "Memoirs," whose admiration is stronger than their judgment. Far be it from us to reflect on one who has himself done so much for science as Sir David, the author of these Memoirs. None admire his works or appreciate his labors more than we do ourselves; nor is there any life of Newton which we would recommend before his two fine octavos to those desiring to make themselves acquainted with all the discoveries of Newton, for no other work is so complete in this respect—in short, no other biographer has so nearly done for the great discoverer what Boswell has done for the great lexicographer. But the former has the fault of the latter to a greater extent, if possible, than he—that is, undue admiration.

No one could blame Sir David for admiring Sir Isaac; nay, he would be worthy of blame if he did not do so, as, indeed, every scientific man would. But he carries his admiration to extremes when he persistently denies what is as clearly proved as any proposition in Euclid. The very documents which he adduces himself to show that Newton was never insane, prove that he was without any further evidence. And he exhibits the same undue admiration, or rather indiscreet zeal, in relation to Sir Isaac's controversy with Leibnitz and others. His great mistake is, that he would have Newton perfect in all circumstances; altogether exempt from those intellectual and moral weaknesses which true philosophy must ever regard as more or less incident to human

nature, even in its most exalted state. In a word, Sir David Brewster ought to be one of the last to adduce elaborate arguments to show that men of genius are entirely free from the weaknesses of humanity; for there is scarcely a chapter in these volumes in which he does not exhibit such himself to a greater or less extent. Not wishing to give more than one additional instance, may we not ask, is it not a very decided weakness to conclude his voluminous biography with an elaborate effort to show that Newton was of Scotch origin, or that he was a lineal descendant of "—— Newton of that ilk," &c.?* As evidence, he gives nothing of the kind worthy of the name, but the merest hearsay. What it shows, if it shows anything, is that there is no foundation for the statement. But supposing it had been otherwise, what of it? We refer to the circumstance merely as an illustration of the manner in which Sir David gives himself very much trouble as a biographer to very little purpose. The brothers Chambers, who are Scotchmen, too, but make no effort to claim Newton "as of that ilk," take a much more correct and philosophical view of the whole question. "It thus appears," they say, "that in consequence of excessive study, or the loss of valuable papers, or both causes combined, the understanding of Newton was for about twelve months thrown into an intermittent disorder, *to which the name of insanity ought to be applied.* That his intellect never attained its former activity and vigor is made probable by the following circumstances. In the first place, he published, after 1687, no scientific work except what he then possessed the materials of. Secondly, he tells at the end of the second book of his 'Optics,' that though he felt the necessity of his experiments, or of rendering them more perfect, he was not able to resolve to do so, these matters being no longer in his way. And lastly, of the manuscripts found after his death, amounting, as we learn from Dr. Charles Hutton, to upwards of *four thousand sheets in folio, or eight reams of foolscap paper*, besides the bound books, of which the number of sheets is not mentioned, none was thought worthy of publication except his work on the 'Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms,' and 'Observations on the Prophecies.'"†

It is gratifying to know that, while it is thus clearly proved that Newton labored under attacks of insanity for at least a year and half, he spent nearly all the remainder of his long life in excellent health and spirits. There is every reason

* Brewster's "Life of Newton," vol. ii., p. 540, *et seq.*

† Chambers' Cyclopœdia of English Literature, vol. i., p. 528.

to believe that for twenty-five years after his recovery he enjoyed as much happiness as most people. He was eighty years of age before his general health began to decline; even after this—during the five years that preceded his death, he had many long intervals of health.*

His final illness was supposed to be occasioned by stone in the bladder, which at times was attended with such paroxysms of pain as caused large drops of sweat to roll down his face. Until thus attacked, he always read and wrote for several hours of the day, but henceforth he was incapable of much application. In February, 1726, he thought himself so much recovered, however, that he went to London from his country residence at Kensington, in order to preside at a meeting of the Royal Society, to be held on the 2d of March. The fatigue of the journey proved too much for him. "He was taken ill," says Brewster, "on Friday, the 3d of March; he sent for Dr. Mead and Mr. Cheselden, who pronounced his disease to be stone in the bladder, and held out no hopes for his recovery. * * On the morning of Saturday, the 18th he read the newspapers and carried on a pretty long conversation with Dr. Mead. His senses and his faculties were still vigorous; but at six o'clock of the same evening he became insensible, and continued in that state during the whole of Sunday and till Monday, the 20th, when he expired without pain, between one and two o'clock in the morning,"* in the eighty-fifth year of his age."†

It is almost superfluous to say that the highest honors were paid to the remains of Newton. His body was at once taken to London, where it lay in state for a day in the Jerusalem chamber, whence it was conveyed to Westminster Abbey, and buried near the entrance into the choir. The funeral was the grandest that had long been seen, even in that renowned place. The pall was supported by the Lord High Chancellor, the Dukes of Montrose and Roxburghe, and the Earls of Pembroke, Sussex, and Macclesfield, who were fellows of the Royal Society; and the burial service was read by the Bishop of Rochester, attended by the prebends and choir. Further than this, however, no public honor has been done him by the State; and we think it ought to have been different. It is true that he bequeathed

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* Encore dans les cinq années suivantes que précéderent sa mort eut-il de grandes intervalles de santé, &c.—*Eloge de Newton*, par Fontenelle.

† Brewster's Memoirs, vol. ii., pp. 392, 3.

to his friends a large sum of money, which he had received from the treasury, but it is equally true that he had faithfully earned it. The amount is variously stated at from £32,000 to £40,000. It was equally divided between four nephews and four nieces, including Mrs. Barton, celebrated for her wit and beauty, who contracted a second marriage with J. Conduitt, who succeeded Newton as Master of the Mint. This is the lady with whom Lord Halifax is said to have been once in love; and hence the ill-natured remark of Voltaire, that the passion of his lordship for the pretty cousin of the philosopher had more to do with the nomination of the latter to the place of Director of the Mint than his infinitesimal series and gravitation.* At all events, the nephews and nieces who got this large sum felt it incumbent on them to pay a suitable tribute to his memory in the form of a monument, although, in common with a large portion of the public, they thought that it was the duty of the British Government to mark its appreciation of what he had done for science in some such way. The sum devoted to this purpose was £500. It was erected in 1731, in the most conspicuous part of Westminster Abbey—a place that had often been refused to the greatest of the nobility. It is a much more elegant and appropriate structure than one would expect for the amount it cost; but it is said that the sculptor did his part for nothing; and we think his is worth all the rest. Handsome youths, bearing in their hands the emblems of Sir Isaac's principal discoveries, are sculptured on the front of a sarcophagus, resting on a pedestal. One carries a prism, another a reflecting telescope, a third is weighing the sun and planets with a steel-yard, a fourth is employed about a furnace, and two others are loaded with money recently coined. On the sarcophagus is placed the figure of Sir Isaac in a cumbent posture with his elbow resting on several of his works. Two youths stand before him with a scroll on which is drawn a diagram of the solar system, and above that is a converging series. Behind the sarcophagus is a pyramid, from the middle of which rises a globe in *mezzo rclievo*, upon which several of the constellations are

* "J'avais cru, dans ma jeunesse, que Newton avait fait sa fortune par son extrême mérite. Je m'étais imaginé que la cour, et la ville de Londres l'avait nommé par acclamation grand maître des monnaies du royaume. Point du tout. Isaac Newton avait une nièce assez aimable nommé Madame Conduitt; elle plut beaucoup au grand Trésorier Halifax. Le calcul infinitesimal et la gravitation ne lui auraient servi de rien sans une jolie nièce."—*Dict. Philos.*, tom. iv. p. 61.

drawn in order to show the path of the comet in 1681, whose period Sir Isaac had determined, and also the position of the solstitial colure mentioned by Hipparchus, and by means of which Sir Isaac had in his Chronology fixed the time of the Argonautic expedition. A figure of astronomy, as queen of the sciences, sits weeping on the globe, with a sceptre in her hand, and a star surmounts the summit of the pyramid.* Of all these figures only two can be fairly objected to as inappropriate or in questionable taste; we mean those of the two youths who are loaded with money newly coined. This allusion to the Mint had been better omitted; there was no need for it, and the ideas which it suggests are neither poetical nor sublime. The rest, however, are highly characteristic; they very happily portray to the intelligent observer what Newton has accomplished; and we may add, that if they leave anything obscure, the obscurity is entirely removed by the following epitaph inscribed on the monument, and of which we give a translation at the bottom of the page.

"Hic situs est
Isaacus Newton, Eques Auratus,
Qui animi vi prope divina,
Planetarum Motus, Figuras,
Cometarum semitas, Oceanique Æstus,
Sua Mathesi facem preferente,
Primus demonstravit.
Radiorum Lucis dissimilitudines,
Coloremque inde nascentium proprietates,
Quos nemo antea vel suspicatus erat, pervestigavit.
Naturæ, Antiquitatis, S. Scripturæ,
Sedulus, sagax, fidus Interpres,
Dei Opt. Max. Majestatem philosophia asseruit.
Evangelii simplicitatem moribus expressit.
Sibi gratulentur Mortales, tale tantumque extitisse.
Humani Generis Decus.
Natus xxv. Decemb. MDCXLII. Obiit xx. Mar. MDCCXXVII.†

To this we need only add a few remarks on the Newtonian philosophy, as the author himself has explained it in the third book of his Principia. His corner-stone is the power

* Brewster, vol. ii., pp. 393–4.

† "Here lies Isaac Newton, Knight, who, with an energy of mind almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets, and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had even suspected, that rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colours; and who was a diligent, penetrating and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners he expressed the simplicity of the Gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature."

of gravity; from this he deduces the structure of the universe, the motions of the planets and comets, and the theory of the moon and tides. It is a great mistake, however, that Sir Isaac was the original discoverer of gravity; what he has done is not to discover that law, but to demonstrate that it exists; nor can the difference be regarded as detracting in the least from his glory. In our articles on Kepler, Leibnitz, Laplace, and Galileo in former numbers of this journal, we have shown incidentally that other philosophers had a clear conception of the principle of gravitation before Newton's time. Hence it is that we could accept the story of the apple only as one of those fables that are more or less current in regard to all who have rendered themselves illustrious. Even Brewster is forced to admit that it is not authenticated. "The anecdote of the falling apple," he says, "is not mentioned by Dr. Stukely, nor by Pemberton, who conversed with Newton about the origin of his discoveries, and mentions the anecdote of Newton sitting in a garden."* Bethune, upon the other hand, after showing how much Kepler had thought of the nature of gravity, asks: "Who, after perusing such passages in the works of an author which were in the hands of every student of astronomy, *can believe* that Newton awaited for the fall of an apple to set him thinking for the first time on the theory which has immortalized his name? An apple may have fallen, and Newton may have seen it, but such speculations as those which it is asserted to have been the cause of originating in him, *had been long familiar* to the thoughts of every one in Europe pretending to the name of natural philosopher."† The biographer of Kepler might have added, that of all the great laws which govern the universe, there is not one that has been longer known than this; he might have told us that not only was it known to Copernicus, the illustrious reviver of the Pythagorean system, but that it was known to Pythagoras himself and to his disciples. Even Newton himself hardly speaks more plainly of the nature of gravity than Copernicus, where the latter calls it "a certain tendency with which the Divine Architect of the universe has crowned the particles of matter in order to render them capable of forming spheres."

But we may go much farther back for ideas on the subject

* Vol. ii., p. 416.
† Life of Kepler, by Drinkwater Bethune, p. 24.

which are equally clear. Timeus the Locrian, the organ of the Platonists, recognised the action of two forces—one projection, the other weight (the same as gravity), and he adds that these two forces are combined according to mathematical proportions.*

Diogenes Laertes assures us that Anaxagoras was acquainted with the same, for when he was asked what maintained the planets in their orbit he replied, that they were retained by the velocity of their motion. Still more unequivocal is the language of Plutarch, who compares the moon in its revolution round the earth to "a stone in a sling which is acted upon by two forces at once, the force of projection, which gives it a tendency to fly off at a tanget if it were not retained by the arm which agitates the sling, and thus represents the central force, which combined with the projectile force, causes it to describe a circle."† In the same work he speaks of "that force inherent in the earth and other planets which attracts all bodies that are subordinate to them." Again, in another philosophical work of his, he says that "the distances of the celestial spheres and the velocities of their revolutions, are proportional among themselves and in relation to all.‡

But if we return to the immediate predecessors and contemporaries of Newton, we shall find that many others had as good reason to philosophize on the fall of an apple as he. Galileo, who, as we have already remarked, died the same day Newton was born, had not only supposed, but demonstrated, that falling bodies obey an accelerating force, and that the space passed over is as the square of the time occupied in their fall. This, it must be admitted, makes a pretty near approach to the law of Newton. Galileo did not measure the exact rate of velocity attained by falling bodies; but Huygens did. The latter showed how, with the aid of a pendulum, one could ascertain how far a body falls the first second in a given latitude. Nor were these the only data furnished to Newton by Huygens on the velocity of falling bodies. That philosopher had also discovered that the velocity diminished in proportion as the body fell near the equator, when it attained its *minimum;* and that, on the contrary, it increased as it approached the poles, where it has its *maximum.*

But all these were understood only as isolated facts, which

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* Timeus the Locrian, Estienne edition, pp. 95–6.
† De Facie in Orbe Lunæ.—*Plut.*
‡ De Animæ Procreatione.

were so simple and obvious that it was hardly worth while to devote much attention to them. It remained for the great mind of Newton to reduce the chaos to a system, and from a series of particulars to deduce the universal law that "the force of attraction of a body is equal to the amount of matter contained in that body, divided by the square of the distance." Now that this is known, it seems simple and easy enough; but, as Laplace, Euler, Lagrange, and D'Alembert have abundantly proved since Newton's time, of all astronomical laws it is the most important.

If the honor attaching to a discovery were to be estimated by its originality, Newton would be entitled to much more credit for his optics than for his law of gravitation, for his priority in the former is undisputed. So far as any one knows at the present day, he was the first who ever suspected that *light is not homogeneous, but that it is composed of rays of unequal refrangibility;* he was also the first who demonstrated that the cause of colors exists in the light itself and not in the media through which it passes. If, as in the case of gravity, we interrogate the ancients as to what they knew of the nature of light, we shall find very different results. Even the Stagirite had but a vague idea of it, for he defines it as the action of subtle, pure, and homogeneous matter.*

The Pythagoreans, who made the nearest approach to the truth, regarded colors as a mixture of the elements of light.† Plato did not allow so interesting a subject to escape his observation, but it would seem that he had not sufficient time to investigate it. "Yes," he exclaims, "if any one hopes to give an account of this admirable mechanism (the production of light by the effect of its rays), he would show that he entirely ignored the difference between the power of man and the power of God.‡ This fully justifies the highest praise bestowed on Newton, even in his epitaph, bearing testimony, as it does, in advance, to the energy of mind almost divine (vis animi prope divina), which is ascribed to him. What need is there, then, that we should deny his faults or his weaknesses? It should satisfy his most ardent admirers to remember that his genius was of the highest order, and that he will be honored by all ages as a benefactor of mankind.

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* De Anima, ii., 7.
† Plutarch de Placit. Philosophorum.
‡ Plato in Timeus.

ART. V.—*Annual Catalogues of Colleges, Seminaries, etc.*, 1865, 1866.

THERE is no subject which we take up with more pleasure than that of education, especially when we feel we can say, as in the present instance, that the good cause is advancing in this country. Our readers will remember that we have paid more or less attention to most of our public institutions alternately. Even prisons and penitentiaries we have gone hundreds of miles to examine; we have taken similar pains with our lunatic asylums; and in each case we have pointed out abuses; we have criticised whenever criticism seemed deserved; but much more cheerfully have we awarded praise in those instances in which it was merited.

During the past year we have visited several institutions of different kinds, which we had formerly criticised; and the conclusion to which we have come is that, although there are still one or two which have not made any progress, the majority exhibit a decided improvement in their most important features. But what affords us most gratification is the fact that no institutions whatever have improved so much as our colleges. This is the best evidence that our civilization is advancing. It is true that some are apt to take a different view of the case. They think that because they have not been at college themselves, and have not the means or the disposition to send their sons to it, they have no interest in the matter. But they forget that the good work done at college has an influence on the smallest and most elementary school. If the college system be defective and inefficient, the primary school system will be defective and inefficient in proportion. However unwilling some may be to assent to this, it is just as certain as that the citizens who have but a scantily supplied reservoir cannot expect to have an abundant supply of water at their residences. If the latter want to increase the supply of water they must enlarge their reservoir; at least, they must convey more water to it by some means.

It is of importance that this should be fully understood, and it has been acted upon accordingly by the most enlightened nations. It is in accordance with this principle that the great universities of England, France, and Germany have been so richly endowed by men equally distinguished for

their learning, piety, and statesmanship. Those who only take a superficial view of the question regard universities like those of Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg, the University of France, etc., as monopolies, because their wealth is so great. It is no more than might be expected, therefore, that they inveigh against those institutions as grievances against which the "people" have a right to complain. But except in degenerate times, or when weak men are in power, their complaints have no effect; on the contrary, in proportion as any European government has proved itself enlightened by its general policy has it evinced a disposition to increase the privileges and resources of its universities. In illustration of this we need only remark that, in almost every one of the principal nations of Europe, all publishers are bound by law to send a copy of each book they publish to each of two or three universities—that is, to those which are regarded as the best.

In countries like England, France, and Germany, where such large numbers of valuable works are issued annually, the college libraries are rapidly enlarged by this means alone. Nor does any intelligent publisher think that it is a very oppressive law which compels him to give away two or three copies of his publications in this way; we never knew one who did not think it was the easiest and best way to be taxed for the public good. It is in the same enlightened spirit those act who at their death bequeath large sums to colleges, and those who, before they have any idea of dying, found professorships or scholarships. These, too, are often abused because they did not give their money to the poor, or to some of their own friends who were perhaps in need of it; whereas, the truth is, that in nine cases out of ten they could not have turned their money to better account, or done more honor to themselves.

It may be urged that in Europe the college system has been too much favored; but we are convinced that until it is equally well favored in this country, both by the government and by private individuals, we cannot have such results from it as those produced by the European colleges. That a good design may be unsatisfactorily carried out, is known to all; those having the best intentions may overstep the bounds of reason and justice. This, it is alleged, is the case with the University of France; and it must be admitted that there are some grounds for the charges. We will here allude briefly to some of the laws of the University, but do so more with

the view of showing the importance attached to it by those who established it, than that of inquiring whether those laws are carried too far, or not. "The University," says M. Bastide, "has the pretension to represent *national unity* in all that touches education and instruction, properly so called. Such has been, in fact, the sentiment that presided at its establishment; a sentiment which we do not hesitate to say is *grand and salutary*. For if it is good that there exists for the judiciary order a corps destined to preserve the unity of jurisprudence of all the tribunals, it is still better that the State should possess an organ whose duty it may be to oversee the propagation of the sciences, and to preserve the moral and political doctrines to which France owes its existence as a nation."*

Before we proceed any farther it may be well to remark that M. Bastide is one of the grumblers alluded to above; that is, one of those who think that the University has too many privileges, and may, therefore, be regarded as antagonistic to the interests of the people; nor can it be denied that he adduces some plausible arguments in support of his views. "A voluminous code," he tells us, "has been composed on this subject; but the provisions of all are embraced in these words: 'No one in France can fulfill certain functions without having passed through the halls of the University, or, at least, without having paid it tribute.' "†

Then he proceeds to comment on this. "All Frenchmen," he says, "are equally admissible to public employment; so says the charter. If you wish, however, to be a notary, lawyer, physician, registry clerk, or employé of the public forests, &c., you must first be a bachelor of arts. And in order to be a bachelor it is necessary to know the history of the Medes and of the Assyrians, the genealogy of the kings of Denmark, the geography of Strabo, the metaphysics of Kant and of Hegel, and twenty other things equally indispensable to the drawing of contracts for the sale and management of timber; and not only is it necessary to know

* "L'université a la prétention de réprésenter l'unité nationale en tout ce qui touche l'éducation et l'instruction proprement dite. Telle a été, en effet, la pensée qui a présidé á son établissement, pensée que nous n'hésiterons pas á dire grande et salutaire. Car, s'il est bon qu'il existe pour l'ordre judiciaire un corps destiné á conserver l'unité dans la jurisprudence de tous les tribunaux, il l'est plus encore que l'Etat posséde un organe dont la fonction soit de veiller á la propagation des sciences et de conserver les doctrines morales et politiques auxquelles la France doit son existence comme nation."

† "Personne en France ne saurait remplir de fonctions sans avoir passé par les filières de l'Université, ou tout au moins sans lui avoir payé tribut."

these things, but it is necessary, at least in principle, to have learned them from a certain person or in a certain place. Shut yourself up with your books, learn by dint of patience all that can be learned, you will not even be allowed the privilege of an examination. Be inspired by the Holy Ghost, like the Apostles, so that you are capable of preaching in all known languages, and they will not even deign to interrogate you on the principles of language and morality, provided the Holy Spirit, your master, is not an attaché of the University."*

This is the ridiculous side of the question; but there are few things great or good which may not seem to have absurd features. The best proof, however, that the design is good in this case is the fact, admitted by M. Bastide himself, that any student who can show that he has been instructed under the tuition of his father *has the privilege of being examined the same as if he had been a student of the University.*

That this system, as carried out, has faults and objectionable features, far be it from us to deny. But its advantages greatly preponderate; and whenever this can be said of any human system we are bound to accept it as good, at least until we get better. It will be readily acknowledged on reflection that the system complained of by M. Bastide has two important tendencies. First, it insures a support for the University, which enables it to furnish competent, properly trained persons for all positions of trust, especially for those of teachers. This obviates blundering, causes the public departments to be intelligently and accurately administered, and prevents the blind from leading the blind. We should remember that, in any enlightened nation, the lawyer, the physician, and the clergyman are supposed to have diplomas to entitle them to practise their respective professions; and is it of no consequence that one who undertakes to teach should have a diploma? Is it of no importance that the parent

* "Tous les Français sont également admissibles aux emplois publics. La Charte le dit. Voulez-vous cependant être notaire, avocat, medecin, receveur de l'enregistrement ou employé des eaux et forêts? il vous faut être préalablement bachelier ès lettres. Or pour être bachelier il faut savoir l'histoire des Mèdes et des Assyriens, la généalogie des rois de Danemark, la géographie de Strabon, la métaphysique de Kant et de Hégel, et vingt autre choses tout aussi indispensables à la rédaction des contrats de vente et à l'aménagement des bois; et non-seulement il faut connaître ces choses, mais il est nécessaire, en principe du moins, de les avoir apprises du telle personne et dans tel lieu déterminé. * * * Soyez, comme les apôtres, illuminé du Saint-Esprit; qu'il vous rende capable de prêcher dans toutes les langues connues, et l'on ne daignera pas même vous interroger sur les principes de la linguistique et de la morale, attendue que le Saint-Esprit, votre maître, n'est pas agrégé de l'université."

should have some guarantee that the person to whose tuition he entrusts his son is qualified for the task? Must not the future lawyer, physician, and clergyman learn more or less from a tutor or school-teacher, except in those comparatively few instances in which they receive their tuition from their parents, who had in turn to be instructed by others? But what are those diplomas, &c., worth, if those who confer them had not the means to inculcate and sustain that knowledge which alone can give them force and vitality?

In short, if we turn to any age or nation that has attained a high degree of civilization we shall find that under one name or another it has liberally sustained the class of learned men who have devoted themselves to the highest grade of instruction. The reply made by Anaxagoras to Pericles when the statesman told the philosopher how much he valued his knowledge and how deeply he would have regretted his death, is just as applicable at the present day as it was thousands of years ago. "Ah! Pericles, those who have need of a lamp should take care to supply it with oil." There was not one of the various sects of philosophers that could have maintained its school in any efficient state without this "oil." Neither Plato nor Aristotle pretended to be able to teach and live without food; great and renowned as the Academy was, it was a human institution, and as such it could not exist for any lengthened period without support. The Athenians, although very wise in other respects, neglected to sustain their academies in a manner commensurate with their importance; and it was in vain they were warned that the beginning of this neglect, or indifference, would prove the beginning of the nation's decline; but never was a prediction more literally fulfilled. Need we say that this principle, too, is quite as applicable to our time as it was to that which succeeded the age of Pericles?

While examining the educational systems of the ancient and modern world, we have been convinced that the best educators are the ministers of religion and those pious fraternities who devote their lives to the cause of education. This has proved true in all ages. The Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hindoos owed all their learning to their priests. In each country the priests were the highest class of instructors; they were the heads of the great schools, which, no matter what names they have received, corresponded with the colleges and universities of the present day. It was from these priests the most learned of the Greeks obtained the

knowledge in which they excelled their own countrymen. This was true, for example, of Pythagoras, who was the first to promulgate in Europe the heliocentric system of astronomy, which has been revived by Copernicus, who, be it remembered, was also a priest; and it was from the Egyptian priests the same philosopher obtained the data which enabled him to demonstrate the important proposition on the properties of a right-angled triangle which bears his name. Then his associates in his celebrated school were strictly a religious fraternity, who devoted their lives to education. The influence which this fraternity has exercised on the development of the human mind it would now be impossible to estimate at its proper value; but it is admitted by all who have investigated the subject that it has been immense.

It may be doubted whether all the other philosophical sects put together did as much good in their time as the Pythagorians. It is a fact worthy of thoughtful reflection that, much as it has been the fashion from time to time among a certain class to inveigh against "priestly influence," that in no country have philosophers been put to death for their opinions while the ministers of religion had charge of the higher class of educational institutions. This is true even of Athens. It was but recently before the time of Pericles that the priests of Apollo had ceased to be the chief instructors of the Athenians; although it was they who prepared the way for men like Anaxagoras, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. As long as the ministers of religion retained the educational ascendancy they restrained the people from acts of violence. Indeed, experience proves that they are seldom, if ever, disposed to violence against their spiritual instructors, no matter how new or strange the doctrine is which they teach them; and the reason is obvious enough. There are scarcely any so ignorant and ill-disposed but that they will accept as good from those in whom they have confidence what they would spurn as evil from those on whose doctrines they look at best with suspicion. Had Socrates been a minister of the popular religion he never would have been executed. For the same reason Plato, Aristotle, and many other philosophers had to go into exile in order to save their lives; for the priests who could have controlled the people having long previously been deprived of their chief resources had now become ignorant themselves, and consequently powerless; or if they still exercised any influence their altered condition made it adverse rather than favorable to the objects of popular dislike.

Modern experience has taught the same lesson to all who know how to profit by it. There are far too many who forget that the best literary institutions in the world at the present day have been established by clergymen and religious fraternities. This is true both of Cambridge and Oxford in England, as well as of the principal similar institutions of France and Germany. When we say that the ministers of religion and those who aid them in carrying out their plans are the best educators, we make no distinction of sect, except so far as those of one may be better educated and may pay more attention to education as a body than those of another. But every intelligent Protestant readily admits that it is the Catholics who are entitled to this distinction. Not only is it they who have founded the best colleges; it is they also who have given the best instructions in them. We Protestants can boast of no such religious fraternities as those Catholics to whose efforts education owes so much in every country in Europe that has attained any high degree of civilizaton. Because nothing human, however good in itself, endures for ever, or is without its faults even in its best days, it is the habit of the thoughtless, and narrow-minded to disparage both the work and the workman of other days, especially if the religious views of the latter were different from their own.

In illustration of this we need only mention how the monks are spoken of at the present day. Not only is there no gratitude felt towards them for their generous and untiring efforts for the benefit of literature and science, but they are abused as if they had done us evil rather than good. Take the Benedictines as an example. Their founder, St. Benedict, commenced his labors by enjoining that his followers collect books wherever they could find them.

If the results of this order were stated in plain figures they would seem incredible; suffice it to say that to it we owe some of the most valuable intellectual treasures we possess, for there is every reason to believe that had no such order been given they would have been lost forever. In a history of the Benedictines now before us, the author of which is a Protestant, we are told that "Pope John XXII., who died in 1334, after an exact inquiry, found that, since the first rise of the order, there had been of it 24 popes, near 200 cardinals, 7,000 archbishops, 15,000 bishops, 15,000 abbots of renown above 4,000 saints, and upward of 37,000 monasteries. There have been likewise of this order 20 emperors and 10 empresses, 47 kings and above 50 queens, 20 sons of emperors

and 48 sons of kings, about 100 princesses, daughters of kings and emperors; besides dukes, marquises, earls, countesses, etc., innumerable. *The order has produced a vast number of authors and other learned men.* Their *Rabanus set up the school of Germany.* Their *Alcuin founded the University of Paris.* Their Dionysius Exiguus perfected ecclesiastical computation. Their Guido invented the scale of music; their Sylvester the organ. They boast to have produced Anselm, Ildefonsus, and the venerable Bede."* Now, if some of the individuals of the order who accomplished all this and a good deal more erred in some things, should we condemn all? What could be more unjust than any such condemnation? Yet this is precisely what is done. There are a large number of well-meaning people, even in the United States, who have no patience with "Monks," conscientiously believing that they are bad and dangerous men; although it is pleasant to add that the number is rapidly diminishing. When the most bigoted learn that even Luther was a monk, and that there was not one of his fellow-reformers, from Calvin and Melancthon to Knox and Latimer, who was not educated by monks, they must admit that the instructions of the monks were not so dangerous after all.

The experience of the present day, as well as that of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and of all antiquity, proves that clergymen and religious brotherhoods are the most successful educators. They are the most successful at Cambridge and Oxford, as well as at Heidelberg and Louvain; and are they not the most successful in this country among all denominations? We need not go beyond the University of the city of New York for an illustration. Of the several lay chancellors of that excellent institution not one has inspired so much public confidence or accomplished so much good, as the Rev. Dr. Ferris, the venerable and learned gentleman who has occupied that position for the last ten years. When he was placed at its head its prospects were precarious in every respect; now there is not one of our colleges in a more prosperous condition. We might give several other instances, though none so striking as this. We do not mean, however, that every clergyman makes a better chancellor, president, or professor, than a layman. We could not say so, for example, in the instance of the Rev. Dr. Barnard, President of another New York college, most kindly dis-

* History of the Benedictine Monks. By Henry C. Metcalf, A.M., F.R.S. London. 1858.

posed as we feel towards that gentleman. Our sincere desire to see that institution improve constrains us to say that, although we thought Chancellor King was by no means the right man for Columbia, we are now convinced, that upon the whole, he was much superior to his successor. The latter gets up a better catalogue than the former—that is, one containing fewer grammatical errors and fewer violations of good taste; but we know nothing else that he has done better, or is capable of doing, for the college, except perhaps to deliver up a prayer that God may do for the institution what he cannot do himself. This, however, is but an exception; besides, the gentleman alluded to is not so old but that he may improve. Perhaps he has not yet entirely realized the fact that one may be qualified enough to take charge of a new college or academy down in Mississippi and yet not be fully calculated for the corresponding position in one of the most ancient literary institutions on this continent.

We may then regard it as a fact, proved by the experience of all ages, that the most successful educators are the ministers of religion. The next question is, what ministers are the best as a body? Our unhesitating reply is, the Jesuit Fathers. Competent judges of all denominations admit this, and give ample reasons for their opinion. On former occasions we have done so ourselves.* Suffice it to say now, that the fact that the Jesuits, more than any other body of clergymen of any denomination, devote their lives to teaching, is quite sufficient by itself to account for their superiority. We do not say that it is because they are clergymen they are thus successful; we think that, next to their making teaching a profession to be pursued through life, the chief element in their success is their being a religious body who are much more anxious to do good than to earn money, or even to enjoy the ordinary comforts of life. In this opinion we are fully sustained by the history of the Benedictines in the past and by the results accomplished by the Christian Brothers in our own time.

As the latter are not so well known in this country as they deserve to be, we will give a brief account of their origin. The founder of the order was John Baptist de La Salle, who was born at Rheims, in France, April 30, 1651. Both his paternal and maternal relatives belonged to the *noblesse*; his father was a counsellor who had ample means,

* See Nat. Quar. Rev. for September, 1865.

and he spared no pains to secure his son a thorough education. After having studied several years at the university of his native city, young La Salle finished his education at the celebrated seminary of St. Sulpice, at Paris. Returning to Rheims, at the age of seventeen, he received the degree of D.D. from the University, and was appointed canon of the cathedral; at the age of twenty he was ordained a priest.

It gave him much pain in his daily walks to see how profoundly ignorant were the poor; and he decided at once to found an order whose members would devote themselves especially to the instruction of poor children. He commenced the good work in 1679; and his well-known piety and benevolence inspired a degree of confidence in his motives and efforts which soon gained him many disciples. In order to set a good example he resigned his canonry in favor of a poor ecclesiastic; he also disposed of his patrimony for the benefit of the unfortunate; and, having thus made himself as poor as the poorest, he assumed the duties of an humble schoolmaster. Like every reformer he encountered much opposition; but the more he was opposed the harder he worked. Nor was he discouraged or induced to swerve from his purpose when some of the higher clergy were prevailed upon by a large body of teachers to express opinions adverse to his great project. Finally he succeded in establishing a central institute at Rouen; and before his death, which took place in 1719, he had the gratification of seeing the Brothers' schools established in all the principal cities of France, including the capital.

Six years after his death his labors received, as they well deserved, the formal approval of the Pope. As a further testimony of the good he had done he was beatified by Gregory III., and he was finally canonized by Pius IX.,* the present Pope. The most zealous even of the Huguenots venerated the Abbé de La Salle as a truly good and great man and the best educator of his time; one the value of whose labors for the amelioration of mankind it would be impossible to over-estimate. He was as much distinguished for his learning and modesty as for his piety and benevolence; indeed, the testimony of all is that a more modest, unassuming man never lived. His disciples are now to be met with in all parts of the world, and certain it is that they are worthy of him—there are no better men. The number now

* Nouvelle Biog. Générale; art. Jean Baptiste de la Salle. Tome xxix., p. 725.

occupied in teaching in France, Algiers, England, Ireland, Italy, the United States, &c., exceeds eight thousand*; but they possess so many of the best characteristics of their great founder that they are known only by the good they do, and only to those whose gratitude they have well earned as instructors. The large majority are engaged in teaching the poor, but the rest conduct high schools, academies, and colleges, which are not surpassed in their kind by any others—a fact of which we will give an illustration or two before we close. The Abbé de La Salle is the author of several works on education which still continue to be republished. Among the most remarkable and characteristic are *Les Régles de la Bienéséance et de la civilité chrétienne; Conduite des Ecoles Chrétiennes; Les douze Vertus d'un bon Maître.* Thus, among other good things, La Salle inculcated decorum and civility as Christian duties, and there are none who have bestowed sufficient attention on the institutions conducted by his disciples who will not readily admit that in nothing else have his lessons been more fully carried out.

The fact that La Salle was a Frenchman reminds us of another French monk, whose character also contributes strongly to prove the justness of our views in regard to the influence of the monastic orders on our civilization. We allude to Gerbert, who was born of poor parents in the small town of Auvergne. While being educated for charity at the Abbey of Availlac, and yet a mere boy, he attracted the atttention of his superiors, among others the Count of Barcelona, who took him into Spain. Here he learned mathematics, astronomy, and physics, together with several languages, including the Arabic, which he spoke with the fluency of a Saracen. He established a school in the very town where La Salle was born, in which he taught logic, music, astronomy, and several languages. While not engaged at his school he delivered free lectures to his countrymen, to prove to them that learning would serve them much more than the field sports which they then carried to excess. At the same time he wrote a work on rhetoric, which is still extant; he invented a clock, and an organ played by steam.

Being pious as well as learned and ingenious, he was appointed Abbot of Bobbio, and it was he who wrote the celebrated speech delivered by the Bishop of Orleans at the Council of Rheims, a speech in which he did not scruple to criticise even the popes. Speaking of one of the popes he

* See *Vie de La Salle*, par l'Abbé Carron.

says: "The pontiff who so sins against his brother—who, when admonished, refuses to hear the voice of counsel, is as a publican and a sinner." Indeed, this was one of his mildest remarks; yet only a few years elapsed before he was Archbishop of Rheims himself. A few years later he was appointed to the more important archbishopric of Ravenna, and finally, in 999, on the death of Gregory V., he was elected Pope, under the name of Sylvester II.

Now, here was a monk whose parents were so poor that they could not afford him even the rudiments of education; but what sensible person thought the less of him on this account? The monks did not, for they made him Abbot; Hugh Capet, the founder of the Bourbon dynasty, did not, for he appointed him preceptor of his son Robert; and he was also the tutor of the Emperor Otho III. We might give many other examples more or less illustrious; but we think these will suffice to show how foolish is the prejudice that leads well-meaning, but narrow-minded and thoughtless men to believe that it is comparatively useless if not dangerous to entrust monks or the members of religious orders with the education of their sons; and we do not hesitate to add that the remarks we have applied to religious fraternities as educators of young men apply with equal force to religious sisterhoods as educators of young women.

From the influence of education on religion and morality, as well as on national prosperity and individual comfort, it is evident that the higher ecclesiastics of all Christian denominations should regard it as a duty to encourage it as much as possible; and we believe that, in general, they act accordingly. We do not know that the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, or Unitarians, are particularly negligent in this respect; we are sure the Episcopalians or Catholics are not. Inasmuch as the Catholics of this country are less numerous and for obvious reasons possess less material wealth and less intelligence than other denominations, it becomes necessary that their superior clergy should take particular pains to encourage them to support their colleges and high schools; and we cheerfully admit that, in general, they do so.

We know no dignitary of any church who attends more commencements than the present Archbishop of New York; nor do we know any one who exhibits more patience at the examinations which sometimes take place on those occasions. This is good and commendable; but it seems to us that his Grace should do something more than merely attend and

look on. Seeing that he is in the habit of addressing audiences, and consequently practised in public speaking, ought he not to make an encouraging speech to the students—one which would also show their parents and guardians how to appreciate what they have learned, and induce others to profit by their example? We beg leave to think that he should also encourage the professors. We are of opinion that if he took the humblest of them by the hand in the presence of his pupils and told him that he was engaged in a noble and honorable work, he would not lower his dignity in the slightest degree, but rather the contrary; while the moral effect on the students, produced in an instant, would be really greater than if he had sat for hours without uttering a word.

If we are wrong in this some of the most learned and distinguished prelates of modern times have erred. More than once we have seen Archbishop McHale take a poor schoolmaster, who knew neither Greek nor Latin, nor the higher mathematics, by the hand, and thank him cordially in the presence of his pupils for the good he was doing. This he would do after electrifying an audience of thousands, a large number of whom were Protestants, who came leagues to hear him speak, or perhaps after translating one of Moore's Melodies, or one of Homer's battle scenes into Irish. The late Cardinal Wiseman never entered a seminary of any kind without rendering himself as agreeable as possible to all, Protestant as well as Catholic, whom he happened to meet there; and still more emphatically may the same be said of the present Archbishop of Paris.

Nor is this by any means a new habit on the part of the dignitaries of the Catholic Church. When the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey learned that the foreign professors, including Erasmus, who introduced the Greek language into Cambridge University, were hooted at in the public streets, and even assaulted with missiles, he went down from London for the express purpose of taking those very professors through the city of Cambridge; and, while doing so, he placed himself between the two who were most obnoxious, with his arms entwined in theirs. This had more effect than the most eloquent sermon; not one of the "heretic" or "infidel" professors was molested after that. The same feeling was evinced by Leo X. in a thousand instances. The humblest votary of literature, science, or the arts, might calculate with the utmost certainty on the friendship of that illustrious pontiff. When Cardinal Bagio complained to him that Michael Angelo had placed him

in an offensive position in the famous painting of the Last Judgment, imploring that he would extricate him, his Holiness asked in what part of it. "In hell," replied the angry cardinal. "I am sorry for it," said the Pope; "if it had been in purgatory then there might be a remedy, but in hell—*nulla est redemptio.*" Leo knew how the matter was. The cardinal had offended the artist by treating him in a cavalier manner; and, in return, the artist bestowed on him an immortality which he would have given all he was worth to set aside.

We are quite aware that we need not have gone to the Old World to prove that high and distinguished dignitaries of the Catholic Church have been zealous friends of education and educators. We need not have gone beyond the late Archbishop of New York for an illustration of our views. We have often gone to hear Archbishop Hughes speak; but we have never heard him utter more eloquent or more enthusiastic words, or words that have done more good, than at a college commencement; and we do not think that Archbishop McHale, or any other European prelate, was more friendly or more cordial to teachers than the same dignitary. We have never heard either Archbishop Kendrick or Archbishop Spaulding, but we have read sufficient from the pen of each to convince us that there are no two European archbishops of the present day with whom they are not worthy of comparison in learning and intellectual ability. Dr. Kendrick's translations of the Pentateuch are as much distinguished for their Christian liberality as for the profound erudition which they exhibit, and which has elicited high praise from the most eminent European scholars.

Another work which would have done credit to an archbishop of any age or country is Dr. Spaulding's "History of the Protestant Reformation." It is characterized throughout by an enlightened, conciliatory, cosmopolitan spirit; and we need hardly say that its arguments are not the less logical and persuasive on this account. No one could have taken a warmer interest in the great cause of education than Dr. Kendrick, nor could any one have taken more pains to encourage teachers in their onerous labors; if any one could, he would have been excelled in this respect by his successor, Dr. Spaulding. But let us consider the difference between Baltimore and New York. How much wider is the field of the latter? how much greater are the resources, and consequently how much more good can be done here than there?

And in proportion as good can be done, it is incumbent on those who can do it to exert themselves. This Archbishop Hughes understood well; he worked and toiled accordingly, and the results are well known.

The Bishops of Boston and Hartford have pursued the same course; it was one of the former,* be it remembered, who founded one of the best colleges in the United States;† and it cannot be denied that his successors, especially the late Bishop Fitzpatrick and his successor, Bishop Williams, have contributed much to its success by bearing cheerful and eloquent testimony to its superior merits as a literary institution. Nor is it alone the bishops of the diocese in which it is situated that have thus interested themselves in its behalf; Bishop McFarland of Hartford, whose calm, persuasive reasoning has often been heard in its classic halls, may claim a full share of the credit of what has been thus done. Be it remembered that it is not merely the students and their parents and friends who are influenced by these attentions and efforts on the part of the dignitaries of the Church. The public at large—Protestant and Catholic—are influenced. While the Holy Cross College was comparatively neglected in this way the Legislature of Massachusetts persistently refused to grant it a charter; but when the opposite feeling was evinced, and it was seen that those who had most influence over the Catholic population, not only of Massachusetts, but also of some of the adjoining States, were earnestly in favor of the institution, the highest officers of the commonwealth took pleasure in attending its annual commencements; and as soon as the charter was again called for it was readily and cheerfully given.

Now, with all due deference to the piety and learning which we are quite willing to suppose his Grace the Archbishop of New York to possess, we are of opinion that if these right reverend gentlemen had merely gone to the college in a formal or official way, and, like Brahmins bound to remember their caste, sat there for a certain number of minutes or hours without uttering a word, that could be heard, to students, professors, or audience, either before or after the examination or exhibition, as his Grace generally, if not invariably does, the institution would not now be unsurpassed, as it is, among the Catholic colleges of the United States, and regarded with the highest respect by a people, who, whatever may be their faults or prejudices.

* Bishop Fenwick. † That of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass.

are better judges of a good education than the inhabitants of any other State in the Union.

We have certainly no personal feeling against Archbishop McClusky; he could not have slighted us in any manner, since we have never asked any favor of him directly or indirectly; never addressed him in any way, or been so near him that he could treat us with either courtesy or discourtesy. Had it been otherwise we should have found abundant consolation in the fact that we have been honored by the cordial friendship, as well as the courtesy, of prelates, both Catholic and Protestant, much more distinguished than his Grace of New York, including Archbishop Hughes and Archbishop Whately. We think that if we went to Rome to-morrow we could find cardinals enough who would converse cordially with us, and with the full knowledge of our being a heretic; nay, we think that even his Holiness would condescend to have a brief chat with us; and perhaps we could speak as pure and expressive Latin to either as the Archbishop of the great metropolis of the West. The simple truth is, then, that although our business has never been that of a professional teacher or professor, we confess we have so warm a sympathy for those worthy of the name, for the good they do, that it always pains us to see them slighted or treated as if they were mere lackeys, whereas it affords us sincere pleasure to see them encouraged by those whose encouragement is of any use.

We may be entirely mistaken in thinking that his Grace is disposed to treat professors rather cavalierly; we are very willing to believe that although appearances are against him he means well; and yet we strongly suspect that Michael Angelo would have placed him at least in purgatory, and that Leo X. would have allowed him to get a pretty good singeing before he liberated him. Having never seen Archbishop McClusky until we saw him at some of our commencements, we really thought that those who informed us that he was the successor of Archbishop Hughes must be mistaken. Not that there is anything in his personal appearance which is not gentlemanly; we drew our conclusion solely from his remaining silent all the time, and his doing nothing more than to hand out the diplomas and prizes at the close, when requested to do so. That we were not peculiar in making this mistake many would admit from their own experience. We will mention one circumstance which may be regarded as illustrative of the fact. A day or

two after our being present at a commencement we happened to take up one of our morning papers; we found that it gave a fair account of the exercises, and that the only mistake of the honest reporter was to have said that at the close of the proceedings "the diplomas were distributed by the *sub-bishop*." This tended to confirm us in our doubts as to the identity of the archbishop, and in order to remove all uncertainty we inquired of a gentleman who knew his Grace well, and he assured us it was he, and no "sub-bishop," we had seen. It might do very well in Albany to be mistaken for a sub-bishop or a bishop *pro tempore*, but in New York it would be much better to be mistaken for a cardinal; not a Bagio however, but a Wolsey, a Bembo, a Richelieu, or a Wiseman.

It will be remembered that this time twelvemonth we prefaced our "commencement" article with some remarks on systems of teaching; we have thought, therefore, that we could better serve the cause of classical education on the present occasion by urging those of all denominations whose duty it is to exercise their influence earnestly in favor of those colleges which prove by their works that they deserve to be sustained. We have never been so sanguine as to expect to please all; nor do we desire to please any, high or low, pompous or otherwise, except those whom we believe to deserve it. If we merely consulted our disposition we would speak approvingly rather than otherwise; but when we think that soft words would be injurious to a great cause, while hard words would serve it, then we decidedly prefer the latter, let who will be satisfied with them.

In speaking of colleges we observe the same course which we do in the treatment of other subjects; that is, we choose those which are least known as a class to the general public. In this country the Catholics who have the means to contribute to the support of colleges form but a small minority of our citizens. We therefore do all we can to aid and encourage them. If writing in France, or Austria, where the Protestants are in the minority, we would most decidedly aid them in the same way, to the best of our ability, if they took similar pains to establish good institutions of learning. It requires no argument to prove that what is not favored by the large majority, but rather opposed, is not favored by the press. The press of this country is as liberal as any in the world, yet not one journal notices the commencements of Catholic colleges for every twenty that notice the colleges of

other denominations, and the number that do the former justice, even when they do give reports of them, form a smaller proportion still. This we think neither right nor fair, and accordingly, we try to remedy the evil as best we can.

The New York institution which we rank next to the University of the City is Manhattan College; and the President of the latter is the only one of the heads of such institutions in this State whom we think worthy of comparison with the Chancellor of the former, in all the qualities which constitute a successful educator. One as well as the other is actuated by that genuine Christian charity which makes no sectarian distinctions in education; one as well as the other possesses a vigorous, well-trained intellect, and an incredible amount of well digested multifarious knowledge, and is enthusiastically devoted to the great cause in which he is engaged; one as well as the other combines the urbanity and cheerful courtesy of the true gentleman, with the unassuming modesty of genuine worth; and one as well as the other has firmly established an institution which was in a tottering state when he took charge of it, and has elevated its character to the highest grade in the estimation of all competent judges who know anything of it. One is a zealous minister of the Dutch Protestant Church; the other is a zealous Catholic and the head of the Christian Brothers in America; but to see either in the class-room no one could tell anything more about his religion than that he is a true Christian, except that the President of Manhattan wears the usual long black robe of his order.

To this we need hardly add that the good and amiable De La Salle, who gave up titles, academical honors, church preferments, even the patrimony that he derived from his ancestors, so that his labors and example might have the greatest possible influence on the great cause which he had at heart, is well represented in this country by the gentleman who refuses to assume any more high-sounding name than Brother Patrick, without either prefix or affix. We may call him a monk if we will, but a monk of the intellectual and educational stamp of Gerbert, who was the first to teach a classical and scientific school in France, who with his own hands made a clock, a globe, and an astrolabe, and whose experiments in chemistry and natural philosophy at the Vatican were so wonderful that the ignorant and degenerate Italians of his day regarded him as a magician.

Manhattan College is one of the very best institutions whose commencements we have been able to attend during the past season. We were present at the most important of the public examinations, which occupied four days; but it is needless for us to give details. We address ourselves to a class who do not require to be told every little incident in order to understand whether the work done is good, bad, or indifferent. When we wish to give our readers a correct idea of the results accomplished, or the progress made at an institution which we have not been able to attend, then we have to avail ourselves of the reports of the most intelligent and impartial papers we can find. What the results of college examinations show can be briefly stated, and at the same time be abundantly intelligible. At Manhattan both the classics and the sciences are thoroughly taught. We have seen no better Latin students at any institution, European or American, than the six young gentlemen who were graduated at the last commencement; namely, John P. McClancy, Robert O. Glover, James J. Delany, Michael J. Murphy, John J. Kean, and Thomas F. Lynch. Not only could all these translate any Latin classic with facility, but they also proved that they could speak the language fluently to any one capable of addressing them in it in a proper manner; at the same time they evinced an acquaintance with Greek which would have qualified them in that department as members of the graduating class at any institution in this country. Nowhere have we seen more competent examiners than at this institution; but there is seldom an examination anywhere at which some do not appear in that capacity, who, for their own credit's sake, had better keep their questions to themselves until they learn more; for, in spite of their characteristic good manners, the students have sometimes to smile rather significantly when addressed in a sort of Latin that would remind one of Tom Moore's distinguished foreigner, who,

> "As old Chambaud's shade stood mute,
> Spoke such French to the Institute
> As puzzled those learned Thebans much,
> To know if 'twas Sanscrit or High Dutch."

The best Greek examiner we have met among the visitors at Manhattan is the Rev. Father Kinsella, of Westchester; we were, therefore, sorry to find that he was a little late in arriving at the last commencement. His questions on the Greek verb in its various dialects, at the previous examina-

tion, recalled some of the best we had ever heard on either side of the Atlantic; and may we not hope that we shall hear more of them on future occasions? Another good and modest examiner is the Rev. Father Breen. Neither of these gentlemen is either hurried or excited in proposing his questions, whether in Latin or the vernacular; they are both calm and thoughtful, and at the same time their genial manner is so encouraging that the students readily understand and answer them. We always observe Dr. Ives, ex-Protestant bishop, among the visitors on the platform. No dignitary of the Church is more respected by the Catholics; and it must be admitted that his conduct and manners are such as to entitle him to the respect of all. Far from assuming any airs, he is affable and courteous to all whom he meets, and yet much more dignified than those who affect to tower above those around them. He is earnestly devoted to education, and seems to take a particular interest in the success of Manhattan College.

In no other college in this country is there more attention paid to the mathematics and the natural sciences. This feature of it is so strongly marked that the institution may justly be regarded as combining the advantages of a college, properly so called, and of a polytechnic institute. Several of the professors, together with the President and Vice-President, are fine mathematicians—gentlemen who would be regarded as such in any part of Europe. To us the best proof of this has been in the remarkable facility with which the students solved the most difficult propositions proposed by different examiners at the late commencement. Yet in nothing do they distinguish themselves more than in English literature. We certainly exaggerate nothing when we say that at no other college, in Europe or America, have we heard better original essays read, or abler extemporaneous addresses delivered. The valedictory address delivered by Mr. John P. McClancy pleased us so well that we requested a copy of it in order that we might present our readers at least an extract from it to show what a young man of sixteen or seventeen can do when possessed of talent, and under good training. Accordingly, we make room with great pleasure for the following passage, only premising that a more exemplary student in every respect, or a more brilliant one, we have never met, than the author.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I come here to address you agitated by so many different feelings that I fear I shall be incoherent in the few remarks I am about to make, especially as the excitement awakened in a student's

breast when he comes forward to be examined in public is such as to preclude that calmness and reflection which are necessary for all who would address a learned and critical audience. Perhaps there are many here present who were once placed in the same position that I am this evening, who are wont to look back with pleasure, after the cares and troubles of life, to that youthful period 'whose every sport could please,' and whose very sorrows possessed more charms than the pleasures of after years.

"To many this evening's exercises may recall the time when their success at college gladdened a father's or a mother's heart; when they, too, were surrounded by friends, relatives, and companions who were dear to them, but whom death has snatched from them, one by one. If there are any such here present, they, at least, I am sure, will sympathize with young men now about to be ushered into the world; when they are to leave that institution in which so much care has been lavished on them; when that society so strongly knit together by time is to be broken up, and when the care of those professors, to whom they have been accustomed to look up with confidence for advice and assistance in all their difficulties, is to be withdrawn from them.

"There is not a single part of the institution which for us is not connected with some pleasing association; the class-room with its mental strife and generous emulation; the play-ground with its many sports; the exhibition-room with its chit-chat, and circles of warm debate, and strains of enlivening music; the dormitories where Morpheus, ever kind, came at our first appeal, and was a solace to all our little troubles.

"How endeared have we become to each other! Our studies, our plays, the same, always rendered pleasant by that generous spirit of emulation which gives to the mind its most healthy and active tone; not a bickering spirit which engenders enmity, but a spirit of rivalry in excelling; it was the wrestling of the forum where the struggle adds to the strength of both combatants, and where it is not humiliating to be worsted by a superior mind, provided we have fought nobly and in proportion to our capacity.

"A thousand little favors and aids performed for each other have served to bind us more closely together, so that this day, although a day of rejoicing, a day of triumph and congratulation, is still somewhat saddened by the thought that this little society will be broken up; that those who formed it will be separated, perhaps forever; that they will be called upon to enter on widely different avocations. From this very circumstance our alma mater has sought to teach the lesson that in this world every rose has its thorn; that our very joys are tinged with sorrow; that our meetings, no matter how joyful, will be saddened by the thought that they must soon be broken up; that we can never hope for joy, pure and unmixed, till we meet where there shall be no more parting; where that word "farewell" will never more be heard.

"What a debt of gratitude do we owe our alma mater! While in youth the mind, fond of relaxation and boyish sports, is averse to labor, she calls her children to her, and, as the mother who would administer medicine to her child, mingles the draught with sweets. She withdraws them from play and turns study into amusement; she seeks to excite their curiosity to learn; to render knowledge attractive, so that in time they begin to love it on account of its wholesome qualities. By changing the natural bent of our minds she has led us to, and made us drink from, the pure fountain of classical lore, and if our time has not been misspent, if the conflict of mind with mind has invigorated the faculties, all the praise is due to her; and it is only now that our judgments are riper and more mature that we can at all realize the debt of gratitude we owe her.

"She has taught us that learning is one thing, but that to be able to make use of it is another; and, basing her system of education on that principle, she has sought to render what we learn as practical as it can be in a college, and to render it rather food for mental digestion than learned lumber with which to store the mind. What is it that multiplies a man's enjoyment so much as knowledge? It is the true philosopher's stone, which transmutes everything into gold. What is it that raises man above the brute—which elevates one individual above another, and makes one nation more powerful than another? It is knowledge. The gold would be hidden in the mine; the gem would be undiscovered; the common conveniences of life would be unknown; nations would crumble away through want of the resources with which they abound, did not knowledge point out their hidden stores, and science turn them to advantage. What occupation more noble, more worthy of man than the study of philosophy? What occupation fraught with greater advantages for one, who is accountable for his actions, than a knowledge of himself, his relations with his fellow-beings and with his Creator, and the duties which result from those relations? But it ministers to our wants; it gives us food for enjoyment, and heightens our relish for it. Introduce a person conversant with botany into a garden; every flower possesses charms for him. It is not their beautiful tints, their fragrant odors, their fine forms alone, which attract his attention; he sees much in them to interest him which is screened from the vulgar gaze; he surprises nature in her operations, sees her beauties in their embryo state, and observes the many processes by which she produces her creations, and experiences at every step a joy unknown to the uncultivated mind."

That an institution which produces thinkers thus capable of combining the essence of literature with that of science, should have students from all parts of the country, Protestants as well as Catholics, is no more than might be expected; and yet it must be regarded as evidence that our people of all denominations are discarding their prejudices and improving in intelligence and liberality.

The same fraternity have an institution, similar to Manhattan College, in St. Louis, known as the College of the Christian Brothers. Brother Patrick was chiefly instrumental in establishing this also, and giving it a high prestige throughout the South and West. It was founded in 1851, and in 1855 it was incorporated by the Legislature and empowered to confer academical honors. Having never visited the institution we cannot speak of its system of teaching from our own knowledge; but we have met several that have been educated at it, and they are gentlemen who, by their literary and scientific attainments, would do credit to any college. We have also had the pleasure of meeting its present President, Brother Edward, and so far as we can judge he possesses every necessary qualification to insure the success of the College and give satisfaction to its patrons. From an elaborate report of its last commencement exercises in one of

the St. Louis papers we extract a passage or two. After some introductory observations the editor remarks:

"Its successful career is marked by the large amount of public confidence it has already gained, and the annual increase of the number of students. These happy results are the best recommendation to parents and guardians.

"For some years past it has been our pleasing duty to attend these interesting exercises, and we must say that on no previous occasion has the attendance been so large, nor the proceedings conducted with greater *éclat* than on the present."

This is followed by the programme of the first day's examinations. The editor then resumes his comments, from which we extract another passage:

"In the examinations, which were quite prolonged and of the most scrutinizing character, the pupils evinced an efficiency that speaks well for the institution, whilst the result must have been gratifying in the extreme to the numerous parents and friends of the pupils present. In the declamation department the Eulogy on F. P. Kenrick, late Archbishop of Baltimore, by D. Dougherty, struck us as the best of the evening, and whether considered as to its composition or the force of style and elegance of diction which characterized its delivery, must be classed as a decided success. And so thought the audience if we may judge by their applause. Many, however, spoke highly, and rightly so, of the oration on the character of Suetonius, by G. Schick. Certainly we must admit that he displayed ability we have seldom seen surpassed on such occasions, and his style, while forcible and pleasing, had an originality which clearly designated the genius."

After mentioning the several young gentlemen, from almost as many different States, on whom diplomas were conferred, the editor closes his report as follows:

"In this sketch of the proceedings we have said nothing of the drawing and painting department. We may take occasion to refer to some of the productions of the pupils in these departments, which we have duly noted. Many of these productions were exhibited in the parlors during the exercises, and attracted much attention."

We are glad it can no longer be said that Fordham College makes no progress. True, that which we have to record is different from the progress made at the Holy Cross or Georgetown; nor is it exactly the kind we should like. A journal was sent to our office some weeks since entitled "The Turf, Field, and Farm," containing an account of a very interesting ceremony which had recently taken place at that institution. It seems that Mr. Phelan, of New York, the celebrated billiard-table manufacturer, took it into his head that if the students of Fordham could not very well learn anything more profound or more useful they might not be the less able to become distinguished as billiard players. Accordingly, like the sensible, shrewd man he is, he took a

few friends with him, together with a cue, with the view of presenting the latter to the students of Fordham the same as telescopes, chemical apparatus, &c., are presented at other colleges; but we will allow the journal before us to tell the rest. After some introductory remarks it says:

"They were received at the depot by Messrs. O'Connor and O'Donnell, on the part of the students; and at the door of the college by the Rev. Father Glackmey, on the part of the faculty. After passing a few moments in the reception-parlor, all adjourned to the billiard-room, which was crowded with the boys and their preceptors. Proceedings were commenced by a fine game between Phelan and Tieman, after which M. Carme made some fine exhibition shots; but the day being highly unpropitious, the expectations of the demonstrators were not fully realized; yet they must have given great satisfaction to the spectators, as they were enthusiastically applauded. As the party were about leaving, Mr. O'Donnell again came forward, this time with two superbly bound volumes in his hand, and, turning to Mr. Phelan, addressed him as follows:"—

Here follows a speech, just such as might be expected from one who would exchange his books for a "cue." Of course Mr. Phelan made a handsome reply. But let us hear the chronicler of the great event a little farther:

"The token is a fine edition of Shakespeare, in two volumes, richly bound in Turkish morocco. On one of the fly-leaves we find a highly artistic design, done in colors, a fine wreath encircling the following inscription: 'To Michael Phelan, Esq., a token of gratitude and affection from the senior class, St. John's College, Fordham.' This masterly effective design and inscription were executed by one of the faculty, the Rev. Father Arthur E. Jones. Accompanied by the fathers, Mr. Phelan and his friends were now escorted to the refectory, where they were introduced to that urbane gentleman, the Very Reverend Father Mayland, President of the Institution, and, after partaking of refreshments, the party returned to the city highly pleased with their visit."

This is somewhat curious, and yet we cannot pretend that we are surprised at it. But we strongly suspect that if instead of the "cue" Mr. Phelan and his friends had brought copies of Aristophanes, Lucian, Juvenal and Perseus, with the variorum notes in Greek or Latin, and that it was suspected they wanted anybody in that region to read them, they would have found nobody waiting for them at the depot or at the door of the college; nobody would have presented them a fine wreath; nobody would have escorted them to the refectory; nobody would have given them as much as a drink of water! At least so we are assured both by scholars and literary men; and certainly our own experience has not been such as to enable us to contradict it. We have never visited the institution, it is true, but once; we did not go there to ask any favor more than what is readily granted to strangers in all parts of the world, and by none more cheerfully

and courteously than by the Jesuits — namely, that of being permitted to see some of the classes. As for our journal, we did not allude to itself or its interests in any way. With evident reluctance we were allowed to see a class or two, but, as quoth the Raven, nothing more. We did not, however, feel in the least hurt. In different parts of the world we had been well and kindly treated by the most learned and accomplished of the Jesuit fathers, and by none more so than by such American Jesuits as those of Georgetown, D. C., and of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Massachusetts, neither of whom could have treated the Archbishop of the diocese better than they did us; and it is acknowledged by all that both as educators and gentlemen they are the chief representatives of the celebrated Society in this country.

There is but one other literary institution in America in which we have been treated otherwise than with courtesy and consideration, and this was under the same "provincial" government at the time as Fordham. Conceiving that we were treated rather rudely by one of the fathers, and, feeling that we did nothing to deserve it, we addressed a respectful note to the President, mentioning the facts to him just as they occurred. Having received no satisfaction we took the law into our own hands, so far as to make some comments in our journal, and scarcely two months had elapsed when the President and the gentleman of whom he was complained to were removed to nearly opposite points of the compass, and so far away that we have never heard of them since. This fully proved our view of the case. We thought that although individual Jesuits may sometimes forget themselves, a Society which, after centuries of opposition from kings and emperors, still possesses such wonderful vitality, must surely have a presiding genius who would not permit even one who takes so humble a part in education as ourselves to be wantonly insulted in the legitimate pursuit of his calling by a Jesuit professor. More than a year after this change took place we called at St. Xavier's College in this city for the purpose of ascertaining, if we could, whether any improvement had taken place in the demeanor of the faculty towards quarterly reviewers of our way of thinking. We sent in a card containing our address in full, and very soon we were waited upon by a middle-aged French gentleman, who, with a friendly smile, took us kindly by the hand and, addressing us by name, bade us sit down. This proved to be the Rev. Father Loyzance, the new President

of the institution, and we very soon felt impressed that he was well qualified for the position. Although fully aware that we had taken the liberty we did with his predecessor and his assistant, and disposed to find every excuse he could for their conduct, he treated us not only courteously, but cordially; and he has since sent us cards of invitation, as to other friends of education, to attend the periodical exercises of the college. To this we are glad to add that the college exhibits considerable improvement under his auspices. It may be that Fordham has improved in a similar manner; for more than two years have now elapsed since our visit to it.

From our speaking of the courtesy of Catholic professors, we might seem to imply that our experience has been different with Protestant professors, and this would be an injustice to the latter. We are not in the habit of visiting those having only the reputation of third or fourth-class colleges. Those not already mentioned which we have visited in this country are Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and the University of New York; and there is not one of these whose President or Chancellor did not treat us with the utmost courtesy. President Felton, of Harvard received us as kindly as the Rev. Father Clark, of the Holy Cross, or the Rev. Father Early, or the Rev. Father Maguire, of Georgetown. The Rev. Dr. Peabody, of the same institution (Harvard) has been equally friendly and kind. We certainly had no fault to find with Chancellor King on this ground, or with his successor, the Rev. Dr. Barnard; and as for the Rev. Dr. Ferris, Chancellor of the University, what stronger proof of his esteem and good will could he have given than to have conferred on us the highest academical honor of the institution over which he presides. We confess we are proud of all this; and when we think of it we can afford to smile at those representatives of fourth-rate institutions who think they can intimidate us and make great people of themselves by what the most ignorant cartman may do if he chooses.

Our views of the colleges of Georgetown, D. C., and Worcester, Mass., are so well known that we need only quote an extract or two from the reports of their last commencements, given by the daily press. All we need say is that those institutions always make us remember the Jesuits as Cicero did the Pythagoreans, whose fame, the orator tells us, was such for centuries that none seemed learned but they;

multaque secula postea sic viguit Pythagoreorum nomen, ut nulli alii docti viderentur.[*] Since our last annual notes on colleges the Rev. Father Early has withdrawn from the presidency of Georgetown, whose character he had contributed so much to elevate; but the Rev. Bernard A. Maguire, S. J., who has succeeded him is amply qualified by learning, ability, and experience as an educator, not only to sustain the reputation of the college, but to increase it. After some introductory remarks the "National Intelligencer," in its report of the last commencement exercises, speaks of the present prosperity and salutary influence of the college as follows:

"This institution has, from its representative character among Catholic seats of learning in this country, always drawn its students from a wide compass, embracing a heavy representation of students from the South. The calamities of the war consequently fell with a desolation upon its peaceful walks and cloisters. Not only were the young men of the North drawn from its shades, as in the case of other colleges in the North, into the field of strife, but those who would have in peaceful times been its students from the South, were nearly all cut off from its privileges during the war. This is the first anniversary since peace has come with healing on its wings, and the young men from the East and the West, the North and the South, as in other years, have been permitted, as was suggested by the President of the College, to come hither and join in the generous and ennobling struggle for the laurels of intellectual championship. It is an interesting and most encouraging circumstance, full of fraternizing hope for the country, that there are already within the walls of this college young men who have fought in the Northern army, and young men who have fought in the Southern army during the war, and they are now contending like brothers together in the arena of learning. This is a restoration of the Union on a solid foundation."

Speaking of the creditable manner in which the graduating class acquitted themselves, the "Intelligencer" says:

"The performances by the members of the graduating class were all meritorious. The oration by Julius Soper upon literature, was an unusually thoughtful and graceful production, and was handsomely delivered. It is no new thing for young men just stepping from the seclusions of student life, freighted with dreams and manifold visions, in the struggle to

> "Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart,"

to mount their Pegasus and betake themselves to "the lofty rhyme." We thought the performances on this occasion abounded in the poetic element, though it is just to say that the productions were more than ordinarily excellent. The poem on "Charity," by Charles C. Hosmer, was distinguished for graces of conception, composition, and delivery. The dialogue, "Town and Country," written by a student, and performed admirably by the young lads, was a pleasant feature of the exercises. The "Death of Hannibal," by Robert M. Douglas, was meritorious. The "Influence of Memory," by Noble S. Hoffar, was very excellent, and the "Valedictory," by Louis G. Gourley, was touching and appropriate, and delivered with much effect."

But the best part of all is the eloquent address of the

(* *Tus. Disp.* lib. 1, cap. xvi.)

Rev. President; and, limited as our space is now in this article, we copy it *in extenso* from the "Intelligencer." We confess we do this all the more cheerfully from the fact that it was once our privilege to enjoy a very pleasant hour's chat with Father Maguire on educational topics, and that we parted with him fully impressed with his superior qualifications and abilities as an educator:

"The distribution of prizes having concluded, the Rev. Bernard A. Maguire, S. J., President, came forward and addressed the audience. He regretted that the President of the United States, although expected, had not been able, owing to his labors in the Cabinet, to be present to distribute the prizes. But, at least, they had his sympathy and his kind good wishes; and if he had not been able to come, it was owing to circumstances beyond his control. He [Rev. Mr. Maguire] had to thank the ladies and gentlemen present for their polite attention. He had no doubt, now that the exercises were over, they all felt rather fatigued, and, therefore, he did not wish to trespass further upon their attention by any lengthened remarks. But as peace had returned to the country, literature and science would flourish once more. This institution had suffered materially during the past four years, in consequence of the unhappy position of the country. Now, however, they were beginning to get back to their old standard, and they had students, as the list had shown, from almost every State in the Union. They came there and mingled together as brothers, studied together, and sat at the same table. He believed that it would have one of the most healing and salutary effects on the whole country by bringing the young people together, with their young hearts, making them love each other as brothers, and teaching them the same instructive lessons on which so much of the future happiness of the country depended. Education was the main pillar on which the liberties of the land rested; and the education which young men received in that college was, he believed, of that beneficial kind that would send them forth to do honor to themselves and benefit to the country. They were educated in that college not only for this world, but for the next. They were made Christians. They were made gentlemen, and were taught such high-toned principles as would raise them through life, make them an ornament to society, and a blessing to their country. That, he [Rev. Mr. Maguire] believed was the high mission which the Jesuit fathers had to fulfill, and they endeavored to discharge it to the best of their ability. The society to which they belonged was formed for the training of youth for over three hundred years, and to-day they had more youth under their training than any other body of men. Hitherto Georgetown College has had a celebrity of fame all over the United States. He trusted it would lose nothing of its old character. Their numbers had greatly diminished during the past four years, but they were at present on the increase, and they had now 260 students, and next year he hoped to have a large increase. He trusted they would be made ornaments to society and able to fill any position with credit to themselves and with benefit to the Republic they were destined to serve. They would perform the great work before them, because the educated men of this country had a most important work to discharge. He felt proud of his present students, because they were noble and good boys. In fact, of all the students of the college, he felt bound to say on this occasion, in doing them justice, that, although he [Rev. Mr. Maguire] had been in this institution as professor, prefect, and president for many years, he had never, in the course of his

experience, known students better behaved, more gentlemanly in their conduct, and more devoted to their studies, than the now occupants of Georgetown College. [Applause.] Many of them had gone through severe ordeals and hard trials. During the past four years they had been to the war—a school not calculated to refine them. They had been soldiers, both in the North and South, and now they come back, after losing three or our years from their studies, to repair the past. Some had gone into the very lowest classes, and had rapidly raised themselves by industry and talent. He would now send them all away with the blessing of a father, and the best wishes of the president of the institution; and he prayed that the laurels that they had now received from their alma mater might be a stimulus for the greater missions they had to perform. To the younger students he would say, let them now go to their families, who were ready to receive them with open arms, and at the end of the vacation he would gladly receive them back into the institution, the alma mater, again, hoping that in some future year they, too, might be graduates of the institution, and might receive the honors of Georgetown College. [Applause.]"

We pass rather rapidly from Georgetown to Worcester. Of all the Jesuit colleges that of the Holy Cross is decidedly our favorite. Even Massachusetts, with all its prejudices against Popery, is proud of the high standard of this institution. Old as Georgetown now is, and justly famous for the large number of scholars and distinguished men it has sent forth from its classic halls, the Holy Cross ranks quite as high as it at this moment; and to this we need hardly add that the latter is not surpassed by any other of any denomination. Under the auspices of the Rev. Father Clark, whom we regard as a model President, it has made wonderful progress in all that contributes to the perfection of an educational institution. The "Boston Post," a journal always distinguished for its intelligence, cosmopolitan liberality, and fairness, commences its elaborate report of the last commencement as follows:

"The twentieth annual commencement of the Holy Cross College, Worcester, which has been growing in worth, and steadily and successfully working its way onward and upward until it stands forth a prominent educational institution, took place on the 3d. There was a large attendance of visitors from various parts of the State, consisting, principally, of the parents and friends of the students, and also a large number of the alumni of the institution, which is among the best Catholic colleges in the country. The College of the Holy Cross is situated on one of the eminences that overlook the beautiful city of Worcester, in the very heart of the commonwealth, and is aloof, as it were, from the noise and temptations of cities; governed by men whose sole object and view is to do good to society; romantic, healthy, and picturesque, in point of locality, and withal offers superior inducements to those who desire to educate their children, virtuously as well as classically, and having all the advantages which the most cautious and scrupulously careful could require. During the past few years this College has had unparalleled success; and no one can be a witness of the quiet and unpretending, yet earnest and efficient, labors of its faculty without feeling for them emotions of respect.

The College is at once a school, a family, and a community. No expense is spared to secure the best talent.

"The exercises constituted the finale of the series of examinations which have been in progress during the past four or five days, and formally ushered forth from the walls of the institution another graduating class. A large number of clergy and other distinguished persons were present, among whom were Right Rev. Bishop Williams, of Boston; His Excellency Governor Bullock and Staff; Mayor Blake, of Worcester; Rev. Fathers McCarty, of Watertown; J. Quinn, of Clinton; Healey, of Boston; Quan, of Webster; Qualey, of Woburn; Sumner, S. J., Boston College; P. T. O'Reilly, O'Keefe, and Power, of Worcester; General Donahue, of New Hampshire, and many others. The exercises took place in the study hall of the College, which is most tastefully trimmed and decorated with evergreen, relieved by the American flag. The exercises commenced at 11½ o'clock. The spacious hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and, as is customary on such occasions, the fair sex were fully represented; and, no doubt, with their approving looks and cheering smiles, stimulated and encouraged to noble effort the young men about to make their maiden speeches."

After speaking at considerable length of the essays read by the graduating class, and pointing out the beauties and merits of several, the "Post" closes that department thus:

"We have not space nor room to particularize further the efforts. But it is no discredit to the alumni who have in earlier years gone out from the College of the Holy Cross to say that, in the manifestation of ability, culture, and scholastic attainments, the class of '66 are entitled to the highest meed of praise and commendation, and will do honor to their alma mater and themselves. The exercises were of a high order, creditable, and gave unmistakable evidences of work and labor, care and diligence—in fact, everything that is necessary to make a finished student. No doubt the young men who acted so well their part will realize a bright literary future."

At the close of the proceedings the Governor of Massachusetts made an appropriate speech, from which we take the following extract:

"The pieces recited by the gentlemen, so well prepared and so finely delivered, had given proof of that thoroughness and long study which has ever characterized the College of the Holy Cross, now among the prominent schools of the commonwealth, and which is destined to be among the foremost of the present day. He did not wish to make any invidious distinctions or comparisons, but it was only just to say that some of the parts exhibited there, in richness of thought, in evidence of culture, and beauty of expression, were not equalled or surpassed in the colleges of New England. He could not, he said, do less than bear his personal testimony that Massachusetts feels and cherishes a lively interest in the institution, as one of the instrumentalities of educational power in the land. And it was with feelings of pleasure that he remembered the time when, in an official position here at home, among the people of Worcester, that he rendered a service to the institution in the direction of conferring upon it those chartered rights which it in common was entitled to. The tribute of acknowledgment for that effort would ever be cherished in his memory. He was rejoiced to see the college taking rank among the eminent institutions of the land. He had been gratified to observe its adherence to those ancient masters of thought and language

in this practical age. It was a specialty in the College of the Holy Cross, and its practice was endearing the East to the New World. Allusion, in this connection, was made, parenthetically, to the love which the late Bishop Fitzpatrick had for the languages of the masters; how he persevered in mastering them, thus setting a bright example to the young men of the present and future generations. His love of classic learning was passionate, and his devotion to it was ardent. The Governor then said that his part was only to act as a spectator on the occasion. His duty was to express, as a citizen and as the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth, his great satisfaction in the decided and scholarly exercises, and desired to express to the President and friends of the institution his earnest desire that this college might rise still higher in point of excellence in the years before it."

This speech does quite as much honor to Governor Bullock, who delivered it, as it does to the Holy Cross College; indeed, it may be regarded as doing honor to Massachusetts, since her chief magistrate would not have expressed himself as he has, in it, had he not been aware that the most enlightened of her people at last begin to take a friendly interest in the intellectual triumphs of that truly excellent institution.

Among the many prospectuses from different parts of the country that have found their way to our table is that of Santa Clara College, S. J., California; and, so far as we can judge from what it says in view of the catalogue of officers and students which it embraces, together with the accompanying cut of the extensive college buildings, the institution seems destined to take a high rank among American colleges. Feeling always friendly disposed towards those who engage earnestly in so noble and laudable an enterprise as the establishment of a first-class college, we cheerfully transcribe the following passages from the prospectus, so that our Southern and Southwestern readers may be able to form their own opinion of the merits of the institution:

"This establishment is under the superintendence of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and is open to all who choose to avail themselves of its advantages. It is situated in the beautiful valley of Santa Clara, so celebrated for the mildness and salubrity of its climate, and is quite close to the San José and San Francisco Railroad.

"The College was founded in 1851. On the 28th of April, 1855, it was incorporated and empowered to confer degrees and academical honors, and to exercise all the rights and privileges common to any other literary institution in the United States.

"The Institution has a full staff of professors, and presents advantages for the mental, physical, and moral training of the students unsurpassed in California. It possesses a complete philosophical apparatus, manufactured in Paris expressly for Santa Clara College, to which new and important additions are being made every year, to keep pace with the progress of science.*

* Among the most important acquisitions of this year we may mention Bianchi's apparatus for the liquefaction of gases, Carre's machine for manufacturing ice, and a large Bunsen's battery.

"The Chemical Laboratory is provided with a full assortment of chemicals, furnaces, and all that is necessary to enable the student to acquire a practical knowledge of chemical analysis and assaying. Connected with this department there is a photographic gallery, where the students may learn photography. Practical lessons are given also on the electric telegraph.

"The Museum of Natural History comprises a large collection of mineralogical and conchological specimens from different parts of the world, besides several natural curiosities.

"The College Library contains about ten thousand volumes.

"For the purpose of improving themselves in public speaking, the more advanced students have formed Literary Societies, provided with select libraries, to which they may have access in leisure hours."

Another class of educational institutions whose commencements are but seldom recorded by the daily press are the Law Schools. There is at least one in this State whose efficiency and thoroughness would secure it as many students as it could accommodate, if it were only as well known as it deserves. Its professors rank among the first jurists in the United States, a fact which, to those who know them, needs no further proof than simply to mention their names, viz.: Hon Ira Harris, LL.D. (practice, pleadings, evidence); Hon. Amasa J. Parker, LL. D. (real estate, wills, criminal law, personal rights, domestic relations); Amos Dean, LL. D. (personal property, contract, commercial law). We are glad to see from the catalogue that its last term has been quite prosperous. There are but few colleges in the United States which have not furnished it students, the total number of whom, for the year, has been one hundred and eighty-three (183.) Its position at the capital of the State, within reach of the State Library, and other peculiar sources of legal knowledge, affords it advantages which are scarcely equalled even by those of New York city, and there is good reason to believe that the students avail themselves of all to the fullest extent.

We had intended to take a cursory glance in this article at the changes which have taken place in some of our young ladies' colleges, seminaries, institutes, &c., but we have again to postpone the task until a more convenient opportunity presents itself. We are really unwilling to criticise those institutions, even when their conductors deserve to be exposed as charlatans, for, unhappily, more than one ladies' "college" or "university" of this city ceased to exist in a very few months after we had taken the liberty of making some comments on their peculiar system of education. Whether the public has sustained any loss by this or not is another question. The only city high schools of which we

have heard, for some time, anything that is much to their credit, are the Ferris Female Institute and Rutgers Institute. Their last annual commencements have proved entirely to our satisfaction; that while kindred schools have been decaying, or disappearing altogether for lack of brains and intelligence, these two have been making healthy progress, doing excellent work and, as a natural result, towering higher and higher in public confidence.

ART. VI.—*Speeches at the Bar and in the Senate.* By the Right Hon. WILLIAM CONYNGHAM, Lord Plunket, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. Edited, with a Memoir and Historical Notices, by JOHN CASHEL HOEY. 12mo. Dublin.

2. *Sketches, Legal and Political.* By the late Right Hon. RICHARD LALOR SHIEL. Edited, with plates, by M. W. SAVAGE. 2 vols. 12mo. London.

3. *Sketches of the Irish Bar.* By the Right Hon. RICHARD LALOR SHIEL, M. P. With Memoir and Notes, by DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE. 2 vols. 12mo. New York. 1854.

PETER THE GREAT, of Russia, paid a visit to England in 1698, upon the invitation of William the Third. Having been taken to Westminster Hall, close to which are the principal law courts, he observed a great many gentlemen flitting to and fro, in horse-hair wigs, sprinkled with white powder; white muslin bands round their necks; and flowing robes or gowns of black silk, or black poplin—the costume of the English bar from that day to this. His curiosity awakened, the Czar enquired who these magpies might be, and was informed that they were lawyers, one and all. "Lawyers!" he exclaimed, "I have only four of that species in Russia, and I shall hang two of them on my return home."

Whether he kept his word has not been stated by history. It is customary to say that law and lawyers, contrary to the Czar's opinion, are necessary—that is, are necessary evils. Granting the necessity, we may deny the evil. It is proper that there should be laws thoroughly enforced, for the protection of person and property. The golden precept that we should do as we desire to be done by, would be superior to all statutes, were it only acted upon. Unhappily, human nature not being perfect, this first great rule is constantly violated, and it has become necessary to make laws for the

proper government of society, and to have persons competent to apply and to administer them.

Most probably, Peter the Great became fully aware of this when he seriously settled down, after his visit to England, to build up the great Russian Empire;—at all events, lawyers are proportionately as numerous in that vast realm, which Alexander the Second, his descendant, now governs, as in most other civilized countries.

In no part of the world is there such a passion for law as in Ireland. Litigation is so much in fashion there that the people are happiest when seething in the caldron of a law-suit, and next to the honor and glory of being a principal in such a venture, is the satisfaction of attending the courts of law, and, eagerly participating, ("per procuration" as it were,) in the war of statutes and speeches carried on, under judicial presidency, before a dozen of jurymen as arbiters. When too poor to indulge, personally, in the expensive luxury of an Assize trial at Nisi Prius, a thorough Irishman will generally continue to have an interest in a suit or two at the Quarter Sessions, before "the Assistant Barrister" as the stipendiary chairman, who is invariably a lawyer of high standing at the bar is generally called. These local courts are not only crowded but crammed with attentive auditors, in all ranks of life, who eagerly watch the wordy encounters of rival lawyers, anxiously listen to the evidence, and curiously observe the bearing of successive witnesses. There is in many instances, a great trial of skill between the lawyer and the witness—the latter sometimes being conqueror. It is not unusual for a witness, on being sworn, to kiss his thumb instead of the book, his idea being that if he successfully evade the latter, he need not be *very* particular as to what he says. Sometimes the struggle between lawyer and witness becomes very exciting, the latter, with assumed stolidity, baffling his opponent who is putting him through the ordeal of cross-examination. Mr. O'Connell has more than once been beaten in such encounters by men who could neither read nor write, but had sufficient mother-wit to baffle him, one of the ablest as well as one of the most popular lawyers of his time. The lawyer is not only respected but honored in Ireland, especially if his politics are liberal; but there is neither respect nor honor for any minion of the law; that is, for the legal officer who serves a summons for tithe or church-rate, who thrusts the copy of a writ into a debtor's hand, or who seizes person

or property under any statutory process. Such a person is almost unanimously held to be a public enemy, to be dealt with accordingly. The ordinary practice is to make him *eat* the legal paper or parchment, and having ducked him in the nearest horse-pond, civilly dismiss him with a gentle hint never again to venture into that vicinity as a messenger from Themis.

The stories told, with equal humor and earnestness, by Maxwell and Lever, Carleton and Lover, of the amusing deviltry with which the masses of the Irish pursue the unfortunates who venture into certain districts with the intention of placing legal documents in the possession of those who have incurred debts "not wisely, but too well," are less exaggerated than may be imagined. On the one side there is the straining to carry out the requirements of the law; on the other, not less ingenuity in evading it; and in the background are the peasantry, who, almost to a man, hate the calling of the legal myrmidon, and are addicted to carrying out this unfriendly feeling, occasionally, even with fatal results. During the lifetime of the late Mr. Richard Martin, of Galway, who boasted with truth, that from his avenue gate to his hall door was an avenue of *only* thirty miles, it was proverbial that "no writ could run in Connemara." The unfortunate person who ventured, with such a purpose, within the charmed circle of the Martin property—long since broken up and sold under the Encumbered Estates Act—scarcely ever could succeed in avoiding detection, and never was allowed a chance of accomplishing his perilous mission. He would be conveyed away, at night, from place to place until his guards reached some mountain-cave, wherein a private still was bringing up spirits from the vasty deep of an iron pot—hence the word *pot-heen* applied to illicit whiskey—and would be kept prisoner there until the end of the law term, his liberation being accompanied with such threats of docking his ears, or other mutilations which would scarcely improve his personal appearance, that there was very little chance of his voluntarily paying a second professional visit to Connemara. But for the aid of the peasantry, the Irish gentry of the days gone by could never have been half so successful as they were in baffling the bailiffs. One result was a free-and-easy habit of dealing with the inferior officers of the law, which, *out* of Ireland, was not tolerated. An Irish gentleman was tried, within the last twenty years, at the Old Bailey, in London, on an indictment for knocking

down a sheriff's officer who had to arrest him for debt, on a writ of *ca. sa.* The prisoner was convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. As he was leaving the dock, he exclaimed, so audibly that even the Judge heard and smiled, "Now, isn't this a very hard case? Here I am to be imprisoned for three months for knocking down a rascally writ-server, and if I did the same thing in Galway, the gentlemen of the county would acknowledge it by giving me a public dinner, and, maybe, a handsome piece of plate."

It is our purpose to say something about the laws peculiar to Ireland, and to notice, as rapidly as is consistent with clearness, some of the men whose profession it was to apply, expound, and administer them. We shall chiefly confine ourselves, in the present article, to the period between the successful struggle for parliamentary independence in Ireland (coincident with the great American contest for American nationality) and the time when, betrayed by her own Legislature, Ireland surrendered that independence, and, under the operation of the suicidal Act of Union, passed in the year 1800, lost even the name of kingdom and sank into a province. At the Irish bar, as we write, there is only one man living who was a member of it before the Union. This is Thomas Lefroy, now in his ninety-first year, called to the bar in 1797 (Lord Plunket, who died in 1854, was "called" in 1787), who retained his seat as Lord Chief Justice of Ireland until last July, though the faculties of intellect and memory, so necessary to the judicial character, had become so much enfeebled as to render him all but useless on the bench.

"Reluctant lags the veteran on the stage."

The antiquity of Irish law is acknowledged. The first code was established by the Parliament of Tara, some nine hundred years before the Christian era began. Most prominent was the law of hospitality, extended, at public expense, to all travellers. Next ranked the law of gavel, by which, at his death, the property of a parent was divided, share and share alike, among his children.

Blackstone admits the Celtic origin of the custom of gavel-kind, which also prevailed throughout England during the Anglo-Saxon times, and divided the father's inheritance among his sons, generally share and share alike; though in Kent and some few other places the youngest son inherited the homestead, and the oldest, or the next following capable of bearing arms, had the periot—that is, the weapons, offen-

sive and defensive, of his father, and his horse. It has been said that no better or simpler plan ever was devised for repressing the growth of an aristocracy. Something like it now prevails in France. It was the law of England until the baron law, or law of primogeniture or entail, was introduced, with other Norman institutions, by William the Conqueror, in the eleventh century; of Wales, until the last year of Henry VIII.'s reign, near the middle of the sixteenth century; and was abolished in Ireland about the same time. When American independence was established the Irish law of gavel was generally substituted here for the English law of primogeniture, which lingered latest, until the beginning of the present century, in Virginia and Kentucky.

Trial by jury (the germ of which is found in human nature itself, and, in some form, is found wherever any thing like civilization exists, being merely a reference of disputed points to the impartial judgment of a few men of average capacity and similar rank of life with the parties contesting) was also instituted by the Parliament of Tara, who referred all disputes about land to the decision of twelve men. It has been claimed that King Alfred was partly educated in Ireland, and that he borrowed thence, for his Saxon subjects, this great institution, which had been established at Tara centuries before. It is said that he extended the law of the twelve men so as to include the consideration of offences against the *person* as well as against the *property*.

The old Irish laws tersely assumed the form of proverbs, and were recited, in verse, by the bards, so that the people might recollect them easily. The Brehon laws, like those of all early nations, were simple and severe—literally "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" but there was a scale of prices graduated according to the offences, by which a fine, in money or goods, might be substituted, in most cases, for personal punishment. An offence against the chastity of woman was visited with the death-penalty, and not even the king himself could pardon the criminal. Culprits convicted of serious crimes were put to death by the sword, by the arrow, or by drowning. Hanging, which is a brute's death, was introduced, a thousand years after the Brehon code was established, by the English invaders. The result, commemorated in one of Moore's Irish Melodies (the ballad commencing "Rich and rare were the gems she wore"), was so decisive that, even as late as Brian Boroimbe, monarch of all Ireland at the beginning of the eleventh cen-

tury, a young and lovely maiden journeyed, on foot and unattended, from one side of the province of Munster to another, carrying a wand surmounted by a jewelled ring of gold, and neither word, look, nor touch of insult or licence assailed her.

Towards the close of the twelfth century the Anglo-Normans made good that settlement in Ireland, which they have since maintained; but for a long time the native laws chiefly remained in use, for the invaders did not then possess much of the island. From the reign of Edward I. to that of Henry VIII. various laws, principally directed against the natives, were passed by Parliaments controlled by the British. The murder of any "mere Irishman" was declared not punishable with death, nor was the violation of chastity, provided the victim was an Irishwoman, held as a crime. It was declared treasonable for the English by descent, who had settled in Ireland, to intermarry with ancient Irish families, to speak their language, imitate their dress, adopt their names, or submit to their old Brehon law; they were even punishable for allowing Irish cattle to graze upon their lands. At a time, in the reign of Edward IV., when the English held only four out of the thirty-two counties of Ireland, a reward was offered for the head of any mere Irishman. Nay, in the middle of the fifteenth century, any man who did not keep his upper lip shaved might be treated as an Irish enemy, and, ninety years later, it was enacted by the twenty-eighth of Henry VIII. that to wear the Coolin, as the moustache was called, was treason, to be punished with death—a penalty not removed until the reign of Charles I. At the same time, while it was legal to kill a mere Irishman, no English settler could be legally proceeded against by any native, on any charge. Of course, such tyranny was not submitted to with patience. The Irish were in constant revolt against their Saxon oppressors, but, never heartily uniting against the common foe, were invariably defeated and punished by the confiscation of their property and the enactment of severer laws.

All this time Ireland had a pseudo-nationalty, and retained the rank of a kingdom, being governed by a British Viceroy with a Council of State, and having a Parliament of her own, consisting of king, lords, and commons, on the plan of the English Parliament. The laws of Ireland were made by her own Parliament until the reign of Henry VIII., when Sir Edward Poynings, his attorney-general, was Viceroy, and had

a statute passed restraining the Irish Parliament from *originating* any law. even an act to authorize the making of a road; and providing that before any statute was finally discussed, it must be submitted to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and his privy council, who might use their own pleasure in rejecting it off-hand or transmitting it to England. In the latter event, the British attorney-general and privy council might either suppress it altogether or alter it as they pleased, with permission to the Irish Parliament to pass it into a law, but without leave to alter a word of it, though it frequently came back from England so changed that scarcely a trace of its original feature or a point of its original object was retained.

This remarkable statute, historically known as Poyning's law, remained in full operation for nearly three hundred years —actually from 1494 to 1782—when Grattan, backed by the public opinion of Ireland, succeeded in effecting its repeal, forcing from the British government the great and just concession that none but the king, lords, and commons of Ireland had a right to make laws for the people of Ireland. Once before, in 1691, when the Treaty of Limerick put an end to the war waged by the last of the Stuarts for the recovery of the crown his folly had forfeited, it was conceded, on the part of William of Orange, that the Irish Catholics, constituting five-sixths of the whole population, should have free exercise of their religion, the privilege of sitting in Parliament, as in the reign of Charles II., the benefit of free trade, and a general amnesty. But King William's English advisers did not allow him to carry out the stipulations of this treaty. They confiscated over a million acres in Ireland, with houses and chattels, valued then at fourteen millions sterling, and, instead of the promised toleration of religion, embodied in one statute every penal restriction against the Catholics which Queen Elizabeth had put in force in England when forcibly establishing the reformation.

The Penal Laws, as they were called, remained in operation for nearly a century, when most of them were abolished, but did not wholly expire until 1829, when the Catholics were admitted to sit in Parliament. From their enactment, until 1793, Catholics in Ireland could not vote at elections, sit in Parliament, hold landed property, have employment under the Crown, enter the university, practice the law, or openly exercise their religion. Indeed, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland openly declared in court, in 1759, that "the law

did not recognize even the existence of a Catholic in Ireland, nor could they breathe without the connivance of the Government." Other statutes operated as much against the trade and industry of Ireland as did the penal laws against her conscience. The system of jurisprudence in England is much the same as that in Ireland, and both bear a close resemblance to that of the United States, except that we have a republican simplicity in the form and practice. Scotland, on the other hand, long ago adopted and still pertinaciously maintains the Roman or civil law, preferring the Institutes of Justinian to the Commentaries of Blackstone.

In Ireland as in England, there are two grades or classes of lawyers. *Here*, a lawyer is at once counsellor and attorney; *there*, the barrister who pleads occupies a superior status to the attorney who gets up the case, collects the evidence, and prepares the statement in brief on which the other acts. Under no circumstances can an attorney, however well qualified by knowledge, experience, intellect, and character, aspire to a seat on the judicial bench. That privilege is reserved for the barrister.

To be admitted to the Irish bar, all that a man need do is to enter his name at King's Inn, Dublin (a sort of pseudo-legal seminary, where nothing is taught); pay a fine of six hundred dollars; eat a few nice dinners during each legal term with his fellow-students in the Old Hall; at the end of two years eat an equal number of term-dinners in the halls of one of the four Inns of Court in London, and then, without any examination, or any other test of his capacity or acquirements, present himself to the benches of the King's Inn, in Dublin, who admit him forthwith to the dignity of utter or outer barrister-at-law, which entitles him to be spoken of as "the learned gentleman" for the rest of his life. That he has eaten forty-eight dinners at a legal ordinary in four years is all that he need show. This knife-and-fork practice is called "keeping his terms." Of course, a great many embryo barristers actually employ these four years in the study of the law, but they need not take that trouble, unless they desire to succeed at the bar. The attorney, on the other hand, must pay an apprentice-fee to the master who undertakes to teach him the practice of the law, and has also to pay a heavy stamp duty (seven hundred dollars) on the indenture by which he is "articled." At the end of five years he has to present himself before a board of

examiners, with his claim to be admitted to status of attorney-at-law. The examination, which lasts for several days, is strict and searching. Many candidates fail to pass it, and are sent back for six or twelve months. If admitted, the *young attorney* has to pay another seven hundred dollars for the stamp on his certificate, and an annual sum of from fifty to one hundred dollars for license to practise. The barrister may become Queen's Counsel, Sergeant-at-law, Attorney-General, Solicitor-General, or Judge; but once an attorney almost always an attorney. If he aspire to become a barrister, he must cease to practise as attorney for two years before he is permitted to commence "eating his terms" for three years more. Yet it is the attorney who literally instructs the barrister, always in the facts and sometimes in the law of each case; for it is held *infra dig.* in Ireland and in England for the barrister to hold the slightest intercourse before or during a trial with his client or the witnesses. The attorney gets all the required information and hands it over to him. The barrister's fee is only an *honorarium*—a gift to which he has no legal claims (though he usually makes a point of getting the fee before he reads a line or utters a word for his client), while the attorney's bill is one of the institutions of the country. He may sue for it; it *may* be taxed, but it *must* be paid, and he may detain his client's papers until it is paid.

There are now seven hundred barristers in Ireland, including about one hundred and fifty who hold various judicial and other offices, and at least as many more who do not practise at all. Of the six hundred who practise, one-half attend the circuits—the thirty-two Irish counties being divided into five circuits, and the assizes are held twice a year in each county. There are about sixteen hundred practising attorneys in Ireland—nearly double the number of the barristers. Custom has divided the class attorney into solicitors and attorneys; the solicitors attending to equity and chamber practice, and the attorney to *nisi prius* and common law. A wit, who was asked to state the distinction between the solicitor and the attorney, sarcastically replied: "The same difference as between an alligator and a crocodile."

Ireland rejoices in a full staff of well-paid judges. The lord-chancellor has $40,000 a year, with fees, and the chances of putting all his male relatives into some well-paid offices. Unlike the English chancellor he has no church patronage; the appointment of *puisne* judges does not rest with him;

whereas the English chancellor nominates all the judicial officers except the vice-chancellor, the master of the rolls, the lords justices of appeals, the judge of the admiralty, and the chiefs of the courts of Queen's bench, common pleas, and exchequer, to all of which the prime minister appoints. There is no chancellor in Scotland. When the Irish chancellor resigns, which rarely happens except when there is a change of ministry, he is gently solaced with a life-pension of $20,000 per annum, and this, whether his stay in office has been long or short. Thus, Mr. George Ponsonby held office in Ireland for a few months in 1806, and when his party went out, accompanied them, receiving this large pension until he died in 1817. Sir Edward Sugden, in 1835, was Irish chancellor for three months, and then resigned on the pension. In 1841, when the English whig ministry were "dead-beaten," and could find no legal sinecure for Sir John Campbell, then attorney-general, they actually *compelled* their own friend, Lord Plunket, to resign the Irish chancellorship, pensioning him of course, and appointed Campbell, whose duration of office was six weeks in time, though all his sittings on the bench occupied only sixteen hours, during which he partly heard *four* cases, and then retired, obtaining not only the pension, but a peerage. He eventually became chief-justice and finally chancellor of England, dying in that office a few years ago. It should be added, however, that any one who has been a judge in any part of the British empire never can return to practise at the bar. The pension to a judge removed on political grounds is to compensate him for loss of income from his practice as a lawyer.

So much afraid has the English government been of having Irishmen at the head of Irish affairs, that from December, 1690 until 1789, a period of one hundred years, no native lawyer was appointed chancellor in Ireland. Then Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Clare, a man of undoubted ability, whatever his political faults, was the first Irishman who held that office. Out of fifteen chancellors appointed since 1789, the only Irishmen were Plunket, Brady, Blackburne, and Napier. As a general rule the highest judge in Ireland was taken from the English bar. But while Irish lawyers submitted to this, English lawyers steadily and successfully resisted any like application of the same principle. In 1827, when Mr. Canning appointed Plunket, then the best of Irish lawyers, and perhaps without a superior in equity in any country, to the judicial office of master of the rolls in Eng-

land, the English bar refused to appear before him because he was *only* an Irish lawyer, and the appointment had to be cancelled. An Irish barrister cannot plead, an Irish attorney cannot act, in any English court of law, except before the house of lords, which is as much the ultimate court of appeal in "the old country" as the supreme court at Washington is in the United States. Nay, it was actually proposed only twelve years ago that the important cases always tried before the superior judges in Dublin should be thenceforth tried in London—than which, on account of the delay and expense, no greater denial of justice could possibly be contrived.

In Ireland, besides the Chancellor, Master of the Rolls, and Lord Justice of Appeal, there are twelve Judges of the Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, and Judges of the Admirality, Consistorial, and Ecclesiastical Courts, besides a numerous array of Recorders (who act judicially), Manorial and Seneschal Judges, and thirty-three Chairmen of Quarter Sessions. The salaries range from $40,000 to $4,000 a year; and, in most cases, when a judge leaves the bench he obtains as of right a life-pension, generally equal to two-thirds of his salary.

Near the close of the last century Lord Chancellor Clare, described by Sir Jonah Barrington as "a despot and the greatest enemy Ireland ever had," wishing to corrupt the Irish bar, created thirty-two judicial offices in Ireland by a single act of Parliament, to be held by barristers of six years' standing, with salaries averaging from $2,500 to $4,000 a year. "He had felt in his own experience," Mr. Sheil said, "how far the receipt of the public money may extinguish a sensibility to public abuses." To each county in Ireland he gave a lawyer, whose ostensible duty was to advise the Justices of the Peace sitting on the bench at Quarter Sessions—mere country gentlemen, who knew little or nothing of law, and sometimes exhibited equal ignorance of justice. This official was first called 'Assistant Barrister,' because it was supposed that his business was to assist the county magistrates with his legal advice. Now and then there would be a revolt against this legal official (as when, in 1825, the Earl of Kingston insisted that *he*, as oldest and grandest magistrate present, and not Assistant Barrister Martley, should pronounce sentence upon certain convicted criminals); but in course of time, when able lawyers were appointed, their authority prevailed—they did the work—they tried criminal

and civil suits—they became Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, by which title they are now known. The early designation 'Assistant Barrister' obtained no popular respect, for the populace understood that it meant an inferior lawyer."

It is related upon the authority of a lawyer who was present that Henry Deane Freeman, who was Assistant Barrister for Galway, was prosecuting counsel in the case of a man indicted for highway robbery. The prisoner produced as witness to his character a fellow with a hang-dog look, whom Mr. Freeman instantly recognized. In cross-examination this man was asked, "When did you last stand in the dock and for what?" The witness sulkily responded, "What's that to you?" "Were you not tried and condemned at Galway for manslaughter?" "Well, if I was, I did not do it." "Of course not; the number of innocent villains is immense. Were you not imprisoned for six months?" By this time the witness recognized his examiner, who, as Assistant Barrister of Galway, had tried and sentenced him. Turning rather confidentially to the judge, with a sidelong look of contempt at Mr. Freeman, he earnestly said, *sotto voce:* "My Lord, you mustn't mind what *that* fellow says. He's an imposter. He isn't a real barrister. He's only an *au-sistant* barrister down in Galway, and isn't worth your Honor's notice."

Irish lawyers of the last century were proud of their profession, which was then the only road for the middle classes to the highest stations in the land; proud of their country, for in it they were the equals of the highest noble; seeing in *la noblesse de la robe* a dignity higher than that of the mere accident of patrician birth; they were ready, according to the custom of the time, to back their quarrels on the field, and an active fancy and a ready pen frequently required support from the quick eye or the steady hand upon the pistol or the rapier. Almost every lawyer of eminence who sat upon the judicial bench, or pleaded in the law courts between 1780 and 1820, had fought at least one duel. Even parties in lawsuits were accustomed to the use of the pistol.

An Irish gentleman who was about being tried for a misdemeanor was informed by the judge, as the names of the jury were being called over, that he might challenge any of them for cause. "My Lord," said he, "I'll wait until the trial is over, and if they give a verdict against me I'll challenge every mother's son of them."

From 1690 to 1798 a Catholic could not become a mem-

ber of the Irish bar. Mr. O'Connell, who had been educated in France for the priesthood, was one of the earliest among the Catholics to become a lawyer, when the bar was opened to them. The profession afforded great scope to ambition; the preliminary cost of keeping terms, two years in Dublin and two years in London, was so great that the sons of persons with limited means were seldom able to become lawyers. However, John Scott, afterwards Chief Justice and Earl of Clonmel, was a poor man's son, helped forward by a rich merchant in Cork. Barry Yelverton, who told his mother while yet in his teens, that he wished he had eleven shirts more, as every gentleman ought to have a dozen, reached the bench and the peerage as Viscount Avonmore. Curran, literally educated on charity, and enabled to study the law through the liberality of his wife's father, had the greatest popularity and the largest practice at the bar for nearly thirty years, and finally became Master of the Rolls—an Equity-Judge, immediately next to the Lord Chancellor.

We can well understand the pride with which, when dining with the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and asked what his profession had done for him, he answered, "It has enabled the son of an Irish peasant to sit at the table of his Prince."

The Irish lawyers of the time of Curran did not much resemble their solid contemporaries at the bars of England and Scotland. They were more like the advocates of France —jovial and witty, gay and literary.

The present Irish bar does not rank as high as that which Ireland was proud of, and with ample cause, in that remarkably brilliant though too brief period. In the days of Louis XV., the great Chancellor of France, D'Aguesseau, wrote that the profession of the lawyer was "Nobility without title, rank without birth, and riches without an estate." This was the truth as applied to the bar of Ireland in the last century, and more particularly towards its close. Then the gown of the lawyer was as honorable as the ribbon of the noble, and in the provincial condition of the country the bar was almost the only road to distinction. In the twenty years immediately preceding the Union nearly a dozen of the first lawyers were raised to the peerage. Many influences combined to lead young lawyers into Parliament. He who had talent, as well as ambition, might reasonably hope, by such a pathway, to reach preferment and renown; and if he did not become a Judge at an early period, at least to reach scarcely less

lucrative offices. The great parliamentary debaters on the popular side were lawyers. Henry Burgh, who reached the office of Prime Sergeant, the highest rank at the Irish bar, before he was thirty-six, was one of the most brilliant orators in the House of Commons. His hand was liberal, his fortune limited. To him, as to others, wealth and rank must have been powerful temptations—he always admitted that they were—but high above them rose a strong love for Ireland. When the question of independence was debated, Burgh, though in office, made a powerful speech in favor of his country. The House rose *en masse* to cheer him, as he concluded with an allusion to the Volunteers and said: "Talk not to me of peace; Ireland is *not* in a state of peace; it is smothered war. England has sown her laws like dragons' teeth, and they have sprung up armed men." He knew the penalty of being honest, and resigned office, but was too illustrious to become obscure. As Grattan said twenty years after the death of Burgh, "The gates of promotion were shut upon him as those of glory opened."

Flood, who fought the battle of Irish independence so nobly, until he accepted a lucrative office from the government, and was one of the ablest and most persuasive among political orators, was a lawyer, though he did not practise. His great rival, Henry Grattan, was called to the bar before he entered Parliament, and, no doubt, his legal studies were of ultimate advantage to him in disciplining his mind. But his heart never was in his profession. In the first, and, we believe, the only cause in which he pleaded, he was so conscientious and unlawyerlike, as, not having gained a verdict, to return to his client one-half of the fee of fifty guineas which he had received. He was the greatest parliamentary orator Ireland ever produced. His schoolfellow, Fitzgibbon, who commenced his political course as a patriot, was also such an able lawyer that, during the thirteen years of his chancellorship, very few of his decrees were reversed upon repeal. He ought to have been superior to mercenary influences, for his inherited fortune was large. His personal courage was great, and the contempt which his tongue boldly spoke his weapon as boldly defended. His pride, which was boundless, equalled his ambition. He ever aimed at power, and at office and rank, as the instruments for getting it. For over twelve years, that is, until after the union with England was effected and Ireland's liberties prostrated, he ruled his native land with more power than any of the five viceroys sent thither

by the English monarch during that time. Having maneuvered himself into an Irish earldom and a British barony, he anticipated that he must become a power in the imperial senate and the British Cabinet. He was treated, on the contrary, as one for whom there was no further need, and died soon after, rather of chagrin than of natural decay. In his hour of haughty pride he had declared that he would make the Irish people as tame as cats, and at his funeral, when his remains were lowered into the grave, the populace, who hated him, cast a shower of cats upon the coffin. An injured people may submit, but never forget.

Among the other legal notabilities of that time was John Scott. He was equally ready at the bar and on the sod; well versed in law, he was also the best swordsman and deadliest shot at the bar and in the House. A noted patriot, almost a republican before he entered Parliament, the prospect of promotion changed him. He died chief-justice, earl, and millionaire, and, in his last days, confessed with tardy remorse that had he to go through life again he would have been a day laborer rather than have betrayed his country's cause.

There was Carleton, the saddest-looking man on the bench, who would have been invaluable to an undertaker as a mute at a funeral. His melancholy aspect and subdued manner induced Curran to say that he was *plaintive* in every case. There was Wolfe, an amiable and just judge, murdered by mistake in the street during Robert Emmett's revolt in 1803. There was Downes, who had the largest face, perhaps, ever possessed by any one who was not a monstrosity. The flesh trembled as if it were human jelly and Plunket compared it to a shaking quagmire. There was Toler, whose sole inheritance as a younger son was a pair of saw-handled duelling pistols, with which, rather than by legal knowledge, he fought his way from the condition of a briefless barrister into the House of Commons, and finally to the judicial ermine and an earldom. There was Standish O'Grady, keen, sarcastic, and logical, proud of his ancient descent, but never above his business; and there was Barry Yelverton, so long the friend and boon companion of Curran, and, indeed, his townsman. He made his way to the bar through self-denial, poverty, and difficulty. Naturally convivial, he never allowed pleasure to unfit him for business. He was laborious and learned, and though not master of the logical argument of Flood, the brilliant antithesis of Grattan, the

captivating rhetoric of Burgh, the mathemathical reasoning of Plunket, or the fascinating imagery and varied pathos of Curran, he possessed a bold, nervous, affluent eloquence of his own—fiery and fervid, as well as weighty and distinct—which made him a formidable opponent. He was fully forty years old before he entered Parliament, and at once became a powerful aid to Grattan and Flood in their great battle for Irish independence. In 1783 he listened to overtures from the government, who desired to detach him from the popular cause, and accepted the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, then vacant by the death of Henry Burgh. He was promised a peerage, but had to wait several years for it. Curran commented with severity on his desertion of liberal principles, and some one said: "But, after all, he has got only the ermine for himself and nothing for his family." "Oh!" said Curran, "that only shows that a man, though a keen sportsman, may be a bad shot." As a judge he stands *sans peur et sans reprôche*, his only fault being that he would sometimes receive impressions too soon and too strongly. This arose from the quickness of his perception, but he learned to discipline his judgment, and was deservedly popular. Of his eloquence only a few sentences have been preserved. A lawyer pleading before him spoke slightingly of the Commentaries of Blackstone, and he impressively corrected him. "Blackstone," he said, "first gave to the law the air of science; he found it a skeleton and clothed it with flesh, color, and complexion; he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into life, sense, and beauty."

Akin to this is a paragraph from a speech by Mr. afterwards Lord Chancellor Plunket, in the Trimbleston case, which engaged the best talent at the Irish bar. It relates to the Statutes of Limitation, or to prescriptive title. "If time destroys the evidence of title," he said, "the laws have wisely and humanely made length of possession a substitute for that which has been destroyed. He comes with his scythe in one hand to mow down the monuments of our rights; but in his other hand the law-giver has placed an hour-glass, by which he metes out incessantly those portions of duration which render needless the evidence he has swept away." Each of these men, who were politicians as well as lawyers, rose to the peerage:—Fitzgibbon, as Earl of Clare; Scott, as Earl of Clonmel; Toler, as Earl of Norbury; O'Grady, as Viscount Guillamore; Wolfe, as Lord Kilerarden; Yelverton, as Viscount Avonmore; and Downes and Carleton as Barons, with personal titles.

Curran, who, as an advocate, was surpassed only by O'Connell, who was one of the soundest lawyers of his time, also had a seat in Parliament, and invariably spoke and voted on the patriotic side; he did more—he followed the practice of the time and place and fought several duels. It was a fighting era—so much so that once, during a parliamentary election, when the rival candidates had a dispute on the hustings, the High Sheriff politely and obligingly adjourned the proceedings, while the two gentlemen proceeded to an adjacent field to exchange shots. Everywhere he was fearless and uncompromising. As an orator, wit, and boon companion, his success has rarely, if ever, been equalled. He had been six years in Parliament, and had not reached the age of forty when the Regency bill came before the House of Commons. At that period he was a struggling man with expensive associates, and what he used to call "a large small family." He was offered the Chief Justiceship of Ireland, with a peerage, if he would vote with the Government on that bill. He was not to be bought; he spurned the bribe, and voted against the Government. Fitzgibbon, who had been ostentatiously anti-ministerial up to that period, was also approached; he swallowed the bait with avidity, was made Lord Chancellor with a peerage, and thenceforth was a deadly foe to Irish liberty. Curran is grandly identified with the best and the most sorrowful years of Ireland's short-lived nationality. He was known, tried, and trusted by his countrymen. He was the centre of the flashing wits, the renowned orators, the brilliant advocates, the true patriots of Ireland. To use the words of Thomas Davis (who resembled him in many points), Curran was "a companion unrivalled in sympathy and wit; an orator, whose thoughts went forth like ministers of nature, with robes of light and swords in their hands; a patriot, who battled best when the flag was trampled down; and a genuine, earnest man, breathing of his climate, his country, and his time."

Although a great advocate, Curran, who was Master of the Rolls in 1806, was scarcely above mediocrity as an Equity Judge. But he deserves to be remembered as the lawyer who dared to be honest in the most perilous, as well as the most corrupt, times of Ireland. In society he was almost unequalled. Byron, who did not meet him until the great advocate's "wine of life was on the lees," wrote to Moore in 1813: "I have met Curran at Holland House; he beats everybody; his imagination is beyond human, and his humor (it

is difficult to define what is wit) perfect. Then he has fifty faces, and twice as many voices; when he mimics, I never met his equal. * * * I almost fear to meet him again, lest the impression should be lowered. * * * What a variety of expression he conjures into that naturally not very fine countenance of his! He absolutely changes it entirely. I have done, for I can't describe him, and you know him."

Three years later, in his private journal, Byron wrote: "Curran! Curran's the man who struck me most. Such imagination!—there never was anything like it that I ever saw or heard of. His *published* life, his published speeches, give you no idea of the man—none at all. He was a *machine* of imagination, as some one said of Piron that he was an epigrammatic machine. * * * He was wonderful even to me, who had seen many remarkable men of the time." Again and still later, Byron wrote of Curran: "The riches of his Irish imagination were exhaustless. I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written—though I have seen him seldom and but occasionally."

Saurin and Plunket, Bellew and Goold, Egan and Bushe, Langrish and Barrington, with many others who made the Irish bar illustrious between seventy and eighty years ago, entered keenly into political life, and rushed from the forum to the senate, eager partisans on the side of their country; and the two first of these brought into party debate a concentration of thought, joined with the subtlest logic and the most fervid expression, which happy union made an eloquence scarcely inferior to that of Burke in the British Parliament. Saurin, who declined the ermine, was Attorney General, after the Union, for many years, and was a great lawyer. Plunket, successively Attorney General, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Lord Chancellor, entered the British House of Commons some years after the Union which he so vehemently opposed, and was finally made Lord Chancellor, with a peerage. It is much to his credit that, while he was a law officer of the Crown, he never would sanction the practice of "packing a jury," which had previously been much indulged in on the part of the Government. For many years he was one of the most eloquent arguers in the British Parliament, and to him, after the death of Grattan, was confided by the Irish Catholics the difficult championship of their cause. Another of the men of that

time, "when there were giants in the land," was Charles Kendal Bushe, one of the most accomplished and effective speakers in the Irish House of Commons, endowed with lively and spontaneous wit, and also a great lawyer. He held the office of Chief Justice from 1822 to 1842, and died in the year following. We need not proceed further with this catalogue raisonné—O'Connell, O'Loghlin, Blackburne, Lefroy, North, Doherty, Goold, Wallace, and others, who belong to that memorable time. Sheil and Phillips have described them with spirit and accuracy in their respective books, and they merit better than to be crowded into a paragraph at the close of an article.

The general impression, not quite unfounded, is, that the members of the Irish bar are better advocates than lawyers, more eloquent than argumentative, and better skilled in cross-examination than in applying the great principles of jurisprudence. When the leaders of the Irish bar sat in Parliament, where ornamental rhetoric was highly estimated, their oratory, thus chastened, was more rational and impressive than when they addressed a jury. There are now many Irishmen in successful practice at the English bar; two are on the bench, Sir James Willes and Sir Samuel Martin; and the present Attorney-General of England, Sir Hugh Cairns, may probably become Lord Chancellor, with a peerage, in the event of the present administration continuing in office. The consideration of the interesting question, how does the present bar of Ireland compare in learning and eloquence with that of the past, we leave to others, only observing that the honor and independence of the profession have always been maintained in Ireland. We conclude with what Sidney Smith, who was wise as well as witty, once addressed to a great judge, in an assize sermon preached by him in York:

"Impress upon yourself the importance of your profession; consider that some of the greatest and most important interests of the world are committed to your care; that you are our protectors against the encroachments of power; that you are the preservers of freedom, the defenders of weakness, the unravellers of cunning, the investigators of artifice, the humblers of pride, and the scourgers of oppression; when you are silent, the sword leaps from its scabbard, and nations are given up to the madness of internal strife. In all the civil difficulties of life men depend upon your exercised faculties and your spotless integrity, and they require of you an elevation above all that is mean, and a spirit which will never yield when it ought not to yield. As long as your profession retains its character for learning, the rights of mankind will be well arranged; as long as it retains its character for virtuous boldness, those rights will be

well defended; as long as it preserves itself pure and incorruptible on other occasions not connected with your profession, those talents will never be used for the public injury, which were intended and matured for the public good."

These are golden precepts, worthy of being treasured in the mind of every lawyer in every land.

ART. VII.—*The Living Forces of the Universe. The Temple and the Worshippers. Know Thyself.* By GEORGE W. THOMPSON. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 358. Philadelphia: Howard Challen, 1866.

THE title of this volume attracted our attention; we took it up hoping to find something to justify it. Turning to the first pages we find everything that is great and good, in philosophy, promised; turning to the last we again receive the most solemn assurances of the value of the work. With our usual good nature we proceed to search for the gold which we are assured is so abundant in this mine; but, although we have not left a corner unexplored, all we have been able to find is brass mixed with pot-metal.

We are sorry for the sake of the publisher, whom we know to be an industrious man, much more disposed to gratify than to disappoint the public; we should probably be equally concerned for the sake of the author if we knew anything more about him personally than we learn from the book, namely, that he has the prefix "Hon." to his name, and that Wheeling, West Virginia, has the honor of being the place of his residence, if not that of his birth. He will have fair play, however, at our hands. He appears before us as a philosopher who undertakes to build up a new system; and this is to be the American system *par excellence*. Nothing attempted previously was at all like it; nor is it probable that anything attempted hereafter, for at least a century, will make any nearer approach to it in certain of its features, which we will notice as we proceed.

In its language, at least, the book is original; that is, if originality consists, as some seem to think, in being very often, if not in general, utterly unintelligible. Our author's philosophy, too, is a very good thing, if we are in future to regard philosophy as a sort of Babylonish jargon which may mean anything or nothing. But before we make any attempt to examine what is presented to us by Mr. Thompson, let us see what has philosophy been considered hith-

erto. It seems it owes its name to the modesty of Pythagoras, who refused the title σοφὸς *wise*, given to his predecessors, preferring to be regarded simply as a lover of wisdom. In accordance with this Brucker defines philosophy as "that love of wisdom which incites to the pursuit of *important and useful science*"; if to this we add the opinion of Epictetus that knowledge which is applicable to no useful purpose cannot deserve the name of wisdom, we shall be the better prepared to appreciate the philosophy of Mr. Thompson at its proper value.

Addressing the student of nature and of life in a sort of preface, our author says: "There is herein a union of the philosophic, dogmatic, and didactic styles, and these are frequently in the same section, and at times in the same sentence." Before he concludes his address to the student he modestly hints that something more than mere human knowledge may be expected in his pages. "The foundations of what is written," he says, "have been given to me *by a solemn instruction*, through strange providences and sad vicissitudes, yet maintaining through all an earnest and open spirit of inquiry and of receptivity" (p. xii).

This, however, is simplicity itself compared to what follows. But the author has done one judicious thing; before he commences his first book he gives a copious glossary, so that, at least, some of his philosophical expressions may be understood. The difficulty is, that while many of the meaningless or Thompsonian words are omitted in the glossary, words to be found in every respectable English dictionary are given together with certain technical terms which are sufficiently familiar to every intelligent person; such, for example, as *adumbrate, æsthetics, complement, cosmos, dynamic, entity, paradox*, &c.

We have an instance of the lucidity of our author's style in the very first page of his first book under the head of "fundamental stones." Speaking of man, he tells us that he is "a congeries of organisms bound together *in an inclusive organization*," &c. In the next sentence we are told: "These organs are correlated, in various manners, *to his special soul-organisms, each with its organic powers of functionalization*." Sometimes our philosopher prepares the ignorant at the beginning of a paragraph as follows: "Intusception, abbreviated from intussusception, is a term to which much importance is attached" (p. 2). In the same paragraph we are informed that "Man becomes the *diaphaneous ectype* of the inner spirit-

ual self as he is moulded and moulds his surrounding organisms," &c. (p. 3.)

But let us not linger at the beginning; turn wherever we will we are sure to find curious specimens of the English language. Thus, we are first told about proleptic morality and Divine ideas; then we are shown how we may acquire the latter. "These are reached," says Mr. Thompson, "by a process herein termed *Ideation, the intusception of the Self*, of the divine *forms* from which the movements *into creative actualizations were objectified* by Deity." (p. 55.)

Who need be without divine ideas after this, since it is so easy to "reach" them? What can be simpler than the process? But the author grows more and more profound as he proceeds; at least he becomes more and more incomprehensible to us. Speaking of certain things which we cannot pretend to understand, our philosopher removes all doubt by the following luminous sentence:

"These alone can give us causes in their *potentialities and efficiencies* for furnishing forth a creation, where the dynamical forces present those possessed by the Self, where the *plasticities inwoven by the vegetal* and animal *autonomies* work blindly but wisely intelligential to their forms of beauty and use, where the instincts of the animal creation incorporate a power—a force for acting, a blind intelligence to fulfil their appropriate offices, and evolve a love with diversified means and sources of gratification—and where the Autopsy, which makes the transcendentalism, exhibits, in its *spontaneities and ideational reveries*, evidences of identification with these forces, and in which the self-analysis discovers their conscious inherence." (p. 59.)

How much like the style of Plato, or of any philosopher worthy of the name! Did ever philosopher write in such a style? Some may be reminded of Spinoza by this question; but, if Spinoza was sadly wrong in his pantheism, and ungrateful to the Creator, he was, nevertheless, an admirable logician, if we make due allowance for his false premises. There is nothing we are reminded of by the passage just quoted more forcibly than the account given by the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus, of the sort of knowledge he obtained from each of his several instructors. From Rusticus, he says, he learned that "his character required discipline; that he should not be led astray to sophistic emulation, nor to writing on speculative matters, nor to *delivering little hortatory orations*; and to *abstain from fine writing*."*

No one has described *being* like our author. "It is an object," he says, "of intusception, and it cannot be reached

* Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus, p. 83.

by a formal process of reasoning—of *motionalizing as of an ontological subsistence.* It is to be intuscepted and sought for as it is revealed in phenomena, and these phenomena are to be found in all the elements which are *subjective in, or objective to, the cognizing agent—in the infinitesimal protozoa,* the worm at the feet," &c. (p. 64.) This, be it remembered, is not half the sentence; the whole would occupy more space than we can afford to give that sort of thing just now. We will, however try to make room for the sentence which follows it:

"Being incapable of disjunctive analysis subsists, in a coördination of trinal coessentialities, namely, Power to create objectively, to sustain and to destroy what is created; they are equivalents: Intellectivity, the *forma formans*, to correlate all things, from the primary elements on through to the last act of time, to wisely organize and adjust the positive correlations in matter and forces from which cause and effect flow, to counterpoise the philosophic contingencies, filling a space or conditions in the economies of nature and life, but less important than the actual causations, I. i. 13, and to supply, in these and other manifold forms, Intelligibility to nature and life, and Intelligence to the workmen and the worshippers in the temple; and a causative love *from* which and *to* which all shall conform. (p. 65.)

When simple existence is described in this way, what amount of words may we not expect in a description of the human understanding? We will take two brief sentences, in passing, from a modern philosopher, and ask whether they do not contain a good deal more than the interminable sentences of Mr. Thompson: "Chance is a word void of sense. Nothing can exist without a cause. The world is arranged according to mathematical laws; therefore, it is arranged by an intelligence." Indeed, there is more pith, force, and truth in this than in our author's whole volume; and we fear that when the several volumes, or "books," which he threatens to add to it are ready, pretty nearly the same sentence may be passed upon them, or otherwise he will have improved very much in his style and treasured up a large number of precepts and ideas which do not seem to have yet occurred to him.

And yet why do we say so in view of the fact that our author tells us that his "philosophy is legitimated in the method and its processes, and no dogma is stated without its demonstration." (p. ix.) In the same page we are told that it "tenders conciliations of the dogmas of all religions, creeds, and superstitions which are capable of being resolved into a consentaneous, harmonious, and progressive system for the culture and advancement of humanity."

In short, the great difficulty is that our author knows too

much, or rather thinks he knows an immense amount, which is a far more hopeless condition on the part of a philosopher. If Mr. Thompson knows all about God and nature which he undertakes to teach us in this work, how absurd is that sentence engraved on the frontispiece of the Temple of Sáis in Egypt: "I am all that has been, all that is, all that will be, and yet no one has raised the veil which covers me." This inscription was written more than four thousand years ago; but has the great problem been resolved since by any mortal except we believe Mr. Thompson that all mystery, doubt, ignorance, and superstition disappear before the magic of his pen.

But let us give one more specimen or two. It does not matter much what part of the book we quote from. In general those who undertake to define the elements of knowledge think it necessary to be plain, and to use as few polysyllables as they can, consistently with clearness of expression; but our author seems to have taken the opposite view of the case, at least he has introduced more "learned words" in each sentence than we can pretend to understand until we have studied his glossary a little more closely than we have yet done. What a large amount of wisdom the young student can learn from the following passage? What a relief it will be to his teacher?

"All the elements of knowledge, as they are presented in the Consciousness, are there subjective, either as sensations, instincts, psytations, imaginates, concepts, notions, intuates, or ideates, and as they are inwoven by their correlations into actuation by the Intellectivity for the gratification of the passional or affectional nature—and below this they are the internuncial spontanieties of instinct. Whatever may have been their original subjectivity in the Self, or the objectivity of the phenomena which produced them, they must, as objectivities to the Self, become enfolded in the reflex consciousness, and be subjected to its scrutiny in its threefold light, and thus become subjective objects; that is, they must be received into the clear consciousness and there be thrown into objective position before they can be scrutinized and made elementary to knowledge, philosophy, and religion. Here they are enlifed, infecundated, by the Self from its animalistic, human, or spiritual subjectivities." (p. 254.)

This, it will be admitted, is curious philosophy; indeed, it is idle to deny that it is a spurious kind. Supposing that our author were a philosopher, he certainly could not make philosophers of others with this sort of dialect. What is the use of language? Is it not to enable us to communicate our ideas to each other? And in proportion as ideas are grand and sublime, and beyond the comprehension of ordinary minds do they need to be clearly expressed. They

have been so expressed accordingly by all whom the world regard as philosophers. Where do we find language plainer than that of Socrates and his pupil Plato? Neither uses any words that require a glossary; neither attempt to make mere sound a substitute for sense. The same remark will apply to any of the philosophers of modern times whose status as such is acknowledged, be their opinions what they may. There are many who have attacked Christianity who are nevertheless regarded as philosophers by the most zealous Christians, because, however much they have erred in their religions, or rather in their religious views they have noble thoughts on other subjects, and they express those thoughts so that "he who runs may read."

This is true of Voltaire, Condillac, the Baron D'Holbach, Malebranche, Hume. All can be understood by those who can understand any of the languages of Europe as they are spoken and written by the cultivated class. And may we not say the same of the language of Bacon? who fails to comprehend the sublime reasoning of Locke on the human understanding? When is Descartes so obscure—when does he use so many meaningless polysyallables—but that we can easily accompany him in his train of thought? He may tell us that animals are but machines that have no feeling, or put forward any other theory, however absurd, as the greatest minds are liable to do; but we are never at a loss to comprehend his meaning. Were it otherwise he would be no philosopher, for philosophy is a thing of light, not of darkness. If Mr. Thompson would bear these facts in mind we might have a very different report to give of his forthcoming books from that which we have felt bound to give of this; and certainly it would be much more agreeable to us to approve than to censure in his case. In the meantime we beg leave to remind him that there is nothing more necessary for a philosopher than *knowledge;* his knowledge should be extensive, varied, and well digested; then, if he wants to instruct others he must not use words as unskillful plasterers use mortar, but rather bear in mind when he takes such pains to fill the ear that it is the emptiest vessels which sound the loudest.

ART. VIII.—*Address of the National Convention to the People of the United States.* Philadelphia, Aug. 16, 1866.

WE are glad to see that the good sense of the American people is vindicating itself. The best illustration of this is to

be found in the proceedings of the National Convention recently held at Phladelphia, and in the speeches and editorial comments which those proceedings have elicited in all parts of the great Republic—in the States lately in rebellion as well as in those which did most to put down the rebellion.. The Address of the Convention to the People is not only truly patriotic; it is eminently statesman-like. We do not at all disagree with those who declare it of equal importance with the Declaration of Independence; but think that Mr. Raymond has acquitted himself quite as well as Mr. Jefferson. The two names should in future stand side by side on the roll of fame; these two documents should everywhere be regarded as their just titles to at least prominent niches in the Walhalla of their country. Nor would we have President Johnson forgotten in connection with the noble and memorable work of the National Convention; for well and manfully has he fought in defence of the principles of justice and patriotism which it has promulgated and recommended to every American citizen as a creed.

Although we thus fully appreciate the true political wisdom embodied in the Address of the Convention, our readers may remember that it does not contain a single proposition bearing on the relations between the North and South, before or after the war, which we had not discussed in these pages long before the Convention was held. Nor did we merely give our opinion on those various topics; we fully sustained our views by citations from the most eminent writers on international law, and the laws of war. These discussions we commenced so early as June, 1865—more than a year ago—in our very first issue after the close of the war; nor have we ceased during the same period to protest against the usurpations of Congress, or to denounce its vindictive, tyrannical conduct towards the South as not only narrow-minded and unstatesmanlike in itself, but as fraught with danger to the Republic. Before we conclude these remarks we will quote a few brief passages from different articles published in this journal during the past year, in order to refresh the memory of those who may have forgotten our views, on the great questions involved in the restoration of the Union, as the grand result of suppressing the rebellion; but we will first quote from the Address of the Convention.

In thus showing the identity of our own views, as expressed at different times, with those of the National Convention, we do not mean to detract in the least from the

honor due to the framers of the Address to the People, but simply to express our satisfaction that our opinions have received the solemn sanction of the most intelligent and most patriotic representatives of the people in all parts of the Republic, North and South. This, we confess, we are proud of; we are all the more so because we are no partisans; we have perhaps as many personal friends among the Radicals, whose vindictive and despotic conduct we have denounced, as among any other party whatever; but no personal predilections will induce us to shrink from exposing public wrong, if for no other reason than that there can be but little reliance on the friendship of those who, in order to retain power for themselves as long as possible, would bring ruin on their country, and oppress all who ventured to differ in opinion with them.

As we have so fully discussed the subject of Restoration in all its bearings, we do not mean to do anything more in this paper than simply to extract those passages in the Address of the Convention which seem to us to possess most importance; and to make such brief comments, in passing, as their fragmentary character renders necessary, in order that those who may not have had an opportunity of seeing the whole document may be able to appreciate them in their full force. After some appropriate prefatory remarks, the Address to the People of the United States proceeds to say:

"For the first time after six long years of alienation and of conflict, we have come together from every State and every section of our land as citizens of a common country, under that flag, the symbol again of a common glory, to consult together how best to cement and perpetuate that Union which is again the object of our common love, and thus secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

"In the first place, we invoke you to remember, always and everywhere, that the war is ended and the nation is again at peace. The shock of contending arms no longer assails the shuddering heart of the republic. The insurrection against the supreme authority of the nation has been suppressed, and that authority has again been acknowledged, by word and act, in every State and by every citizen within its jurisdiction. We are no longer required or permitted to regard or treat each other as enemies. Not only have the acts of war been discontinued, and the weapons of war laid aside, but the state of war no longer exists, and the sentiments, the passions, the relations of war, have no longer lawful or rightful place anywhere throughout our broad domain. We are again people of the United States, fellow-citizens of one country, bound by the duties and obligations of a common patriotism, and having neither rights nor interests apart from a common destiny. The duties that devolve upon us now are again the duties of peace, and no longer the duties of war. We have assembled here to take counsel concerning the interests of peace; to decide how we may most wisely and effectually heal the wounds the war has made, and perfect and perpetuate the benefits it has

secured, and the blessings which, under a wise and benign Providence, have sprung up in its fiery track. This is the work, not of passion, but of calm and sober judgment; *not of resentment for past offences, prolonged beyond the limits which justice and reason prescribe*, but of a liberal statesmanship, *which tolerates what it cannot prevent*, and builds its plans and its hopes for the future rather upon a community of interest and ambition than upon distrust and the weapons of force.

"In the next place, we call upon you to recognize in their full significance, and to accept with all their legitimate consequences, the political results of the war just closed. In two most important particulars the victory achieved by the national government has been final and decisive. First, it has established beyond all further controversy and by the highest of all human sanctions the absolute supremacy of the national government as defined and limited by the constitution of the United States, and the permanent integrity and indissolubility of the federal Union as a necessary consequence; and, second, it has put an end finally and forever to the existence of slavery upon the soil or within the jurisdiction of the United States. Both these points became directly involved in the contest, and controversy upon both was ended absolutely and finally by the result."

Here we have the case stated in the language of moderation and justice; the only kind of language in which any statesman worthy of the name ever expresses himself in similar circumstances. In the same spirit the rights and privileges of Northerners and Southerners are set forth in accordance with the views of the wisest statesmen of ancient and modern times—views which are based on considerations of justice, humanity, and patriotism:

"The government of the United States maintained by force of arms the supreme authority over all the territory and over all the States and people within its jurisdiction which the constitution confers upon it; *but it acquired thereby no new power, no enlarged jurisdiction, no rights, either of territorial possession or of civil authority, which it did not possess before the rebellion broke out.* All the rightful power it can ever possess is that which is conferred upon it, either in express terms or by fair and necessary implication, by the constitution of the United States. It was that power and that authority which the rebellion sought to overthrow, and the victory of the federal arms was simply the defeat of that attempt. The government of the United States acted throughout the war on the defensive. It sought only to hold possession of what was already its own. Neither the war nor the victory by which it was closed *changed in any way the constitution of the United States.* The war was carried on by virtue of its provisions, and under the limitations which they prescribe; and the result of the war, did not either enlarge, abridge, or in any way change or affect the powers it confers upon the federal government, or release that government from the restrictions which it has imposed."

That this is a just and fair interpretation of the law of nations as laid down by the most learned jurists, we showed months ago.* It is then shown what the object of the war

* See N. Q. R., No. xxiv., Art. "The President's Veto—Rights of Conquered," pp. 292—296.

was on the part of the federal government; all are reminded that this object was often reiterated, not only by the Executive, but by Congress, and that the most solemn assurances were given by both that as soon as it was attained all the States would enjoy equal rights, the same as they previously did. But the Radicals would falsify all this, and place the American government before the world in the attitude of a power which, while it would expend any amount of treasure and blood or the sake of securing freedom for the Negro, would make a slave of his late Caucassian master. In commenting on this branch of the subject the Address presents a faithful portrait of the fanatical and selfish Congress which has proved itself not more anxious to oppress the South as much as possible than it was to put as much money as it could into the pockets of its members.

'It is only since the war was closed that other rights have been asserted on behalf of one department of the general government. It has been proclaimed by congress that, in addition to the powers conferred upon it by the constitution, the federal government may now claim over the States, the territory, and the people involved in the insurrection, the rights of war, *the right of conquest and of confiscation, the right to abrogate all existing governments, institutions and laws, and to subject the territory conquered and its inhabitants to such laws*, regulations, and deprivations as the legislative departments of the government may see fit to impose. Under this broad and sweeping claim that clause of the constitution which provides that 'no State shall without its consent be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate of the United States,' has been annulled and ten States have been refused, and are still refused, representation altogether in both branches of the federal congress. And the congress, in which only a part of the States and of the people of the Union are represented has asserted the right thus to exclude the rest from representation, and from all share in making their own laws or choosing their own rulers until they shall comply with such conditions and perform such acts as this congress thus composed may itself prescribe. That right has not only been asserted, *but it has been exercised, and is practically enforced at the present time.* Nor does it find any support in the theory that the States thus excluded are in rebellion against the government, and are therefore precluded from sharing its authority. They are not thus in rebellion. They are one and all in an attitude of loyalty towards the government and of sworn allegiance to the constitution of the United States. In no one of them is there the slightest indication of resistance to this authority, or the slightest protest against its just and binding obligation. This condition of renewed loyalty has been officially recognized by solemn proclamation of the executive department. The laws of the United States have been extended by Congress over all these States and the people thereof. Federal courts have been reopened, and federal taxes imposed and levied; and in every respect, except that they are denied representation in Congress and the Electoral College, the States once in rebellion are recognised as holding the same position, as owing the same obligations, and subject to the same duties as the other States of our common Union.

"It seems to us, in the exercise of the calmest and most candid judg-

ment we can bring to the subject, *that such a claim, so enforced, involves as fatal an overthrow of the authority of the constitution* and as complete a destruction of the government and Union as that which was sought to be effected by the States and people in armed insurrection against them both. It cannot escape observation that the power thus asserted to exclude certain States from representation is made to rest wholly in the will and discretion of the Congress that asserts it. It is not made to depend upon any specified conditions or circumstances, nor to be subject to any rules or regulations whatever. The right asserted and exercised is absolute, without qualification or restriction, not confined to States in rebellion, nor to States that have rebelled; it is the right of any Congress in formal possession of legislative authority to exclude any State or States, and any portion of the people thereof, at any time, from representation in Congress and in the Electoral College, at its own discretion and until they shall perform such acts and comply with such conditions as it may dictate. Obviously, the reasons for such exclusion being wholly within the discretion of Congress, may change as the Congress itself shall change. One Congress may exclude a State from all share in the government for one reason; and, that reason removed, the next Congress may exclude it for another. One State may be excluded on one ground to-day, and another may be excluded on the opposite ground to-morrow. Northern ascendancy may exclude Southern States from one Congress; the ascendancy of Western or of Southern interests, or of both combined, may exclude the Northern or the Eastern States from the next. Improbable as such usurpations may seem, the establishment of the principle now asserted and acted upon by Congress will render them by no means impossible. The character, indeed the very existence, of Congress and the Union is thus made dependent solely and entirely upon the party and sectional exigencies or forbearances of the hour."

No one can say that there is any exaggeration in this. If Congress can disfranchise one section of the country and treat it as it likes, why not pursue the same course towards another? And is any act or course of policy less tyrannical or less despotic because it is that of a hundred or five hundred than if it had been that of an individual? If the Southerners were treated as the Radical Congress wished to treat them, might they not as well have been so treated by a Kaiser, a Czar, or a Sultan, as by a number of persons calling themselves a representative body? The extract we have just quoted is followed by some remarks which show how clearly the framers of the Constitution sought to guard against a usurpation like that complained of, and secure to every State a fair representation in Congress. Commenting on this the Address justly and forcibly observes:

"When, therefore, any State is excluded from such representation, not only is a right of the State denied, but the constitutional integrity of the Senate is impaired, *and the validity of the government itself is brought in question.* But Congress at the present moment thus excludes from representation, in both branches of Congress, ten States of the Union, denying them all share in the enactment of laws by which they are to be governed, and all participation in the election of the rulers by which

those laws are to be enforced. In other words, a Congress in which only twenty-six States are represented asserts the right to govern, absolutely and in its own discretion, all the thirty-six States which compose the Union; to make their laws and choose their rulers, and to exclude the other ten from all share in their own government until it sees fit to admit them thereto. *What is there to distinguish the power thus asserted and exercised from the most absolute and intolerable tyranny?*"

Most decidedly there is no distinction. As we have already remarked, it is all the same to those who suffer from tryanny, whether it be that of five hundred or of one individual. If a party of timid old women, who regard everybody that looks at them as an an enemy only waiting for a convenient opportunity to cut their throats, oppress those over whom they have control, the victims of their fears have not only as much reason to complain, as if they had been treated similarly by a military despot; if there is any difference in the feelings produced, those who are oppressed by old women should feel an additional pang at finding themselves so much humiliated as to be subject to such control; and we strongly suspect that the Southerners have entertained some such feeling towards the pusillanimous men who would treat them like slaves for years to come, lest by any chance they might be able at some future time to jeopardise their precious lives. The grounds upon which Congress has sought to justify its usurpations are satisfactorily disposed of by the Address; nor is it less effective in dealing with the so-called "amendments," made by the same body, to the Constitution. Having duly set forth the nature of those amendments it emphatically protests against them as follows:

"We deny the right of Congress to make these changes in the fundamental law without the concurrence of three-fourths of all the States, *including especially those to be most seriously affected by them;* or to impose them upon States or people as conditions of representation, or of admission to any of the rights, duties, or obligations, which belong under the constitution to all the States alike. And with still greater emphasis do we deny the right of any portion of the States in excluding the rest of the States from any share in their councils, to propose or sanction changes in the constitution which are to affect permanently their political relations and control or coerce the legitimate action of the several members of the common Union. *Such an exercise of power is simply a usurpation;* just as unwarrantable when exercised by Northern States as it would be if exercised by Southern, and not to be justified or palliated by anything in the past history either of those by whom it is attempted or of those upon whose rights and liberties it is to take effect. It finds no warrant in the Constitution. It is at war with the fundamental principles of our form of government. If tolerated in one instance, it becomes the precedent for future invasions of liberty and constitutional right, dependent solely upon the will of the party in possession of power,

and thus leads, by direct and necessary sequence, to the *most fatal and intolerable of all tyrannies—the tyranny of shifting and irresponsible political factions.* It is against this, *the most formidable of all the dangers* which menace the stability of free government, that the constitution of the United States was intended most carefully to provide. We demand a strict and and steadfast adherence to its provisions. In this and in this alone can we find a basis of permanent union and peace."

All remember the views put forward by the famous Committee of Fifteen, who would make it a crime for the Southerners even to think otherwise than they were directed by Congress. According to the Committee they were bound to entertain such sentiments as that tribunal would consider consistent with their position as conquered rebels whom the conquerors had a right to dispose of as they thought proper. Instead of this, as the Congressional Report told us, they showed "no evidence whatever of repentance of their crime," and expressed "no regret except that they had no longer the power to continue the desperate struggle." In commenting upon these absurd assumptions the Address justly remarks:

"We might reply to this: First, that we have no right, for such reasons, to deny to any portion of the State or people rights expressly conferred upon them by the constitution of the United States; second, that so long as their acts are those of loyalty—*so long as they conform in all their public conduct to the requirements of the constitution and laws*—we have no right to exact from them *conformity in their sentiments and opinions to our own;* third, that we have no right to distrust the purpose or the ability of the people of the Union to protect and defend, under all contingencies and by whatever means may be required, its honor and its welfare."

Further on the Address pays a just tribute to the good faith evinced by the rebels after the surrender of their generals, and it must be admitted by every unprejudiced mind—by those most uncompromisingly opposed to them as long as they continued the war—that it is well deserved. In the same passage it is shown that they were treated in the same spirit by the President, and that if any change has since occurred in their sentiments it is to be attributed to the treatment they have received from Congress:

"History affords no instance where a people so powerful in numbers, in resources, and in public spirit, after a war so long in its duration, so destructive in its progress, and so adverse in its issue, have accepted defeat and its consequences with so much of good faith as has marked the conduct of the people lately in insurrection against the United States. beyond all question this has been largely due to the wise generosity with which their enforced surrender was accepted by the President of the United States and the generals in immediate command of their armies, and to the liberal measures which were afterwards taken to restore order,

tranquility, and law to the States where all had for the time been overthrown. No steps could have been better calculated to command the respect, win the confidence, revive the patriotism, and secure the permanent and affectionate allegiance of the people of the South to the constitution and laws of the Union than these which have been so firmly taken and so steadfastly pursued by the President of the United States. And if that confidence and loyalty have been since impaired, if the people of the South are to-day less cordial in their allegiance than they were immediately upon the close of the war, we believe it is due to the changed tone of the legislative department of the general government towards them; to the action by which Congress has endeavored to supplant and defeat the the President's wise and beneficent policy of restoration; to their exclusion from all participation in our common government; to the withdrawal from them of rights conferred and guaranteed by the constitution; and to the evident purpose of Congress, in the exercise of a usurped and unlawful authority, to reduce them from the rank of free and equal members of a republic of States, with rights and dignities unimpaired, to the condition of conquered provinces and a conquered people; in all things subordinate and subject to the will of their conquerors; free only to obey laws in making which they are not allowed to share."

The Address of the Convention not only admits that the Southerners had a right to change their sentiments in this way; that it was perfectly natural for them to do so; but adds that if they had done otherwise, if they had calmly submitted to be defrauded of their rights, they would have rendered themselves unworthy of the character of a spirited and brave people:

"No people has ever yet existed whose loyalty and faith such treatment long continued would not alienate and impair. And the ten millions of Americans who live in the South would be unworthy citizens of a free country, degenerate sons of an heroic ancestry, unfit ever to become guardians of the rights and liberties bequeathed to us by the fathers and founders of this republic, if they could accept with uncomplaining submissiveness the humiliations thus sought to be imposed upon them. Resentment of injustice is always and everywhere essential to freedom, and the spirit which prompts the States and people lately in insurrection, but insurgent now no longer, to protest against the imposition of unjust and degrading conditions, makes them all the more worthy to share in the government of a free commonwealth, and gives still firmer assurance of the future power and freedom of the republic."

Although our space is pretty nearly exhausted we make room for one more extract, the concluding appeal of the Convention to the good sense and patriotism of the American people:

"Fellow countrymen, we call upon you, in full reliance upon your intelligence and your patriotism, to accept, with generous and ungrudging confidence, this full surrender on the part of those lately in arms against your authority, and to share with them the honor and renown that await those who bring back peace and concord to jarring States. The war just closed, with all its sorrows and disasters, has opened a new

career of glory to the nation it has saved. It has swept away the hostilities of sentiment and of interest which were a standing menace to its peace. It has destroyed the institution of slavery, always a cause of sectional agitation and strife, and has opened for our country the way to unity of interest, of principle, and of action, through all time to come. It has developed in both sections a military capacity—an aptitude for achievements of war, both by sea and land, before unknown even to ourselves, and destined to exercise hereafter, under united councils, an important influence upon the character and destiny of the continent and the world. And while it has thus revealed, disciplined, and compacted our power, it has proved to us beyond controversy or doubt, by the course pursued towards both contending sections by foreign Powers, that we must be the guardians of our own independence, and that the principles of republican freedom we represent can find among the nations of the earth no friends or defenders but ourselves.

"We call upon you, therefore, by every consideration of your own dignity and safety, and in the name of liberty throughout the world, to complete the work of restoration and peace which the President of the United States has so well begun, and which the policy adopted and the principles asserted by the present Congress alone obstruct. The time is close at hand when members of a new Congress are to be elected. If that Congress shall perpetuate this policy, and, by excluding loyal States and people from representation in its halls, shall continue the usurpation by which the legislative powers of the government are now exercised, common prudence compels us to anticipate augmented discontent, a sullen withdrawal from the duties and obligations of the federal government, internal dissension and a general collision of sentiments and pretensions which may renew, in a still more fearful shape, the civil war from which we have just emerged. We call upon you to interpose your power to prevent the recurrence of so transcendent a calamity. We call upon you in every Congressional district of every State to secure the election of members who, whatever other differences may characterize their political action, will unite in recognizing the right of every State in the Union to representation in Congress, and who will admit to seats in either branch every loyal representative from every State in allegiance to the government who may be found by each House, in the exercise of the power conferred upon it by the constitution, to have been duly elected, returned, and qualified for a seat therein.

"When this shall have been done the government will have been restored to its integrity, the constitution of the United States will have been re-established in its full supremacy, and the American Union will have again become what it was designed to be by those who formed it, a sovereign nation, composed of separate States, each like itself moving in a distant and independent sphere, exercising powers defined and reserved by a common constitution, and resting upon the assent, the confidence, and co-operation of all the States and all the people subject to its authority. Thus reorganized and restored to their constitutional relations, the States and the general government can enter in a fraternal spirit, with a common purpose and a common interest, upon whatever reforms the security of personal rights, the enlargement of popular liberty, and the perfection of our republican institutions may demand."

All this is as it should be, and we trust it will be responded to accordingly from one end of the Republic to the other. The President has given it his sanction already. His speech in reply to the Committee of the Convention

was all that could have been desired as an expression of his sentiments; if anything more was wanting from him it was to be found in his proclamation restoring Texas, issued only three days after the Address of the National Convention was published.

But to none is more credit due in connection with what has been accomplished at Philadelphia than to General Dix; nor is it anything new for that gentleman to prove himself a statesman as well as a patriot. He did so while virtually if not nominally military governor of New York. On a former occasion we spoke of the manuer in which he exercised his influence in defence of personal liberty, saving many of our citizens from arbitrary arrest, because he knew they were but victims of political pique and vindictiveness. Doubtless it will never be known how many he protected in this way from the unscrupulous Star Chamber edicts of Stanton; but there are very few intelligent persons who are not aware that the General did much good in this way; it is also well known that never has he been more unassuming or more polite and affable than when he had most power. His conduct at the National Convention was entirely consistent with this, and it afforded us sincere pleasure to see that he was honored accordingly by that highly enlightened and patriotic body in a manner which is most appropriately expressed by the following passage from his speech, delivered August 14, at the opening of the proceedings which resulted so happily:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE WHOLE UNION—(Applause):—I return you my sincere thanks for the honor you have done me in choosing me to preside temporally over your deliberations. I regard it as a distinction of no ordinary character, not only on account of the high personal and political standing of the gentlemen who compose this Convention, but because it is a convention of the people of all the States of this Union (cheers), and because we cannot doubt that, if its proceedings are conducted with harmony and good judgment, it will lead to the most important results. It may be truly said that no body of men has met on this continent under circumstances so momentous and so delicate since the year 1787–the year when our ancestors assembled in this city to frame a better government for the States which were parties to the old confederation—a government which has been confirmed and made more enduring, as we trust, by the fearful trials and perils which it has encountered and overcome. The constitution which they came here to plan and to construct we are here to vindicate and to restore. (Cheers.) We are here to assert the supremacy of representative government over all who are within the confines of the Union; a government which cannot, without a violation of its fundameutal principle, be extended over any but those who are represented in it (loud applause)—over those who, by virtue of that representation, are entitled to

a voice in the administration of the public affairs. (Renewed applause.) It was such a government our fathers framed and put in operation. It is the government which we are bound by every consideration of fidelity, justice, and good faith to defend and to maintain. (Cheers). Gentlemen, we are not living under such a government. (Applause and cries of "That is true.") Thirty-six States have for months been governed by twenty-five—eleven States have been wholly without representation in the legislation body of the nation; the numerical proportion of the represented States to the unrepresented has just been changed by the admission of the delegation from Tennessee—a unit taken from the smaller and and added to the larger number. Ten States are still denied the representation in Congress to which they are entitled under the constitution. Is it this wrong which we have come here to protest against, and, as far as lies in us, to redress." (Great applause.)

These are fearless, honest, and patriotic words; and from the high character of the speaker it cannot be doubted that they had their effect on the Convention. Having thus most cheerfully given full credit to the thinkers and actors of the recent Convention, we may be permitted to remind our readers of a portion of what we had said ourselves in defence of the same principles long before that honorable body had met. Nor is it any part of our object in doing so to court the favor of Southerners who are, or have been, Secessionists. We have never pretended that we were friendly towards them while they were at war; the numbers of our jonraal published during the sad strife bear testimony that none were more opposed to their efforts to dismember the Republic than we; nor were any more glad when they were forced to lay down their arms. But the moment the war was over then none were more anxious that justice should be done them, and that no vindictive policy should be pursued towards them. Thus in our number for June, 1865, we commenced an article on the subject as follows: "Our first impulse as well as our first duty, on the present occasion, is to congratulate the country, North and South. on the restoration of peace and the Union; and *our first wish is that the government will be magnanimous and generous*, as it can well afford to be. It is not necessary to evince any vindictive spirit; such a course would on the contrary, be injudicious; far from doing good, it would, sooner or later, *be productive of evil consequences*."* In the same article we said; "Nothing could be gained by executing Jefferson Davis if he were convicted to-morrow; such a course would, on the contrary, do much harm, as the experience of the world proves." After assigning our reasons

* National Quarterly Review, No. xxxi., art. "The Lessons and Results of the Rebellion."

for this, we added: "For similar reasons we hold that he should not be treated with any needless harshness, there is no necessity for chaining an old man like him, surrounded by guards, in the casemate of a fortress; we hope it is not true that he has been so chained, &c."

When all were mocking both Davis and his wife, on account of his having dressed in female clothing, we reminded our readers that some of the greatest men and women, including Peter the Great of Russia and Madame Lavalette, had acted similarly in similar circumstances. In our article on the President's Message in the December number of the same year, we remarked: "None who know the Southerners and are capable of forming intelligent views would assert *that military rule would make them loyal to the Union in a shorter time than constitutional freedom would;* the truth is, that if it were the design of the President to render the Federal Government *as hateful to them as possible, he could not adopt any more effectual means for doing so than the military domination thus recommended by men whose zeal is far greater than their understanding.*"*

We need hardly say that this observation was made in allusion to the efforts of the radicals to persecute and oppress the conquered South as much as they could. Passing on to the number for March of the present year, we turn to our article entitled "The President's Message—*Rights of the Conquered.*" What these rights are recognized to be in all civilized countries we showed from the best authorities, ancient and modern, commencing our observations as follows: "*Never did fanaticism assume a more dangerous form than it has recently done in this country;* nor can we remember any form that has less common sense, truth, or political wisdom for its basis than that *which would perpetuate the disaffection and discontent of the Whites of the Southern States,* while it would give privileges and immunities to the Blacks never before enjoyed by any race."† Finally, in our very last number, we had an article, entitled "Partisan Reconstruction," the spirit of which may be inferred from the following remark, which is all we can make room for: "Even despots find it their interest to be as gentle as possible to those whom they have conquered; and when they do otherwise, they not unfrequently acknowledge their error when it is too late."‡

These few extracts, brief as they are, show that the senti-

* N. Q. R., No. xxiii., p. 168. † N. Q. R., No. xxiv., p. 291.
‡ N. Q. R., No. xxv., p. 163.

ments and feelings so well and opportunely expressed in the Address of the Convention to the People of the United States are not new to us; and the various articles from which they are taken will show that they are based on sound principles of international law, the laws of war, political economy, and patriotism. But, as already observed, we do not value or admire that noble document anything the less on this account. We do not the less earnestly urge that its principal framers be ranked among the benefactors of their country; and we do not the less anxiously hope that it will teach the whole people, North and South, to whom it is addressed, to distinguish between fanaticism and patriotism and between the true friends of their country and its real though perhaps unintentional, enemies.

Art. IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

HISTORY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Six Months at the White House with Abraham Lincoln. The Story of a Picture. By F. B. Carpenter. 16mo., pp. 359. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866.

The whole plan of this volume is in very questionable taste. An artist of more or less talent—we do not know how much or how little—takes it into his head that it would be a good thing to give a portrait of Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet. He applies to several friends to aid him in carrying out his views; he gets letters of introduction to Mr. Lincoln, who readily accepts his proposition and receives him into the White House, so that he can see him at every leisure moment. Thus far all is right. The President did as he promised; his conduct towards the artist was kind and encouraging. This is not denied; on the contrary, gratitude is expressed for it.

The ostensible object of the author in publishing this book is to show what a great man Mr. Lincoln was; but its real object is very different and sufficiently obvious. Next to the author himself, the chief hero of the book, is not the President, but his Secretary of State. If we are to believe Mr. Carpenter, it is to the latter we are indebted for every important step taken by the former; in short, according to our very patriotic artist-author, Mr. Lincoln was little better than a mere puppet in the hands of Mr. Seward. This information is conveyed to us very much in the spirit of, *Le roi est mort; vive le roi!* that is, in a manner which renders it more than probable that, had Mr. Seward been the person who fell, we should have had a very different estimate from that now presented; then the guiding genius would have been, really as well as nominally, Mr.

Lincoln. Mr. Seward might have been a very clever person; he would have had many great and noble qualities, but he would not have been the intellectual giant, the sagacious, far-seeing, profound, and eloquent statesman which he now is. Had he died instead of Mr. Lincoln, he could never have been President, whereas it is not impossible now that he may be our next President.

Accordingly, not only is he lauded to the skies in this book, as casting all other statesmen and cabinet ministers of ancient and modern times into the shade, but the pettiest of his "friends" are magnified on a similar scale—persons whose only friendship for anybody is that which is based on the hope of gain, the expectation of some paltry office which may be sold or bartered like a petroleum well, or the rout of a newsboy.

First, however, our author takes care of himself, giving us a sort of autobiography, showing how it was that the idea of the great picture entered his mind, how finely it was developed there, how many visits he had from distinguished people, male and female, about it, &c., &c. All this must be very interesting to the public, especially to that portion of it who are aware that the mountain in labor did not bring forth a mouse, but a huge elephant. Lest it might be supposed that our artist-author was more concerned about his own interest or his fame than about the renown of Mr. Lincoln, he occasionally uses some "strong" language in regard to the latter. In his preface he speaks of him as "the illustrious subject of whom it mainly treats." He tells us in the same document that he is "not one of those inclined to believe that Mr. Lincoln, in the closing months of his career, reached the full measure of his greatness." Not at all; he would have continued to grow, not only since but for years to come. This is not very consistent with the idea presented to us in every form in the body of the work, namely, that Mr. Lincoln was dependent on Mr. Seward for almost everything except his "anecdotes." "It is not generally known," says our author, "that the speech always made by the President upon the presentation of a foreign minister is carefully written for him by the Secretary of State" (p. 128). This is a good way to make Mr. Lincoln "illustrious," especially in connection with the story that follows. If we are to believe our author, Mr. Lincoln had no definite views in regard to to the Emancipation Proclamation; he might think of it indeed as a child might think of a new suit, or a hobby-horse, but his thoughts had to be put in shape by the great sage. Mr. Lincoln himself is made to tell the story in his usual style, as follows:

"It had got to be," said he, "midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics, or lose the game! I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy; and, without consultation with, or the knowledge of, the cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and, after much anxious thought, called a cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last of July, or the first part of the month of August, 1862."

(The exact date he did not remember.) "This cabinet meeting took place, I think, upon a Saturday. All were present, excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them; suggestions as to which would be in order after they had heard it read. Mr. Lovejoy," said he, "was in error when he informed you that it excited no comment, excepting on the part of Secretary Seward. Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks. Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy, on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, *until Secretary Seward spoke*. He said in substance: 'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government.' His idea," said the President, "was that it would be considered our last *shriek*, on the retreat." (This was his *precise* expression.) "'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war!'" Mr. Lincoln continued: "*The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force.* It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, *I had entirely overlooked.* The result was that *I put the draft of the proclamation aside*, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory."—(pp. 20–22.)

Thus, Mr. Lincoln had some crude thoughts on the subject of the Proclamation, but it required the master mind to give them form and symmetry. The President might demur sometimes; he might prefer one form of expression to another; but, in obedience to the law which makes the weaker mind yield to the stronger, he should ultimately adopt the views of the Secretary. This he had to do even in getting up the Emancipation Proclamation, if we are to believe our author, who, as usual, makes Mr. Lincoln himself tell the story.

"When I finished reading this paragraph," resumed Mr. Lincoln, "Mr. Seward stopped me, and said, 'I think, Mr. President, that you should insert after the word "*recognize*," in that sentence, the words "*and maintain*."' I replied that I had already fully considered the import of that expression in this connection, but I had not introduced it, because it was not my way to promise what I was not entirely *sure* that I could perform, and I was not prepared to say that I thought we were exactly able to 'maintain' this."

"But," said he, "Seward insisted that we ought to take this ground; and the words finally went in!"—(pp. 23, 24.)

We will cite one more instance of this kind. The President could not depend on his own judgment so far as to decide on the proper time for a day's thanksgiving; he should wait to get his lesson from his master; though the latter, were half-dead and writhing in pain his words were to be considered as those of an oracle that could not err. But let us hear our author:

"During his absence from Washington, Secretary Seward met with the serious accident by which his arm and jaw were broken. Mr. Lincoln's first visit was to the house of the Secretary, who was confined to his bed by his in-

juries. After a few words of sympathy and condolence, with a countenance beaming with joy and satisfaction, he entered upon an account of his visit to Richmond, and the glorious success of Grant—throwing himself, in his almost boyish exultation, at full length across the bed, supporting his head upon one hand, and in this manner reciting the story of the collapse of the rebellion. Concluding he lifted himself up and said: 'And now for a day of Thanksgiving!' Mr. Seward entered fully into his feelings, but observed, with characteristic caution, that the issue between Sherman and Johnston had not yet been decided, and *a premature celebration might have the effect to nerve the remaining army of the Confederacy to greater desperation. He advised, therefore*, no official designation of a day 'until the result of Sherman's combinations was known.' *Admitting the force of the Secretary's view*, Mr. Lincoln *reluctantly gave up the purpose*, and three days later suffered in his own person the last, most atrocious, but culminating act of the most wicked of all rebellions recorded on the pages of history! It was the last interview on earth between the President and his Secretary of State."—(p. 290.)

In commenting on this Mr. Carpenter is a little too communicative; he unwittingly shows the object of it as follows: "This incident, related to Mr. Seward by a friend* while slowly recovering from the murderous attack upon himself, was followed by an interesting account of his personal relations with Mr. Lincoln" (p. 291). This is followed by an "interesting" colloquy about Mr. Lincoln, which purports to have taken place between the Secretary and his "friend."

The reader may now be able to judge how consistent our author's statements are with each other. As a correspondent of the "Independent" he could not but regard the greatness of Mr. Lincoln as depending mainly, if not exclusively, on the Emancipation Proclamation. The issuing of this he calls "an act unparalleled for moral grandeur in the history of mankind" (pp. 10,11), although he tells us himself it was done simply as a means of suppressing the rebellion, when there seemed to be no prospect of doing so without it. But Mr. Carpenter makes a great virtue of necessity in his own peculiar way, and notes the catastrophe as follows:

"When at length, in obedience to what seemed the very voice of God, the thunderbolt was launched, and, like the first gun at Concord, 'was heard around the world,' all the enthusiasm of my nature was kindled. The 'beast' secession, offspring of the 'dragon' Slavery, drawing in his train a third part of our national stars, was pierced with the deadly wound which could not be healed. It was the combat between Michael and Satan of Apocalyptic vision, reënacted before the eyes of the nineteenth century."—(p. 11.)

How chaste and poetical! If he applies the colors thus with his brush his pictures must be invaluable. What a fine figure the "beast," the "dragon," "a third part of our national stars," and "the deadly wound which could not be healed," would make on a large canvass! Of course it would remind any smart person of "the combat between Michael and Satan of Apocalyptic vision"—the resemblance would be as striking as that between the cloud and the whale in Hamlet!

* J. C. Derby, Esq.

Histoire de la Nouvelle France, contenant les Navigations découvertes et Habitations faites par les François ès Indes Occidentales et Nouvelle France. Avec les Muses de la Nouvelle France. Par MARC LESCARBOT. Enrichie de cartes. Nouvelle édition, publiée par M. Edwin Tross. 3vols. 16mo. Paris: Librairie Tross. 1866.

THIS work is not merely curious and interesting in an archæological point of view; it contains a good deal of matter which would have been valuable at any time, for the author was a scholar as well as a man of genius; a poet of some merit as well as an intelligent and graphic prose writer. It was appreciated accordingly more than two centuries ago.

So far as is now known, the first edition of it was published in 1609; two years after there was a second edition; in 1617 there was a third edition; and the next year a fourth edition—all published in Paris. Nor was its circulation confined to those who only knew French; several translations of it were made, the most notable being that published at Augsburg in 1613, under the title of *Nova Francia. Historij von Enfündung der grossen Landschafft Nova Francia.*

We have no doubt that it will be still more extensively appreciated now; but to none, save to our neighbors the modern Canadians, should it be more interesting than to us. Archæology is a study that has been too much neglected in this country. However humiliating the fact may be, it cannot be denied that the antiquities of America are far better understood, because more studied, in almost every country of Europe than they are in this country; perhaps it is still more humiliating to have to admit that, much as we are in the habit of despising the Mexicans for their ignorance, they know more about American archæology than is known in the United States, except by the very few who devote themselves to historical studies, but fail to induce many others to imitate their example.

The publisher of these volumes has reprinted several other works bearing on the same subject within the last two or three years, thus affording the student of the early history of North America more curious and interesting information than is now available from any other source. We need only mention *Histoire du Canada et Voyages*, &c., and *Le Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons*, &c., both first published at the beginning of the seventeenth century—more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

Before taking up the subject of early Canadian history, or that of New France, as the country was then called, M. Lescarbot gives a brief but comprehensive account of the discovery of the West Indies and of New France, and presents his readers a lucid summary of the principal voyages made by his countrymen to the New World; then, in his second chapter, before making any extended speculations on the character and origin of the aboriginal inhabitants of New France, he gives a very learned and highly interesting disquisition on the character of the ancient Gauls,

refuting many of the allegations of the Greek historians in relation to that people.

By far the most valuable part of the work, however, is that in which he describes the manners and customs, religion, superstitions, wars, sports, &c., &c., of the aborigines. The orthography of the author is carefully retained; in short, the whole is given as it was written, and the maps accompanying it are fac-similes of those prepared by M. Lescarbot expressly for this work. In the third volume there are several poems, some of which possess considerable merit. The first is an address to the King of France in the form of a Pindaric ode. The second is an address to the French returning from New France to Gallic France, and is dated August 25, 1606. We transcribe the first stanza of the latter, partly as a specimen of the author's poetry, and partly to show the student of French how much that language has been improved in elegance and harmony since the beginning of the seventeenth century:

" Allez doncques, vogués, ô troupe genereuse,
Qui avez surmonté d'vne ame courageuse
Et des vents et des flots les horribles fureurs,
Et de maintes saisons les cruelles rigueurs,
Pour conserver ici de la Françoise gloire
Parmi tant de hazars l'honorable memoire.
Allez doncques, vogués, puissiez-vous outre mer
Va chacun bien-tot voir son Ithaque fumer :
Et puissions-nous encor au retour de l'année
La méme troupe voir par-deça retournée."—(p. 14.)

BELLES-LETTRES.

Battle Pieces and Aspects of the War. By HERMAN MELVILLE. 12mo., pp. 272. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866.

There is much more truth than poetry in this volume; the author is a sensible man with respectable literary talents, but not a poet. We are sorry, therefore, that he did not give us his views in plain prose, and leave verse-making to the very few who can lay some claim, however slight, to the divine afflatus. Had this really been a book of poetry, as it purports to be, it would have had a different imprint; it would have reached us, not from New York, but from Boston.

We may here be permitted to express our regret, in all sincerity, that the Messrs. Harper have so much changed the character of their publications within the last five years. Previous to that time they published more good works than any other house on this continent. Almost all bearing their imprint were standard works; it was but rarely an inferior book was issued from their press. If there are any who forget or doubt this we refer them to the catalogues of those gentlemen, than which none were better up to the time mentioned, for there are but few valuable works in English literature which they do not embrace. But how much

has the picture been reversed since 1861? It is true that even within this period they have published some two or three good books; but the rest—what are they? Turn to recent catalogues, compare them with former ones, and then say whether we are right or wrong.

We do not mean, however, that the Messrs. Harper have lost their taste or judgment, or that they are inferior now as men to what they were five, seven, or ten years ago; we believe, on the contrary, that they have lost none of their characteristic shrewdness; but this is the worst feature of the case, since there must have been a falling-off one side or the other. The truth is, that, taking into account the increase of population, good books are no longer read in this country, as much as they used; for one who reads a good book now, five hundred read a bad one.

Novels of the most worthless class—tales of vice and crime, that have not even the recommendation of being written in correct English—constitute the mental pabulum of nine-tenths of our people. The sad reflection is that the Harpers, as business men, have adapted their publications to this vitiated condition of the public taste. It was in recognition of this fact that they first projected their Monthly, although "sensation literature" had then made but little progress. For this reason, the earlier numbers of the Magazine were by far the best; according as the sensation literature increased in popularity the new periodical lowered its standard, until it finally made a very near approach to the thing itself—that which called it into existence. In time it was felt that, in order to keep pace with the downward tendency of the popular taste some respect for the opinions of the enlightened portion of the public rendered it necessary to start another journal, which, being cheaper than the Monthly, could not be expected to reach the standard of that pulication, such as it had finally come to; and, accordingly, the "Journal of Civilization" is ushered into existence.

This, too, did much better the first year or two than it has done since. Its tales and stories were quite passable; so were its illustrations. But both began to fail the second year. Now, neither are good. The literature is nearly at the lowest ebb; the art still lower. The former is too like what we see in yellow covers on railway cars; the latter too like what we see in the shape of "illustrated" placards on our fences and vacant buildings; on boxes of merchandise coming from Paris and Geneva, or on Dutch sign-boards. Yet we do not say that Harper's Weekly is worse than any of our other "illustrated" weeklies. We do not think it is; but, on the contrary, rather better. Although they may think otherwise, it is certainly not our intention to disparage the Harpers' publications; we merely state facts which we regret, and for which we do not intend to hold them responsible, any more than we would hold tailors responsible for not providing superfine cloth when they know from experience that the coarse article, which does not cost more than one-third the price, is what their customers prefer.

It would be uncivil to compare the poetry before us to coarse cloth, such as linsey, woolsey, or the like, although we cannot help thinking that, upon the whole, the latter is more useful than the former. Still, there are many of the "pieces" which will be read with interest on account of the scenes which they purport to describe; but we think the same pen would have awakened a deeper interest by plain prose. This we infer from his prose "Supplement," which really contains more poetry than his most elaborate verses. We will give a specimen or two from the latter, however, so that if we are wrong he may receive all the more glory. That most of his subjects are noble none can deny. What could be better for poetry than brave armies, able generals, great victories, and the triumph of a good cause? Mr. Melville had all these, and it must be admitted that he has gone to his work without prejudice or passion, malice or ill-will. He has at least attempted to treat all our generals fairly, independently of their politics, and of the prejudices entertained against them, perhaps on account of their best qualities. One of the best of our author's pieces is that on Lyon (Captain), slain at the battle of Springfield, Missouri; but he spoils it by representing the hero as making his will the night before the battle, while the enemy was almost in sight.

"By candlelight he wrote the will,
And left his all
To Her for whom 'twas not enough to fall,
Loud neighed Orion
Without the tent; drums beat; we marched with Lyon."—(p. 25.)

We doubt very much whether Lyon did any such thing; we are rather of opinion that if he saw another making his will while he ought to be preparing for battle he would have told him that he cast a slur on his own courage. What would the world have said of Nelson had he sat to make his will at Trafalgar when he found that the French were ready to give him battle? The two closing stanzas of the same piece are not much better or more appropriate; we transcribe them because they may be regarded as a pretty fair specimen of our author's poetry:—

"On they came: they *yelped*, and fired;
His spirit sped;
We leveled *right in*, and the *half-breeds fled*,
Nor stayed the iron,
Nor captured the crimson corse of Lyon.

"This *seer foresaw* his soldier-doom,
Yet willed the fight.
He never turned; his only flight
Was up to Zion,
Where prophets now and armies great brave Lyon."—(p. 27.)

If this be poetry then we must confess that we are no judge of the article. Mr. Melville has great faith in difference of type; sometimes he prints whole pages in *Italics*, as if he thought he could render them more

poetical by the process. Thus, for example, the poem entitled Donelson is chiefly in that type; but the amount of poetry it contains may be pretty safely inferred from the first stanza:—

> "The bitter cup
> Oh that hard countermand
> Which gave the Envoys up,
> Still was wormwood in the mouth,
> And clouds involved the land,
> When, pelted by sleet in the icy street,
> About the bulletin-board a band
> Of eager, anxious people met,
> And every wakeful heart was set
> On latest news from West or South.
> "No seeing here," cries one—"don't crowd"—
> "You tall man, pray you, read aloud."—(p. 33.)

In the sentimental style our poet does not succeed much better. "The Swamp Angel" may be regarded as an elaborate effort in this direction; what the result is may be sufficiently judged from the opening stanza, which, however, we confess we do not entirely understand:—

> "Texas is a coal-black Angel
> With a thick Afric lip,
> And he dwells (like the hunted and harried)
> In a swamp where the green frogs dip.
> But his face is against a city
> Which is over a bay of the sea,
> And he breathes with a breath that is blastment,
> And dooms by a far decree."—(p. 107.)

"Lee in the Capital" is quite an ambitious attempt. It is nearly, if not quite, as long as Campbell's "Hohenlinden," or Goldsmith's "Traveller;" but we cannot point out any further resemblance. A line or two will serve as a specimen of the manner in which that rebel chieftain is immortalized by Mr. Melville:

> "The captain who fierce armies led
> Becomes a quiet *seminary's head;*
> Poor as his privates, earns his bread."—(p. 229.)

We have two similar effusions on Stonewall Jackson. How delighted the hero would be if he could only see the blaze of glory shed upon him here! Fortunately, McClellan lives to see his fame placed at last on a firm basis. Eight long stanzas are devoted to him as "The Victor of Antietam;" and certainly there are no better stanzas in the volume before us. We transcribe one; and, having done so, we think we shall be excused for not giving any more extracts on the present occasion:

> "Through storm-cloud and eclipse must move
> Each Cause and Man, dear to the stars and Jove;
> Nor always can the wisest tell
> Deferred fulfillment from the hopless knell—
> The struggler from the floundering ne'er-do-well.
> A pall-cloth on the Seven Days fell,
> McClellan—
> Unprosperously heroical!
> Who could Antietam's wreath foretell?"—(p. 69.)

Eva: A Goblin Romance, in five Parts. By JOHN SAVAGE, author of "Sybil, a Tragedy." "Faith and Fancy," &c., 12mo., pp. 100. New York: James B. Kirker. 1865.

We perceive from the title-page that this tiny volume was published some time since, but only a few days have elapsed since it fell into our hands. Otherwise we would ere now have discussed its merits at some length, for we rather like the fairies, especially the Irish race of them, with whom we pretend to have some acquaintance, and Mr. Savage shows not only that he is familiar with their "manners and customs," but that he has caught up much of their characteristic poetry. We may remark in passing that no fact in history goes farther to prove the Eastern origin of the Irish than that implicit faith in fairies which they have transmitted from father to son, for at least two thousand years, and which is still cherished by the peasantry with as much reverence as the religion, which neither persecution nor poverty, threats nor bribes, could induce them to swerve from. The ancient Persians and Arabians had each their fairies, the former calling them Peri, the latter Ginn. Both have several varieties to the present day, but not half as many as the Irish, who have a fairy cosmos of their own, and one which has exercised a much more important influence on English literature than is generally supposed.

There are but few who remember that all the fairies, hobgoblins, sprites, &c., of Shakespeare are Irish, or Scotch; it is not always borne in mind what even Spenser owes to the Irish fairies; although he has himself proclaimed to the world that they were the chief source of his inspiration. In proof of this he has constructed his master work, the Fairy Queen, in the form of an epic, all the *dramatis personæ* of which are fairies. However much Elizabeth disliked "the wild Irish," nothing gratified her pride more than to be made queen of their beautiful and romantic fairy world. What this beauty and romance consist in, is so little understood in this country that we have often intended to devote an elaborate paper to it in this journal, feeling satisfied that none who really knew it would ridicule the system, since its influence on the people has ever been salutary. It has a moral philosophy for its basis, which none would expect from any one fairy tale, however good in itself.

But to return to Mr. Savage's book. The volume is appropriately dedicated to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, a gentleman who knows at least as much about the ancient mythology of Ireland as any other man now living. "Eva" is not an ambitious poem. It is simple in style and varied in metre; it has no pretentions to the higher flights of poetry; but there is undoubtedly poetry in it; and our readers are aware that we are not prone to bestow that title on any mere set of verses, however long or short.

The most prominent characteristics of the poem before us are a certain weird prettiness and Æolian melody. Here and there is a touch of genuine pathos; but one which, although it finds a response in human nature

everywhere, is most deeply felt by the Irishman who is familiar with the history of his country, and of her ancient minstrels, especially with the wrongs suffered by both. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, it is chiefly for such the poem has been written, but whether it was or not, they ought to appreciate it, and reward, the author at least with the meed of praise to which he is entitled.

We cannot devote much space to extracts at this late stage of our quarterly labors, but a stanza or two here and there will answer every purpose for those who are likely to procure the volume and judge for themselves. There is a great variety in thought, sentiment, and expression, as well as in rhythm in the five parts into which the poem has been divided—a circumstance which renders it difficult, if not impossible, to give a fair specimen in a small space. We must, however, only do the best we can, and in this spirit we snatch the following fragment from the very pleasing description of an evening scene, with which the poem opens, and for the general truthfulness of which we can vouch:

"The dew steals o'er primroses pale
Which deck yon shady place;
And clustering in a shy delight,
Help to shake the tears of night
From off each others' face:

And hawthorn blossoms titter low,
For fear their joyaunce reach
The matron-like and crabbed boughs,
While am'rous Air essays its vows
And steals a kiss from each:

The mountain Ash, gay lithe and young,
With knowledge of its grace,
Unheedful hears the gallant's song,
Nor cares be won by secret tongue,
It bends to bolder face."—(pp. 9, 10.)

Further on a famous valley, one in which Ossian is still spoken of by the peasantry as having sung this or that song, is described in part as follows:

"Romantic, rugged, sombre, grand,
The hills jut out and fall
Into the devious vale, as though
To stay the Dodder's reckless flow:
Which foams and frets through all.

They drive the stream from shore to shore;
It shakes with rage, then sweeps
Around the base, with lengthening pace,
With sullen surge, breaks through the gorge,
And frothing, onward leaps.

By Alyagower, clear as glass
The pools glide smoothly free,
Till further down, a group of rocks,
Like bathing dwarfs, jumps up and mocks
Their placid ecstasy."—(pp. 11, 12.)

But we shall have no space left for the fairies if we do not introduce them at once. We must therefore be somewhat abrupt in presenting the following passage, merely premising that it is highly characteristic, and shows that the author has fully studied the subject, if not among the Irish peasantry, who understood it best, at least among those authors who have best described the fairy world.

" Still revolving, glittering onward,
High they chant a fairy glee,
As they pass, the echo, gone-ward,
Answers to her—" Who are ye? "

" We are Faeries—gleesome Faeries!
From the haunted raths below;
We are Faeries—tricksy Faeries,
From the glistening peaks of snow,
From the far hills to the valley,
From the valley to the shore,
And from shore to shore we rally,
Never less, and evermore!
From the far light
Of Aurora,
From the star-light
To the earth—
From the sprye-lands
Of rich Flora,
To the sky-lands,
We hold mirth!

" We may caper on the sunbeam,
Or rest behind the moon,
When the pleasaunce of our night-dream
Ushers in a lazy noon;
We raise a monument of dew,
Distilled from aërial flowers,
And joys like these are waiting you,
And every charm, that's ours.
From the icebergs
Of the Vikings—
From the spice-bergs
Of the East—
To the Prairies,
Are the likings,
For the Faeries'
Glorious feast!

" We may stretch a bridge from pole to pole,
Wing earth, and all that's in it,
Over the spheres, or round we can roll,
Or pass through in a minute.
We are Faeries—happy Faeries!
Giddy, tinted shades of dew:
Whose ever-bursting joy ne'er varies,
But to double—so shall you

From the prismal
Sun-light glory,
To the dismal
Caves of earth—
From the Flood-god's
Saga's hoary,
To the Wood-gods,
Give us mirth!
We are Faeries—happy Faeries,
Kings of earth, and sea and blue;
Whose ever-bursting joy ne'er varies,
But to double—so shall you!"—(pp. 77–79.)

The faults of our author are few and far between; even these are such as can easily be avoided in future. In almost every instance he commits them for the sake of the rhyme, but a defective rhyme or the absence of a syllable from a line is by no means so bad in poetry as an inelegant or forced expression. Such omissions are frequently met with in Homer, Virgil, and Horace, as well as in Milton and Racine, but all those great masters take care to remember the genius of the language in which they write. Sometimes Mr. Savage uses expressions like

"A gentle breath the shrubs among."—(p. 8.)

Again,

"Its mysty waves among."—(p. 21,)

It is not well to end a line of poetry with a particle; it is particularly wrong to end it with a preposition, the very name of which implies that it ought to precede and not follow the noun which it governs. Of a similar character is the habit of accenting the participial termination *ed* for the sake of adding a syllable, as in the line,

"Emboss'd and stainèd o'er."

Here are two participles; in one the *e* is omitted; in the other it is not only retained, but made to bear a stress which does not belong to it Even a vowel should not be burdened with a load which it is not supposed to be able to bear in certain situations. But, as we have said, these are trifling faults; indeed, they become as light as air, if perceptible at all, when placed in the balance with the many positive beauties of "Eva;" and, accordingly, we do not hesitate to recommend the poem to the lovers of the genuine fairy legend.

Poems. By CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI. 16mo., pp. 256. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1866.

Hitherto the publishers of this volume have been quite successful in their selection of English books for republication in this country. More than once we have congratulated them on the taste and judgment which they have thus evinced; but we are sorry we cannot do so in the present instance; and yet there are some pretty things in the volume before us. It does not do to say that some "lady reviewers" have spoken in high terms

of Miss Rosetti's poetry; gentlemen reviewers might have done the same without adding anything to the merit of the article, although they might have increased its market value. It is too often forgotten that Englishmen have gallantry as well as Americans; they certainly have enough to induce them to bestow more praise on the poetical efforts of a lady than the strict facts of the case would entirely justify.

We are sorry to think that it is "recommendations" of this kind which must have fallen into the hands of the Messrs. Roberts, lately. We see Miss Rosetti compared to Miss Ingelow, but there is a vast difference between the twain in all things, except that both are maiden ladies of a certain age, and that neither has much pretentions to personal charms. We have given our estimate in these pages of Miss Ingelow's poetry; we have presented specimens to our readers to show that the lady possesses genuine inspiration; but we must be so ungallant as to say that we find little trace of anything of the kind in Miss Rosetti. To us one is the same personally as the other; we know neither except by their works. For aught we are aware Miss Rosetti may be vastly more amiable, and consequently more worthy of compliments from the ruder sex, than Miss Ingelow; but poetry, whether genuine or spurious, has no sex, therefore we may be permitted to proceed with the few little criticisms which we have to make on the "Poems" before us.

More than once our English cousins have rallied us by saying that they send us their indifferent poetry as the French send us their indifferent wines; and they add that in one case as well as the other we are served right, since we swallow the worst more eagerly than the best, and will continue to do so until there is some improvement in the tone of our stomach. As we have already intimated Miss Rosetti gives us many pretty verses—very good models, so far as form and rhythm are concerned, for those nicely-scented effusions which our boarding school young ladies get up to secure diplomas at annual commencements. We would therefore recommend them for that purpose, did we not find some amongst them which do not inculcate exactly the sort of morality which most American mothers would like to teach their daughters.

There are some strange contrasts in Miss Rosetti's book; religion and irreligion, vice and virtue, are mixed up in it oddly enough, but ingeniously withal. It is remarkable that nothing affords her more inspiration, or enables her to make a nearer approach to the poetical vein, than the frailty of her sister woman. Sometimes she makes the "ruined" relate their experience as follows:

"I was a cottage maiden
Hardened by sun and air,
Contented with my cottage mates,
Not mindful I was fair.
Why did a great lord find me out,
And praise my flaxen hair?
Why did a great lord find me out,
To fill my heart with care?

He lured me to his palace home—
Woe 's me for joy thereof—
To lead a shameless shameful life,
His plaything and his love.
He wore me like a silken knot,
He changed me like a glove;
So now I moan, an unclean thing,
Who might have been a dove."—(pp. 30, 31.)

Perhaps it may be said that the repentance shown here makes amends for the pruriency and indelicacy; well, be it so. But before our poetess concludes she reminds innocent maidens that, although fornication is not a good thing, it has after all some agreeable features, which makes it preferable, in some cases, to the married state. If the following stanzas with which "Cousin Kate" concludes do not mean something like this, then we must confess that we do not understand them:

"O cousin Kate, my love was true,
Your love was writ in sand;
If he had fooled not me but you,
If you stood where I stand,
He 'd not have won me with his love
Nor bought me with his land;
I would have spit into his face
And not have taken his hand.

Yet I 've a *gift you have not got,*
And seem not like to get;
For all your clothes and wedding ring
I 've little doubt you fret.
My fair-haired son, my shame, *my pride,*
Cling closer, closer yet;
Your father would give lands *for one*
To wear his coronet."—(pp. 31, 32.)

Thus, the mistress had a "gift" which the wife had not, and seemed "not like to get." This was consoling to the former. The expressions "had fooled," "spit in his face," &c., are plain enough, but neither elegant nor poetical.

It is not alone in "Cousin Kate" that easy virtue is invested with interest. There are several other pieces in which the same sentiment is put forward in a manner to awaken our sympathies. If we understand "Sister Maude" its hero has been slain by the sister of his mistress, who did not like that the family should be dishonored. We transcribe the two first stanzas, so that the reader may be able to judge for himself.

"*Who told my mother of my shame,*
Who told my father *of my dear?*
O who but Maude, my sister Maude,
Who lurked to spy and peer.

Cold he lies, as cold as stone,
With his clotted curls about his face:
The comeliest corpse in all the world,
And worthy of a queen's embrace."—(p. 69.)

It seems that the only person who has done wrong is Maude, for the poem concludes as follows:

"My father may wear a golden gown,
My mother a crown may win;
If my dear and I knocked at Heaven-gate
Perhaps they'd let us in:
But sister Maude, O sister Maude,
Bide you with death and sin."—(p. 69.)

The erring one and her lover are likely to get in "at Heaven's gate;" but Maude, who disturbed their innocent fun may bide "with death and sin." This strikes us as a curious sort of morality to be inculcated by a maiden lady who devotes a large portion of her book to "devotional pieces." We are quite willing to believe, however, that the lady means no harm; indeed, we are inclined to think that the whole secret of the matter lies in her fondness for babies. Thus, the most interesting part of "Lady Maggie" is the first stanzas, in which the heroine so modestly looks forward to the happy time when she may make an addition to the population of her country:

"You must not call me Maggie, you must not call me Dear,
For I'm Lady of the Manor now stately to see;
And if there comes a babe, as there may some happy year,
'T will be little lord or lady at my knee."—(p. 182.)

As we have said that nothing inspires Miss Rosetti so well as love, babies, &c., it may be well to show how she does in the same piece, after the little one has been disposed of. Accordingly, we transcribe the two stanzas of "Lady Maggie," which immediately follow that just given, only premising that there is a good deal more of the same kind:

"O, but what ails you, my sailor cousin Phil,
That you shake and turn white like a cockcrow ghost?
You're as white as I turned once down by the mill,
When one told me you and ship and crew were lost.

Philip, my playfellow, when we were boy and girl
(It was the Miller's Nancy told it to me),
Philip with the merry life in lip and curl,
Philip my playfellow drowned in the sea!"—(p. 183.)

But perhaps the most curious of all Miss Rosetti's productions is that entitled "Under the Rose," which extends to nineteen pages. This purports to be a daughter's account of the manner in which her mother was seduced. We transcribe the second stanza, which we think tells quite enough:

"I do not guess his name
Who wrought my Mother's shame,
And gave me life forlorn;
But my Mother, Mother, Mother,
I knew her from all other.
My mother pale and mild,
Fair as ever was seen,
She was but scarce sixteen,
Little more than a child,
When I was born
To work her scorn.
With secret bitter throes,
In a passion of secret woes,
She bore me under the rose."—(p. 220.)

The daughter is next described; we are shown how charming she was--few born lawfully in an honorable house half so beautiful or so attractive. But towards the conclusion of the poem she becomes very pious, "almost" curses her father "for his pains," and ends her narrative with an "Amen." A good poet, such, for example, as Burns, or Moore, might be excused for being thus wayward; but we think a poetess whose song is not very sweet, or melodious at best—especially one who writes so many "devotional pieces"—ought to turn her thoughts into some more modest, or less indelicate channel. This is the first time we have had any serious fault to find with any production bearing the imprint of the Messrs. Roberts; and we have done so now very reluctantly, indeed with a feeling of sincere regret that for once at least they have been deceived by "lady reviewers."

Ten Years of a Lifetime. By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "The Morrisons." 12mo., pp. 422. New York: M. Doolady. 1866.

THOSE who like an exciting story, startling incidents, mysterious appearances, and strange situations, will be pleased with this volume; for, although the author's pen has no particular magic in it, and makes but little pretension to that fascination which, if we are to believe certain publishers and their critics, is so common in our time, it is certainly more graphic and lively than that of three-fourths of the novelists, of the present day.

It is not to the more highly cultivated lovers of fiction we would recommend the book, however; there is too much murder, bloodshed vice in it for that. By this we do not mean that it is a vicious and book, or that any bad moral is sought to be inculcated by the author On the contrary, there is no incident or event which she does not turn to virtue's account, as far as possible. The difficulty is, that there are some of her characters whose influence cannot be otherwise than demoralizing. This is true, for example, of Dick Lavaridge and his demon associate, who are as ready to murder one in his own room as they are to pick his pockets, when they find him out.

Among the mysterious characters may be ranked Mrs. Farron. The reader's surprise is strongly excited by the interviews of this apparently respectable lady with so depraved a character as Dick Lavaridge; the surprise gives way by degrees to a feeling of the most anxious curiosity and deep interest. Meantime the mystery is revealed, and a wicked and bloody plot is brought to light; but we prefer to allow the reader to unravel the tangled skein for himself.

The two chapters respectively entitled "A last night for two of the Household," and the "Inquest," would prove by themselves that Mrs. Hosmer can draw vivid and startling pictures; we only wish she would employ her pen on less revolting subjects; for it seldom, if ever, does good

to drag vice from its lowest depths in order that the innocent and pure may see how it looks. Be this as it may, it cannot be denied that "Ten Years of a Lifetime" is an interesting story, one that can hardly be thrown aside after the first ten pages have been read, even by the most fastidious. The book is neatly and clearly printed, and tastefully bound in muslin; the publisher having done his part creditably in every particular.

Superstition and Force. Essays on the Wager of Law—the Wager of Battle—the Ordeal-Torture.—By HENRY C. LEA. 8vo., pp. 407. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. 1866.

There is a good deal that is curious and interesting in this volume. It exhibits an amount of research of which few publishers are capable; indeed, there are not many of our professional authors who could produce so instructive a book. Mr. Lea makes no important statements which he does not substantiate by citations, generally from the original sources. In this respect he pursues the course of writers like Bayle, Montaigne, Coleridge, Southey, &c., whose notes and quotations from authors who write in different languages are often the most valuable parts of their works. The value of the work before us is much enhanced by its copious and well-arranged alphabetical index.

The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus. Translated by GEORGE LONG. 16mo., pp. 310. Boston: Tickner & Fields.

In looking over our shelf for a new book worth noticing, this volume fell into our hands for the first time in its present form. It is of such a character that we deem it a privilege to recommend it to our friends as full of true wisdom. Even the most fastidious and critical of American publishers have rarely published a more valuable book than this. The Emperor was learned in all the lore of the ancients—in that of the Hindoos and Egyptians as well as of the Greeks—and he presents us the essence of all in this volume in an exceedingly attractive form. In short, it is worth a gross of modern "works." We hope it will be extensively read.

Rescued from Egypt. By A. L. O. E. 16mo, pp. 465. New York Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union, 1866.

WE never receive a book from the press of this society which we cannot cheerfully and heartily commend for various degrees and kinds of merit; and that now before us is one of its best publications. The author, far from being pretentious, is very modest, but is familiarly acquainted with the Scriptures and a master of the English language, which is more than can be said of three fourths of those who undertake to write religious books.

The chapters on the infant Moses, the decision of Moses, desert wanderings, &c., are worth the price of the whole volume. The account given of the conflicting passions of the Jews when they found

themselves hemmed in with the Red Sea on one side, and the mountain and desert on the other, while the pillar of fire directed them towards the sea, is very graphic and replete with interest. To this we need hardly add that the book is worthy of a place in the most select family library.

INSURANCE.

Insurance Reports and other Documents for the Quarter, August 31, 1866.

Life Insurance is assuming immense magnitude in this country; if only properly managed it is destined to transcend all other kinds of business both as a means of securing wealth and influence for those engaged in it and of benefiting the public at large. But it cannot be too strongly impressed on all concerned that a considerable amount of knowledge is essential to success. The ignorant may sometimes succeed so far as to accumulate millions; but they do so the same as the quack doctor, who knows nothing of the human system, occasionally makes more money than the most learned and experienced physician. It were easy to point out examples of this kind among Insurance companies; but these are exceptions. Nor must it be forgotten that, in proportion as the principles of insurance are well understood, it becomes more and more difficult for the mere pretender to gain his point.

Another fact to be borne in mind is, that to attain a certain amount of success by chicanery or other illegitimate means is a very different thing from maintaining that success against enlightened and vigorous competition. It is true that there are some who, although ignorant and illiterate themselves, have cunning enough to avail themselves of the knowledge and intelligence of others. This saves them from falling back to their proper level from whatever height they may have soared to before they had to encounter enlightened competition. Thus, consider the case under any point of view we will, it is equally plain that the great lever of success is knowledge.

In all European countries this fact is so universally recognized that there is no respectable Life company which has not a man of talent and learning connected with it. The mathematician must not merely be able to solve certain problems in algebra or the calculus, however difficult those problems may be; he must understand the philosophy of them; he must interrogate them and avail himself of what they teach. This is what Laplace did; had he not thus reflected on the nature of equations and proportions he could never have given the world his Philosophical Essay on Probabilities,* which forms the groundwork of the present system of Insurance calculations.

*Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités. 8vo. Paris.

In estimating the value and *power* of knowledge, our underwriters should bear in mind that the greatest impediment to success in their profession is the still prevalent opinion that, at best, insurance is but a game of chance. Those who regard it in this light must necessarily think it is illegitimate. If the chances go against the Insurance Company, they say, it must fail, and then we or our heirs lose all. We can assure the insurance fraternity that a large portion of the public reason on the subject in this way. And what is done, in general, to refute their erroneous theories? How many of our actuaries deem it necessary to do anything more by way of enlightening the public than to quote what this or that great man or great woman has said in favor of insurance? They should remember that this sort of argument has influence only with the narrowest class of minds. One who thinks for himself will not accept the dictum of any person without some proof of its correctness; if Franklin or Bacon is quoted to him, he may ask, Did Franklin or Bacon ever err? Who could deny that both erred? or that any other philosopher erred?

But there are laws which do not err, and which are as immutable as the Divine mind which conceived and established them. Now, we maintain that the principle of insurance, as intelligently understood, is founded on these laws, and that underwriters who know their business can calculate their profits and losses with as near an approach to accuracy as the dry goods merchant, the grocer, or the farmer. This is particularly true of Life underwriters; nor can its application be denied to those who write what are called accident risks. Whether an individual or a number of individuals will die, or be maimed, within a particular number of years, is indeed uncertain; no human science can determine the exact facts before the given period is expired. But calculations based on the statistics of whole communities, whose history is known, make an approach to the truth which would seem incredible, if not impossible, to those who pay but little attention to general principles and the nature of proportion, and only consider final results so far as they relate to their personal interest.

What actuaries should take most pains to do in their intercourse with the public is, to show that *there is really no such thing as chance;* that there is no effect without a cause; that what seems to the ordinary observer as a mere accident is as much the result of an immutable law as the eclipse of the sun or moon, or the accelerated motion of a disengaged piece of gold towards the earth. It has been well said by a modern philosopher that if man could derange the destiny of a single fly there would be no possible reason why men should not control the destiny of all other flies, of all other animals, of all men, of all nature.

This is no new doctrine; it is one held by the wisest men in all ages, and by the most pious Christians as well as the most impious Pagans. It

is not necessary that one may accept it, however, in order to understand that men and women die at a certain ratio in a given time, in a particular community—nay, that a certain number of persons are killed or maimed in a given time.

That this knowledge can be deduced from carefully prepared statistics so as to make a very near approach to the actual truth is beyond question; there is, therefore, no reason why the intelligent life underwriter should not receive a premium of insurance with as honest a feeling and intention as the banker receives the deposit on which he pays interest; and there is quite as little reason why the person who pays his policy should not have as much confidence in his contract as the person who deposits his money in the bank. It is true, that if the insurance company is one of doubtful character, it may fail; but do not banks sometimes fail, too?

The discussion of all these topics comes within the province of the actuary; it is his duty to attend to them; he neglects his duty if he neglects them. But what are the facts? What sort of knowledge do we receive, for example, from the actuary of the United States Life, the North America Life, the Security Life, or the Washington Life—if, indeed, any of those corporations has any such functionary connected with it? Is it not very much like the knowledge we get from the similar "books" of the quack doctors? Let us suppose that such companies sometimes employ intelligent men to perform the duties of actuaries, can it be expected that they will do a thousand dollars' worth of work for a hundred dollars?

While reflecting on the harm which a certain class of underwriters do, both to themselves and the public, by not encouraging competent men to perform the scientific part of their calculations, we are glad to learn from a well informed and reliable source that the subject of the formation of a "National Institute of Actuaries" is receiving much attention from several of the leading Life Insurance Companies of the country. Prof. Elizur Wright, who stands at the very head of the actuarial profession, has given the plan his hearty support, and in an elaborate and highly interesting paper, soon to be published, has set forth his views most vigorously. The details of the formation of such an institution cannot be at once decided upon, but we believe enough has been done to develop the idea and show the feasibility of the plan. No one is better calculated than Prof. Wright to give an impetus to so valuable a project, as he has the entire confidence of the Insurance world.

It is well known that the Institute of Actuaries of London is composed of the best practical and scientific minds to be found in Great Britain; why, should there not be some institution of a like character here, around or in which, as a nucleus, could be gathered those possessed of mathematical skill and practical ability in the profession? Such an institution would confer signal benefit upon the community.

The adherents of Life insurance are already counted by hundreds of thousands, and its pecuniary interests by hundreds of millions of dollars; and yet so little is known by the general public that many unscrupulous men succeed in entrapping the unwary and inexperienced inquirer into companies, the slightest investigation into the merits of which would create alarm rather than confidence. Why is it that the shrewd business man, with a surplus to invest, will take days and even weeks, to consider what he shall do with it, and yet, when called upon to insure his life, will rush headlong into a company without knowing anything of its standing and condition, its extravagance or economy of management?

There are thirty one life companies transacting business in Massachusetts. Of these thirty-one* twenty-three only stand above par, viewing them all in the light of strictly mutual companies; that is to say, eight of the whole number, or more than twenty-five per cent., have not a sufficiency of assets to discharge their liabilities according to the valuation adopted by Professor Wright in his calculations for the Massachusetts Legislature.† Nothing but the guarantee funds of these eight companies saves them from the charge of insolvency. Surely, if a company is not solvent without the aid of a subscribed capital the public, as well as the holders of the guarantee funds, are interested to know it. A company doing the business of life insurance should be self-sustaining, which we hold is not the case of the eight above referred to. Extravagant management, over-solicitation of agents, and exorbitant commissions will, in time, place some of the best companies where eight of the whole number now are. The subject of agents, commissions, and the collection of vital statistics should at once receive the attention of the really solvent companies, and the best way of reaching the result will be through the medium of a National Institute of Actuaries.

The experience of France leads to the same conclusions; and, be it observed, that there has scarcely one year elapsed since 1787 without new calculations on the subject of Life Insurance having been made by the French Academy of Sciences. Perhaps no French writer of the present day knows more about insurance than M. Nicolet, who for several years has occupied an official position similar to that of our insurance superintendents and commissioners. M. Nicolet, who is both a mathematician and a political economist of eminence, insists on the absolute necessity of scientific knowledge to an insurance company as a guarantee of success. Referring to the idea which the underwriter ought to have of the character of his risks, he says: "*Il n'y a que les théories mathematiques qui puissent conduire à la solution de cette question.*" He then proceeds to show that those theories must be based on numerous carefully based facts.

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* See Prof. Wright's Eleventh Annual Report, p. 11.
† Comb. Experience Table of Mortality, 4 per cent. interest.

Speaking of Insurance in general he remarks that it requires no important sacrifices; that all it needs on the part of the insured is the practice of economy, which is a good in itself. Alluding to the different kinds he says: "*Elles inspirent le goût du travail, de l'ordre et de l'industrie, et ne sont que des précautions contre l'infortune.*" If insurance had no other influence than thus to inspire a taste for labor, order, and industry, it would be worthy of support and encouragement. But in addition to the benefits which it renders the insured, both morally and physically, it contributes largely to the wealth of the State, "*Elles concourent* puissamment," he says, "*á l'accroissement de la* fortune publique *par la multiplicité des interêts qu'elles embrassent.*"*

If insurance contributes to the wealth of the State in England and France, there is no reason why it should not produce a similar effect in this country. That it does, accordingly, is not denied; but what serves the State should be protected as well as controlled by the State. Hitherto, this fact has been rather lost sight of in this country. At the present moment any State of the Union may charge an insurance company from another State whatever its "collective wisdom" chooses for the privilege of doing business in it; so that one company may have to pay taxes to many different State governments without issuing a policy beyond the limits of the United States. This is both absurd and unjust; and we are glad that the matter has at last been brought before Congress, and that we may expect to see a National Insurance Bureau established at Washington by the beginning of 1867; one which will be alike beneficial to insurer and insured.

At this season of the year, underwriters have in general but little to say; the exceptions are the politicians, the advocates of the Timbuctoo heathen, the whiners who are inconsolable if they have to pay a thousand dollars or two, and the quacks *par excellence*. There are several of those whose bad manners and crooked ways cause their weak points to be exposed; and then they have to spend a large amount in having themselves puffed in country journals. This is a bad way to dispose of premiums, especially when they are coming in but slowly and require a large amount of drumming.

Underwriters of the opposite character, that is, those who do not doubt themselves, keep very quiet during the warm weather; and the remark applies with nearly equal force to those who insure life, limb, and property. The New York Life is the longest we have known; and we have never yet learned that its President was one day absent from his post, that he ever busied himself about other people's affairs, or that he ever whined at having to give a widow or an orphan a large check.

The patrons of the United States Life have not, indeed, much to complain of in the way of absence; both the President and Secretary are

* Encyc. Mod., vol. vi., page 662.

nearly always present, but the former whines and the latter smiles so incessantly that many who come to them to insure their lives think this contrast so mysterious that they hurry down stairs without their policies, surmising—absurdly enough, to be sure—that there must be something wrong. We can assure our friends of the United States Life that they lose much more by this than they would be willing to believe.

But their Broadway neighbors gain by it. The President of the Equitable is, we believe, much older than the President of the United States Life; but who ever saw the former in a sullen mood towards anyone who had any business, however slight, to transact with him? The Equitable Vice-president smiles as well as the Secretary of the United States Life; but the former does so in time; his smile is natural, and as such it not only pleases, but inspires confidence; whereas the most charitable view that can be taken of the smiling Secretary is that he is always engaged in an effort to counteract the effect of the painfully lugubrious manner of his colleague.

If, instead of entering the Equitable, the party running away from Wall street turns into the office of the Knickerbocker Life, the President, meets him as a genial friend, who is conscious, without ostentation, that he has friendship to bestow; he is called to for the policy; the money is paid; and it is not until the document is "signed, sealed, and delivered" that the stranger learns that his company has issued twice as many policies in 1866 as any previous year; that it has had but light losses; that it has declared a dividend to policy-holders of over $60,000, and that its assets are over $1,800,000.

But a still more interesting sight than either of these was witnessed not long since at the office of the New York Life. A gentleman from a neighboring city approached the President, presented him a policy of insurance, a certificate of death, and a claim for $9,000. The President looked carefully at the papers, put a very long face on him, and then shook his head ominously, as much as to say that all was wrong—the claimant was not entitled to a penny. He watched the effect on the latter with an occasional furtive glance, while at the same time he was writing as busily as if nothing had happened; but just as the stranger began to ruminate on the uncertainty of insurance and was evidently preparing to give a "bit of his mind," the President, relaxing into a quiet smile, told his Secretary to draw a check for the amount; he had scarcely done this when the stranger, grasping him enthusiastically by the hand, exclaimed: "Well, you can change expectation into despair, and despair into joy, more quickly than any one I ever knew!"

Another underwriter who occasionally perpetrates a similar joke is the President of the Mercantile Mutual, in Wall street. Some think that both do so, not merely to have a little harmless amusement at the effect produced on the claimant, but also to parody the conduct of others, who

are well known to object to every claim. As we have given examples of this on former occasions, we need mention no names now; those marine underwriters who, when they meet with a loss, attack captain, ship, shipbuilders, &c., in turn, are sufficiently known at this time. But, upon the other hand, there are underwriters who admit claims made against them at once, and say: "It is all right; the money will be paid in due time, &c.;" but that time never comes.

Although there are several new insurance companies in this city that need to be insured themselves, there are others whose mode of doing business is not only highly profitable to themselves and to their policyholders, but also exercises a salutary influence on many old companies. This is true, for example, of the Globe Mutual Life, which is generally acknowledged to have done more business during the time it has been in existence than any other company in the world had done when it attained the same age. Having heard much about the success of the Globe, we have taken the pains to make inquiries, and we learn from a source the reliability of which is beyond question, that since it was commenced, June 18, 1864, to the beginning of the present month, a period of little more than two years, it has issued 5,900 policies, insuring $16,625,500, and receiving premiums to the amount of $712,400.

The North America, Washington, and Universal Life would be much more profitably occupied in receiving lessons from the Globe, or some of the other successful institutions we have mentioned, though they paid $1000 for each, if they could afford that amount, than in making "statements" in Philadelphia and Boston which are not the less expensive for being bombastic and injudicious. Thus, the Washington publishes "extracts from letters" as advertisements. A certain commission merchant says "it has been in successful operation for several years;" Tracy, Irwin & Co., dry goods people, say that the company is "highly respectable;" the cashier of the Bank of Binghampton, New York, says "I desire to commend this company," &c. Did we know nothing of resources or want of resources we should think that a corporation who needed recommendations of this kind must be a paltry affair. Do any of our readers think differently? If it was necessary or desirable to get a bank cashier to "commend" the Washington, why did not its officers contrive to get one nearer home than the village of Binghamton, such as the cashier of our National Park Bank, for example; and Mr. Worth is so polite and good-natured a man that we have no doubt he would give a line to the President certifying that the institution is "highly respectable." It would be better, however, if he added that the Park Bank would honor its drafts.

What the universality of the Universal Life consists in nobody seems to know, except it be in its pretentiousness. It makes a

loud noise, but unhappily there are too many aware at the present day that empty vessels sound the loudest. Its business is so extensive that the President must be aided by two Vice-presidents, together with the Secretary and, in order to make it "respectable" it must have an "Hon." as "chairman of its executive committee." But among the whole party of functionaries there is only one who knows anything of insurance; we need hardly say we mean Mr. Bewley, the Secretary, who is a man of intelligence and ability. We hope he will get his salary from the "Universal" fund.

But we should not have gone so far from the Globe without giving another instance of the good results of intelligence, good sense, tact, and judgment—things that are worth the precious metal any time. The National Life would have furnished the illustration; but if this company is young its officers are old and experienced in the profession of underwriting. Both the President and Secretary graduated at the Manhattan Life, side by side with that sagacious, well-tried, and successful underwriter, Mr. C. Y. Wemple; and we are thus reminded that during the past year the Manhattan issued 2,558 new policies, insured to the amount of $8,700,930, receiving net premiums to the amount of $2,024,117, and making its total assets $2,619,190. At this rate of progress it may soon claim rank with institutions like the New England Life, New York Life, &c., that is, with the best on this continent.

With one or two exceptions, our Accident Companies have yet a character to make; they have scarcely anything of the kind yet; their fair speeches and fine promises are accepted only by that class whose faith is much stronger than their understanding. We need hardly inform our readers that foremost amongst the exceptions is the Travelers' Insurance Company of Hartford, an institution which has already become famous for the good it has done the public as well as itself. But this is a Life as well as an Accident company. It seems that during the last two years it has issued 70,000 policies, and paid over $8,000 losses. In this, too, we have an illustration of the power of knowledge. No underwriters have studied the *science* of insurance more thoroughly than the President and Secretary of the Travelers', and, as a natural consequence their success is beyond doubt as long as they persevere in the same course. Another very successful Hartford Life company is the Ætna. It seems to take the New England Mutual for its model, and we think it is right in doing so, for there is not a more accomplished underwriter anywhere than the President of the latter institution.

The subject of fire insurance we must postpone this time, for unhappily there is too much to be said upon it. Several companies have had to close up lately; and there are several others which are not likely to keep open very long. The Portland fire is blamed by nearly all who have had to succumb in this way; but most of them, if not all, had been in

a dying state from the very outset of their career. We are glad to learn that although the Washington, Hope, International, and Ætna, of Hartford, has each suffered heavy losses, none of them have felt any need to write to the newspapers, like a certain Broadway basement concern, to inform the public that the Portland fire has not exhausted all their funds.

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